

THE STAR



KRISHNAJI NUMBER

JANUARY

1928

ORDER OF THE STAR

J. KRISHNAMURTI

Head of the Order

OBJECTS

1. To draw together all those who believe in the presence of the World-Teacher in the world.
 2. To work with Him for the establishment of His ideals.
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There is a Chief Organizer for all International work. The Headquarters of the Order is established at Eerde, Ommen, Holland. The Order exists now in forty-five countries with a National Organizer in each country.

The Badge of the Order is a five-pointed silver star.

The Order publishes its Magazine, THE STAR, in several countries simultaneously. A News Bulletin is also issued from the Headquarters at Eerde, Ommen, Holland.

THE STAR

VOL. I

JANUARY, 1928

No. 1

THE STAR is the official organ of the *Order of the Star*, and is published in English, French, German, Spanish, Dutch, Swedish, Norwegian, Polish, Finnish, Russian, Italian, Danish, Icelandic.

The Magazine consists of two sections: The International section, matter for which is prepared by the International Editorial Board and distributed from Eerde, Ommen, Holland, and the National Section, matter for which is collected and prepared by the National Editorial Board.

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The annual subscription of this Magazine is Rs. 4-8, post free, single copies for eight annas. All cheques and Money Orders to be made payable to the Manager, THE STAR, Adyar, Madras, S.

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THREE POEMS*

KRISHNAJI

[The following three poems have been chosen for this number, as they express in his own beautiful language, all that Krishnaji stands for. Two of the poems have already been printed in a special de luxe Camp Edition of three poems by Krishnaji, named "Come Away". They are being reprinted here in order that they may be made available to all those who did not procure a copy of "Come Away," which is now out of print.]

I AM WITH THEE

AS the flower contains the scent,
So I hold thee,
O World,
In my heart.
Keep me within thy heart,
For I am Liberation
And Happiness.

As the precious stone
Lies deep in the earth,
So am I hidden
Deep in thy heart.
Though thou dost not know me

* These poems must not be reprinted in any magazine whatever, without permission from The Star Publishing Trust, Eerde, Ommen, Holland.

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I know thee full well.
Though thou dost not think of me
My world is filled with thee.
Though thou dost not love me
Thou art my unchanging love.
Though thou dost worship me
In temples, churches and mosques
I am a stranger to thee,
But thou art my eternal companion.
Though thou dost fight
One with another
I will never forsake thee.

As the mountains protect
The peaceful valley,
So I cover thee,
O World,
In the shadow of my hand.

As the rains come
To a parched land,
O World,
So do I come
With the scent of my love.

Sleep not,
For I am with thee,
O World,
In the twinkling of an eye,
Behold, I am here.

Keep thy heart
Pure and simple,

THREE POEMS

O World,
For then thou shalt welcome me.
I am thy love
The desire of thy heart.

Keep thy mind
Tranquil and clear,
O World,
For then thou shalt
Understand me.

I am thine intelligence,
The accumulation
Of all thine experience.

Behold, I am with thee,
O World,
But who shall welcome me ?

I sit in the temple,
I sit on the wayside,
Watching the shadows move
From place to place.

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COME AWAY

As many scores of rivers
Enter into the sea,
So the understanding of the world
Has come unto me.
An immense longing

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Is born unto me,
An aching love
Is burning my heart,
A passionate desire
Is consuming my being.

Come away,
Come away,
O World,
From thy changing sorrows,
From thy dying love.
I have found the way.

Come away,
Come away,
O World,
From thy little Gods,
From thy interpreters thereof.
I have found the way.

Come away,
Come away,
O World,
From thy fleeting passions,
From thy decaying achievements.
I have found the way.

Come away,
Come away,
O World,
From thy prison of pain,
From thy keepers thereof.
I have found the way.

THREE POEMS

Come away,
Come away,
O World,
From thy burning desires,
From thy agonies therein.
I have found the way.

Come away,
Come away,
O World,
From the false,
From the burdens thereof.
I have found the way.

Come away,
Come away,
O World,
From thy kneeling.
From the holding up of thy sad hands,
The temple walls are falling.
I have found the way.

Come away,
Come away,
O World,
For all things perish,
Though thy soft tears
Wash away thy memories.
I have found the way.

Seized am I
With a burning passion
To free thee

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From thy cage,
For I have found the way.

The bird is on the wing,
And his voice fills my heart.
The vast firmament,
The limitless space,
Enfold me.

I am thy lover,
I am thy teacher,
Renounce all
And follow me,
For my way
Is the way of Liberation.

Come,
Come away,
O love,
Sit beside me ;
I will teach thee
The way to Happiness.

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THE SIMPLE UNION

Listen to me,
O friend.

Be thou a yogi, a monk, a priest,
A devout lover of God,
A pilgrim searching for happiness,

THREE POEMS

Bathing in holy rivers,
Visiting sacred shrines,
The occasional worshipper of a day,
A great reader of books,
Or a builder of many temples,
My love aches for thee.
I know the way to the heart of the Beloved.

This vain struggle
This long toil
This ceaseless sorrow
This changing pleasure
This burning doubt
This burden of life
All these will cease, O friend,
My love aches for thee.
I know the way to the heart of the Beloved.

Have I pilgrimaged the earth,
Have I loved the reflections,
Have I chanted, singing in ecstasy,
Have I donned the robe,
Have I put on the ashes,
Have I listened to the temple bells,
Have I grown old with study,
Have I searched,
Was I lost ?
Yea, much have I known.
My love aches for thee.
I know the way to the heart of the Beloved.

O friend,
Wouldst thou love the reflection,

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If I can give thee the reality ?
Throw away thy bells, thy incense,
Thy fears and thy gods,
Set aside thy creeds, thy philosophies.
Come,
Put aside all these.
I know the way to the heart of the Beloved.

O friend,
The simple union is the best.
This is the way to the heart of the Beloved.

THE BOY AND THE TEACHER

ANNIE BESANT, D.L.

MANY are the changes I have seen, since in 1910, on January 11, I stood with my revered Brother, C. W. L., behind the Boy Krishnamurti and his two Sponsors, Elder Brethren, in the radiant Presence of the Lord Maitreya, the Buddha-to-be, over whose Head shone the Blazing Star, while high in air sat the Lord Buddha, in welcome to the Child who was setting his young feet upon the Path trodden by the Tathagathas, since our globe received the Sons of the Fire.

The usual questions and answers had been given, and after a brief pause, as the Hierophant gazed tenderly on the little form, He asked whether, in view of the extreme youth of the body of the candidate, any Brothers living in the outer world would take him into their care and watch over him till manhood was attained. My Brother and I answered that we would gladly accept the charge, for well we loved the Boy. Then he was asked if he would accept us as his guardians during his youth, and in a loving sentence he yielded himself to our care. In a few stately phrases the sacred charge was given, forming a link which can never be broken.

The years sped on, and the Boy became a Youth, and the Youth a Man. He passed through many stages, through many moods of thought and feeling. There were periods of eager playful boyhood : periods of shrinking from his destiny, periods of mental revolt and of strong inner urge to liberty of thought

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and independence of judgment; his brother, with his brilliant mind, full of questionings. But he remained through all the same gentle, loving, gracious creature, compassionate to all weak things, to animals, to little children, ever holding in strong love the two elders appointed as his guardians. A charming, fascinating boy and youth, winning the hearts of all who knew him. From the time that his father brought him in 1909 to Adyar, the Headquarters of the Theosophical Society, the two Brothers lived in the atmosphere of Theosophy, imbibing its ideals, absorbing its teachings, adding to the Hinduism into which they were born the liberty of thought inseparable from Theosophy. As he said at Eerde Castle to his circle of students: "The background of my teachings is Theosophy."

The great sorrow of his life was his brother's passing away, for they had been together since the birth of the younger; but only the bodies were divided; death could not break their essential union.

He passed his second Initiation while in Taormina, his third in his little home in the Ojai Valley. In 1925, came the first public manifestation that he was the chosen vehicle of the World-Teacher, on the 28th of December, the Star Anniversary, immediately following the Jubilee Convention of the Theosophical Society, when, as our readers know, the World-Teacher spoke through his lips. Since then the changes have been successive and rapid; they may be traced in the poems he has written, until his consciousness merged in that part of the World-Teacher's consciousness which can function within the limitations of a human physical body. (See Chap. XI of the *Bhagarad-Gita*.)

The outward changes have been remarkable. In public speaking, last spring and early summer, he was still shy, very nervous, sometimes hesitating, always with a total absence of self assertion. He became stately, dignified, without any trace

THE BOY AND THE TEACHER

of nervousness, fluent and poetical in diction, full of images, ever drawn from nature. And he plainly and definitely asserted himself as the World-Teacher, as the door to Liberation, as one with the Beloved.

I, who have known him from childhood, bear witness that he is no longer the Krishnaji he was. As ever loving and tender, even in these exquisite qualities there is a change. They are deeper, stronger, but impersonal, no longer "attaching" him to any personality. He depends on no one; he stands alone, sending out love and help to all. Happiness, serene and joyous, radiates from him; it gushes up from within, and comes not from outside.

His teachings are Ideals, not details; he pours out Life in powerful flood, indifferent whether it breaks old, or imperfect, or narrow forms. Life creates and regenerates, and the World-Teacher pours out Life, careless of forms. Temporary pain may be caused to those who are fettered by forms. But joy comes to those who are ready to lose the lower life, and who know they will find Life Eternal.

And so, whilom the mother and guardian of the Boy, the Youth, I gladly reverence in the Man the presence of the Lord whom I adore. For I know Him as He is in His glorious Body in His Himalayan Dwelling, omnipotent, omnipresent, and I bow to Him, enshrined in the physical body with the limitations it imposes, immanent in the earthly Body, as truly He as He is manifested in His glorious Body in those far-off mountains. I am His servant in any form which He assumes, I count that service as my greatest privilege in this lower world.

Adyar, Madras.

Annie Besant

KRISHNAJI

C. JINARAJADASA, M.A. (CANTAB.)

A MARKED characteristic of Krishnaji is his individuality. As all know, his spiritual "Fathers in God" have been Dr. Annie Besant and Bishop C. W. Leadbeater; and I may count myself among his several spiritual "brothers in God". We who have surrounded him in his boyhood's years are Theosophical workers, and in a very especial way we think in terms of Theosophical phraseology. But Krishnaji does not! He is individual and original, and when giving his message has his most markedly individual standpoint. Neither his phraseology nor his similes are those which he has heard from those who have surrounded him, and whose discourses he has listened to, like hundreds of other Theosophists.

Herein lies the charm of Krishnaji, and the freshness of his message. There is after all but one Wisdom, whether it is spoken by an ancient teacher or a modern. But there are many presentations of it, and to one like myself, who seeks not only truth but also beauty, there is a great delight that Krishnaji is giving us not "new wine in old bottles," but new wine in new bottles.

Krishnaji has already said many "hard sayings". Are they "hard"? Only to those who have been satisfied to tread hitherto the "easier road," as Shri Krishna terms it, to the Manifested Deity. But to those who have longed to approach the Unmanifested Deity, whose inner life has therefore been

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hard, these "hard sayings" of Krishnaji are as food to the starving, as water to those dying of thirst. If any of us, who have found in Theosophy the light of the Divine Wisdom, find his sayings "hard", and in them not light and comfort but darkness and distress, there is none to blame but ourselves. It only means that in the past we have been afraid to look at the full Light of Truth, lest we be blinded. The only cure now is to accustom our eyes gradually to see that Light, till, in spite of passing pain, we grow by means of that Light, and rejoice at last with abounding joy.

Who that first saw Krishnaji's face as a boy has forgotten its beauty? Who that had the privilege of knowing him will forget his humanity—his delight in being outwardly as men are, like them and not different from them, a man among men, a seeker among seekers, and above all one not to be put upon a pedestal? Now that he is no longer a seeker, but is a teacher who speaks with directness because he has found, he has added to his humanity attributes of that hidden Divinity in man of which I for one have dreamt for long.

Adyar, Madras.

C. Jinarajadasa

KRISHNAJI'S MESSAGE

J. EMILE MARCAULT, M.A. (PARIS), LL.B.

TO write of Krishnaji's message is as though one carried a delicate flower to a distant place knowing that, in the very joy of holding it, the warmth of the grasp must destroy, at least in part, the freshness of its bloom. It would seem that a necessarily systematic presentation of the living truth can only be accomplished at the expense of the wonderful inspiration and strength and beauty which it holds, whether in speech or in verse, for whoever reads or hears it. Yet may the love with which these pages are written preserve something of the life they seek to interpret.

No characteristic is more markedly conspicuous in Krishnaji's message than its "newness," a newness which is not merely freshness of youth, like the freshness of a new-born child of the old race, of a new flower in the familiar field, but rather a new creation altogether, a renewing force, a new breath of life, capable of making all things new, a Spring, *una Primavera della vita*. Ruysbroek describes the mystic's bliss as a "still storm of joy". Read Krishnaji's message, or better, hear him, and you will feel that still storm of joy, that torrent of peace, coming out into the world, a blessing to the whole world.

Like previous manifestations of the Divine to man, Krishnaji's message is an absolute: the Divine in him awakening the Divine in all men, the Divine unveiled in one unveiling itself in all, but this time a new Divine life, since its revelation to man must needs follow the course of man's evolution, which

KRISHNAJI'S MESSAGE

is after all but the gradual unfoldment of the Divine in him. Was not the Divine life brought by the Lord Buddha that of the mind—law, the good law, the knowledge of which brought liberation from its chains? Was not the Divine life brought by the Christ that of the social sense, and His symbol a social one—the Father, the Kingdom of His God, and spiritual life limited to mankind? Krishnaji's Divine life is that of the universal sense. Spirit is the heart of everything, not the prerogative of man, but life universal. Man's privilege is only to be self-conscious of that which is the life in all things; to find it in oneself is to discover it in all else; the new "kingdom" is that of eternal, omnipresent Life and Love and Beauty. All names, even that of Father, so dear to our Christian hearts, restrict and limit. Have not nations fought against each other because their "names" for God were different and they believed that different names signified different Gods? The new message exorcises all names: its Absolute of Love is not conveyed by a noun but by an adjective—The Beloved.

That kingdom of life must needs be the Kingdom of Happiness. Only when it was not possible for man to know that the whole world is immortal, eternal spirit, only when spirit was unable to recognise itself as universal and eternal in him, was he doomed to feel the bonds of form, to misunderstand and to suffer. And because the Divine in him was not yet self-conscious, it had to be represented by symbols corresponding to the limitations of the self-consciousness which he had reached. But now man is called to recognise the Divine in himself and in all things, to effect mystical union with his very self, instead of with its mental representations, to enter into the ocean of creative power that sweeps through the forms and yet remains one, organises and destroys and yet retains the triumphant consciousness evolved through species after species of stone, plant and beast,

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through life after life of man. While man was ignorant of his immortality, and therefore believed in the reality of death and sin, Divine Love had to use the symbolism of sacrifice and pain. But when, as now, man discovers himself as part of immortal, universal life, death loses its sting and sin its curse. The new Kingdom of God is the Kingdom of Happiness, and the symbol of Love is no longer the cross of matter, but the now liberated and triumphant life.

Nor is this certainty of life the only cause of joy. The perception of universal life means also the enjoyment of universal beauty. The world becomes a garden with soft shadows and wondrous flowers, a garden extending indefinitely—disclosing vista after vista of splendour.

Yet the Garden of Happiness is no place of æsthetic ease, no languid Arabian paradise. It lies on the mountain top, and the path which leads up to it from the familiar valleys, the path of liberation, is strenuous and steep. The gospel of Happiness is a gospel for the strong. To reach the joy it promises, one must transcend the fleeting pleasures and the changing sorrows, disengage oneself from all the categories of emotional, mental, social limitations, from the time and space in whose illusions we have confined the eternal, immortal consciousness of our true nature; and that can only be done by generating in ourselves a tremendous urge to freedom, a storm of rebellion, that intelligent revolt, that creative discontent which alone can break the bonds and set us free. Yet not by detachment but by expansion, not by suppressing but by fulfilling all the limited loves and truths of our past experience can we attain to the limitless love and truth which is the appanage of our real self—and find there the Beloved.

The liberation to which we are called is not a negative liberation, a passing into the void, a losing of the separate drop in the ocean of Nirvana. The liberation taught by the Lord

KRISHNAJI'S MESSAGE

Buddha led from a different bondage into a different liberty. The liberation of which Krishnaji speaks is positive freedom, a consummation not an escaping, self-realisation not self-destruction, an experience not a gift; the plentitude of self-consciousness finding the plentitude of universal consciousness. No doubt a self has to be destroyed, but that is the self of our limited everyday life, and it is in freeing the spirit from its fetters that we find our true being. A difficult process, involving exercise of the will, which no acceptance of philosophical or theological dogma, no imitative thinking or passive following of ceremonies can replace. No one can carry us to the mountain top. With feet hardened by long experience or bleeding from virgin effort every man must climb the mountain slope. What heart can urge a man to tread the path of peace and liberation except his own?

But all plants are not ready to bloom when the warmth of spring first opens another year of life and growth; though all are quickened and put forth leaves. So under the influence of the new spiritual spring not all men will achieve complete liberation, full union with the Beloved. But for all there will be spiritual growth and all, if they seek the Kingdom of Happiness, will be liberated from the bonds of their past consciousness and become the creators of a new, a more spiritual civilisation, wherein science, philosophy, art and even politics will express the new consciousness. For Krishnaji's message is both a liberating force and a civilising power. No Buddhist contempt for life is here; life has to be redeemed as well as transcended; spirit can be completely liberated only when all its organising powers have been manifested in the world of matter-

And, as ever, the gospel of Liberation is brought by one who has attained. The message is instinct with the experience it reveals, and to all the imprisoned selves that crave for liberation and happiness he is the embodiment of these, his Happiness, his Liberation the common heritage of all men. Yet

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not through personal worship can the help be received. No one's experience can really serve for another, however much it may encourage and stimulate effort. Not even a God can make man Divine, for man *is* divine and he alone can free his own divinity. There is a new pathos in the conflict between the love that goes out to redeem and the denial of the personal devotion. He who comes to save warns those he loves that they must save themselves, not build on him their salvation ; that magnificent edifice must be built of their own life stuff, suffering, effort, failure, enthusiasm, ecstasy ; the God who saves is to be found within oneself, not in any Saviour is the door of the Garden of Happiness.

Indeed wonderful as Krishnaji's message is in every way, the greatest wonder is its modernity—modernity of expression, for with its oriental wealth of images and its poetic beauty of diction, it is strangely adapted to our feverish modern life. It accepts all our complications of culture and progress, but points to the illusion that makes us prisoners in their net. They are indeed the products of spirit, but of spirit manifested through the mind ; and the mind is only a function of spirit. Let us cease to believe that we are our mind and realise ourselves as spiritual beings, owners and users of the mind but free in that ownership and usage.

Krishnaji's modernism appears the more strongly in that the experience on which it is based satisfies not only the aspirations but the realisations of modern consciousness. This ascending of the scale of values, this transcending of mental and social categories, of time and space, does it not synthesize all the partial liberations already achieved or at least claimed by the most advanced of our race ? M. Bergson finds the real self of man above the plane of thought categories, above space, universal and social, and calls it spiritual energy, an individualisation of universal life or spirit, and free on its own plane ; and all schools of psychology, whether idealistic or not, are now postulating a self-transcending mind. William James has

KRISHNAJI'S MESSAGE

shown the mystic experience to be identical in all the great faiths and transcending all emotional categories. And Herr Einstein demonstrates that our time and space are relative, not absolute, and can be transcended by finding a more truly universal system of reference.

Everywhere consciousness is realising the limits of the mind and reaching the universal beyond them. Chemists pierce through the forms of matter and reduce them to force. Sir J. C. Bose rises above the morphology of plants and contacts and registers the organising life. Zoologists conceive of the psyche as the force that builds up all the forms of animal life. Each category discovers its limits, and the self that until now accepted those limits as its normal bounds now finds itself transcending them. And also from the depths of collective consciousness in the masses there rises a blind but potent aspiration to the universalising of life, to political and religious peace, to understanding and co-operation, to unity, freedom and happiness. Yet not as a result of the sufferings of the war, for the war itself was the last attempt of the mind to secure durable conditions for the enjoyment of its limitations, and it is the new consciousness that triumphed in the war, even though a subtler net of mind is now attempting to imprison it anew.

To thoughtful, unbiassed students of our time, Krishnaji's message cannot fail to appear as the synthesis of all those partial liberations—total liberation and happiness for all men. Yet not a synthesis of composition, which would in fact be not a synthesis but a sum. Spring is not the sum of all flowers and all leaves: it is the source, the cause, the creative force, simple, fresh, limpid, sweetly irresistible. the new universal consciousness focussed in one who realises it fully, the incarnation, whatever this may mean, for the psychology of the New Age, of a new dispensation of the Divine in the divine heart of man.

London.

J. EMILE MARCAULT

KRISHNAJI IN RELATION TO THE PRESENT AGE

LADY EMILY LUTYENS

KRISHNAJI has only just begun to deliver his message to the world, indeed, as he has himself told us, it is only during the past year that he has acquired the certainty of his mission, that he can say with conviction: "I am the Teacher." It would obviously therefore be ridiculous for us to judge of that teaching as if it had already reached its final stages. Krishnaji is always urging upon us the necessity of constant change, he is himself the living example of his own precepts. Krishnaji literally makes a stepping-stone of his dead self to rise to nobler things. That is perhaps the only way by which we can live truly nobly, to open all the doors and windows of the soul to the merciless light of Truth, to die daily to our old selves and be reborn each morning. Most people draw down the blinds and put up the shutters, and hide their dead selves in dark corners, from which they are liable at any moment to reappear like spectres at a feast and confound them. For Krishnaji there are no dark corners, which is one reason for his great simplicity. It is our concealment of our own motives, of our own weaknesses, which makes us complicated, but with Krishnaji the house of his soul is swept bare, he has no spectres to fear because each has been faced and destroyed as it arises.

KRISHNAJI IN RELATION TO THE PRESENT AGE

Change, death, and rebirth are a necessity of evolution, so the teaching of Krishnaji will change with his own evolution, the first word only and not the last has now been spoken.

But even in the first word, if we can rightly understand it, Krishnaji has said enough to enable us to see how full of vital importance is his teaching for the age in which he is born. The purpose of this article is to show the relation between the needs of the present age and the special characteristics of the teaching of Krishnaji.

Every great Teacher that the world has yet seen has delivered his message to a limited circle within a circumscribed area. The teaching must have sounded revolutionary and strange to the ears of the particular listeners to whom it was given. The Buddha preached His great Gospel of simplicity and wisdom to India, but India finally rejected His message and it spread far beyond the country of His birth. The Christ taught a handful of Jews on the hill sides of Galilee, but the Jews rejected His Gospel, which has nevertheless spread round the world.

It is significant of the world of to-day, of the message of to-day, that the teaching of Krishnaji is not confined to one race or nation, but it has nevertheless been delivered up to the present chiefly to Theosophists and Star members—that is to say, to a limited and specialised type of person. The fact that Theosophists are drawn from every nation, class and type is proof of the more universal environment of the Teacher to-day than has ever been the case before, but it is still an environment which is specialised and limiting. It remains to be seen whether history will repeat itself again and whether the very people to whom his message is addressed will reject him and his teaching, while the larger world, indifferent to his message in its initial stages, will later accept what his present immediate hearers reject.

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The Buddha spoke to a people whose life was based upon form, upon belief in the value of rites and ceremonies, and He told them that these were of no avail in the search for Truth, which lies only within.

The Jews were also a people tied and bound by rigid forms, by rites and ceremonies. The Christ denounced these things in no measured terms, proclaiming the ancient Truth: "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you".

Is there a danger to-day that Theosophists are bound by their belief in formulas, in rites and ceremonies, and theories cut and dried and labelled, and so may reject the living and simple Truth of the Teacher of to-day? "The simple Union is best, the Kingdom of Happiness is within". Time will show.

Each age has, I suppose, its own characteristics, but there are certain points which mark off the world of to-day from every age which has preceded it. In the first place the discoveries of modern science have almost abolished time and space, and every year draws the nations of the world closer together. No nation can in future live in isolation. It may build around itself walls of tariffs and armaments, but the spirit of the new age will overleap them all. The actions of one nation have their reactions in all other nations. In what other age would the execution of two obscure workmen have raised a storm of emotion, literally world-wide? By the telephone and the radio the human voice will carry round the world. By aeroplane and airship it will soon be possible to reach from one end of the globe to the other in an incredibly short space of time. With every year science is making new discoveries and all achieving the same object, the unity of mankind. A world consciousness is gradually being born and no man can as yet fathom what this may mean for the humanity of the future.

In yet other directions is this sense of unity being fostered by science. The discoveries of Sir J. C. Bose of Calcutta have

KRISHNAJI IN RELATION TO THE PRESENT AGE

proved the oneness of the life behind all forms. There is no hard and fast line to be drawn between organic and inorganic matter, for the life in both shows a wonderful and striking similarity. Sir Jagadis Bose himself states that the "lines of physics, of physiology, and of psychology converge and meet". It has ever been the peculiar genius of India to find the one among manifold, and a son of India has carried the tradition of his race into the realms of science.

Scientists all over the world are also working to break down the barrier which seems to exist between the living and the dead and a few more years may bring these efforts to fruition.

With this growing unity which is the chief characteristic of the coming age there is another tendency to be observed, and that is the increasing spirit of revolt showing itself in all departments of life. This spirit of revolt is fostered and intensified by the growing unity of the world.

The revolt of the proletariat is already an accomplished fact, it has been in progress for many years, and the growing power of Labour is regarded as a boon or a menace according to the point of view of the observer.

The revolt of women is a newer movement, but one which may be even more far-reaching in its effects upon the destinies of mankind.

The revolt of youth is exercising the minds of educationalists in all countries. The young people of to-day are in revolt against all authority, be it the authority of religion, of parents and teachers, or of social laws and customs.

The revolt of subject nations and subject races is just beginning. The East is awakening from her long sleep and threatens to throw off the shackles of the white man's dominance.

All these movements of revolt have this in common, they are the uprising of the "under dog" against his master, the

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revolt of the exploited and subjected against those who have held them in bondage.

Organized religion is rapidly losing its hold upon the younger generation. Many reasons contribute to this state of things. The growth of science and education, which has destroyed belief in theories based upon ignorance of the laws of nature, and superstitions which only flourish in the darkness of ignorance; materialism which is the result of increasing prosperity, luxury and the love of pleasure; finally the experiences of the Great War, in which the followers of the Prince of Peace slaughtered each other in millions, supported by the blessing and approval of Christian priests and ministers—Christianity, as interpreted by the Churches of Christendom, died upon the fields of Flanders.

Religious sanctions and social restraint based upon religion have no hold on the young generation. They demand a reason for commands imposed, and love of God or fear of Death, hopes of heaven or dread of hell do not appeal to them as reasons to forego a present enjoyment. It is no use for the elders to hold up their hands in holy horror, for the "gloomy Deans" to prophesy disaster; the wise should seek a reason for symptoms which arise universally. There is no religion which entirely fulfils the needs of the world to-day, or rather of tomorrow. In the first place because all religions are based upon authority, the authority of a God, of a prophet, of a Church or of a book. And secondly the social systems, the civilisations which have accompanied each religion, are none of them capable of universal application. All Western people would agree that Eastern religions, still more Eastern civilisations and social customs, are not suited to the West; they are not so willing to acknowledge that the East does not need the religion and the civilisation which the West has tried to force upon it.

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But even if religions die or are outgrown, Religion in the widest sense remains. The meaning of Religion is "to bind back," which may be interpreted as a binding back of the soul to God, or of the individual self to the universal Self, of man to the source of his being.

Every man, even if he call himself atheist or agnostic, must have some philosophy of life, some standard by which to guide and regulate his conduct.

We are moving, slowly it is true but none the less surely, towards a new type of civilisation, a new social order, based upon co-operation rather than competition. Competition, which is only another word for antagonism, is the natural and inevitable outcome of imposed authority. When one class, sex, nation, seeks to dominate another, the result must be strife because there is a clash of interests. One side seeks to dominate, the other to rebel. Co-operation can only come about when individuals recognise the rights of other individuals to the same amenities of life as they themselves enjoy. Perfect co-operation can only come about as the result of perfect freedom. Freedom in the social order, unless it is to result in chaos, can only come about by the preliminary freedom of the individual from his own limitations.

The keynote of the new age may therefore be summarised as freedom and universal co-operation, within the individual first, and secondly in the new social order.

Does the teaching of Krishnaji as already outlined offer a basis for a new religion or for a philosophy of note, suited to the new age?

In the first place his constant and reiterated insistence is on inner conviction rather than outer authority. In his teaching there is no reference to God as an outer, separate Deity, but only a recognition of the God within—"Be yourselves Gods—become Gods" is his theme. Believe nothing on the authority

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of another, he says, however great that authority may be. "You must not obey, but understand," and again: "You will never be able to force people, whatever authority, whatever dread, whatever threats of damnation you may use. That age is past, this is an age of revolution and turmoil." Krishnaji speaks of himself as a son of revolt and urges upon us the need for "intelligent revolt," that is, revolt guided by intelligence which is the outcome of accumulated experience.

It is by this very insistence that in the search for Truth man shall look to no authority except his own inner voice, to his own intuition, that Krishnaji makes a universal appeal. You cannot revolt against authority where none is imposed; if the goal and the way to that goal lie within the heart of each man then each must seek along his own road according to his own temperament. He tells us in effect that there is no God, no Law, no Truth, no authority other than that which you find and recognize for yourself. He says: "You must of your own accord enter that Kingdom, that garden, that abode of Truth which is Happiness. Of your own strength, of your own desire, of your own greatness, must you create this greatness which is everlasting. Of your own perfection, of your own genius, must you create immortality. For what I create, or anyone else creates, can only be the passing; but what you yourself create through your own experience, is lasting, is permanent."

This liberty of individual perception, this freedom from beliefs imposed from without, is what the world is asking for.

But Krishnaji also tells us that the goal for all humanity is the same, whatever be the type, the race, the sex of the individual, and this goal is not some indefinite Heaven, but it is that for which every soul instinctively craves, for which every human being is consciously or unconsciously seeking, and that is happiness.

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And if you ask what is happiness and how may we attain it, the answer of Krishnaji is: "Happiness does not depend upon outer circumstances, but upon inner realisation. I have found the eternal Happiness for myself, I know the way by which all men may attain to it, and if you are willing to learn I will teach you how to find what I have found. But though I can guide you I cannot walk for you, you must make your own effort, you must tread the path on your own feet, but I can help you because I know. Liberation is the way to Happiness, and I have found Happiness because I am liberated. If you would find, you must free yourselves from your own limitations, the limitations which are self-created and can only be self-removed."

Krishnaji speaks with the authority of attainment, but he does not ask us to accept that authority, he does not wish for a personal following. He says: "Do not become disciples of Krishnamurti, become disciples of the Truth."

Here again the teaching of Krishnaji is in accord with modern science. The modern theory of heredity is that within the germ-plasm all potentialities are contained, that the first blob of protoplasm had within it the possibility of infinite development and variety. It is not lack of the capacity for perfection which prevents man from becoming perfect, it is *inhibiting factors* which prevent that perfection from being released. In other words the perfect man is the liberated man, the man who is free from all inhibitions.

The purpose of evolution is the attainment of perfection; perfection is only possible as man becomes free. The individual must become free and perfect before Society, the aggregate of individuals, can become perfect, for as Krishnaji says: "The individual problem is the universal problem," therefore as he points out, Liberation is the most constructive and civilising influence there is. For as Krishnaji tells us, when you have reached Happiness then you can give it to others, when you are

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yourself liberated you can make others free, when you are yourselves beyond the need of help, then you can truly help others.

As the years go by and as Krishnaji further develops his teaching, more and more shall we see how great an appeal it makes, especially to the young. Let me sum up with an appeal in his own words :

*O friend,
Wouldst thou love the reflection,
If I can give thee the reality?
Throw away thy bells, thy incense,
Thy fears and thy gods,
Set aside thy creeds, thy philosophies.
Come,
Put aside all these.
I know the way to the heart of the Beloved.*

*O friend,
The simple union is the best.
This is the way to the heart of the Beloved.*

London

Emily Lutyens

AFTER THE CAMP

GEORGE LANSBURY, M.P.

OUR camp at Ommen was in many ways one of the most remarkable gatherings it has been my privilege and pleasure to attend. We were representative of more races, creeds and sects than has ever before been gathered together in one place. In spite of our varying creeds, our differing nationalities and customs, a spirit of unity, comradeship and brotherhood pervaded our relationships with each other. There appeared to be no need for set rules—though there were some, I never came across them—the many hundreds of us who found ourselves living together, only needed friendly assistance to find our way about. Order was preserved because nobody desired or thought of being disorderly. All the same, we were a very human gathering, few, if any, long faces, no sort of moral superiority either in expression or demeanour. There was plenty of time and opportunity for healthy, happy recreation and plenty of time also during which those who chose could carry out the primary object of the camp by studying the problems of life and conduct connected with religious, social, industrial and political affairs. If there were any saints present, they managed to conceal their presence.

My stay was all too short. When we meet next year I hope it will be possible for me to stay till the end, as a short stay such as mine was, can only give a very partial impression of what the camp should mean.

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Travelling back alone it was possible to review what I had seen and heard. The first impression and indeed, the only one worth recording, was the magnitude of the task Krishnaji has set before himself and the Order. I do not wonder that the representatives of all nations gathered round the camp-fire or seated in the great tent, listened in tense and complete silence to the addresses delivered by Krishnaji and Dr. Besant. The quest for personal happiness is at all times most difficult. It is, however, a pursuit we all follow. We all long for peace and happiness and few among us find either. So in the train and on the boat I wondered what would be the kind of work my friends of all nations could undertake for the purpose of carrying into everyday life the teaching we had heard and accepted.

We cannot be content with accepting such a message as true only for ourselves. Of course, all true reform, like true love, must begin at home in the heart and lives of individual men and women. Though this is true, it is also true that our lives are for the most part spent in the stream of things. We are not able to cut ourselves adrift from our fellows, however much we may feel ourselves drawn to a life of solitude and seclusion apart from our fellows. Because this is so, those who join the Order of the Star must be in the very forefront of all those movements which have for their goal the raising of the standard of life of the people. We may disagree as to our methods, or disagree even as to the goal we desire to reach, but we must agree that happiness, peace, contentment should be the fulfilment of life for *all mankind*. Whatever else we do not learn we must learn and accept the truth that happiness cannot exist where there is selfishness, that in fact, there is no such thing as selfish happiness.

We may pass out of the world of men and things and in solitude pray and fast in an endeavour to find God and Peace: in these days we have learned after long years of searching that

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although the Kingdom of God and of Humanity is within each one of us, the expression of God's will, the final expression of life, is something which is co-operative and must be shared by all. Ruskin's words, "The cruellest man living could not sit at his feast unless he sat blindfold," are true of us as individuals in our relationships with our fellow men and women, and ultimately must also be accepted as true of the white races in their relationships with those nations classed as subject races.

At the camp I found much satisfaction just sitting about looking at my friends and comrades—some carrying out various duties, others enjoying themselves in various ways. I seldom wanted to speak, but all the time the thought persisted—surely this is another "Chapter of Mats," a gathering such as Francis of Assissi was wont to preside over, a coming together of men and women of like minds, wills and ideals at the call and bidding of one who has found his happiness and life's work in Service.

I have spent a good deal of time and thought on St. Francis of Assissi. It is good to think of him as one who was simply human and at times a sinner like the rest of us. Chief of all, though, he teaches us that worship of God means quite simply service of God through service given on behalf of our fellowmen. The story told by Paul Sabatier of the happy band of itinerant missionaries going through Umbria teaching and practising the new creed of happiness without possessions, the new gospel that religion and happiness may be expressed in singing and dancing, is very attractive. To-day expressed in other ways and methods we need the same gospel. I do not expect perfection in others because there is none in me, but fail as we may the truth we try to stand for will remain true.

So my friends who have joined the Star and you who are enquirers as to what it exists to do remember all the time this call for service, and chief of all, keep in mind the truth that all

churches, all organisations are judged by the common people, not by their creeds but according to their deeds. I am writing this at Bow in the East End of London. My home is set in the midst of a great hive of humanity, large numbers of whom are dependent for their daily bread on public and private charity ; others work long hours, receive very low wages. Overcrowding in slums is very rampant. It is impossible to live here and not at times feel a sense of shame because in the midst of such conditions our own conditions are tolerable and comfortable. Like all other thinking people I find myself faced with the eternal problem of consistency and again and again ask the question of what use is it to preach happiness, brotherhood and peace in the midst of all this man-made preventible evil. If by becoming paupers and beggars we could change things, it is possible some of us would take that course. That, however, is not the road along which we must travel to reach our goal. Neither is the pathway of bloody, violent revolution the way to happiness. No, a much harder task is ours. We must live our lives striving each day to spread the truth that societies are man-made, that the development of science, the widespread education, means that present and future generations must rebuild society on foundations of love and brotherhood, replacing competitive struggle by co-operation. There is nothing spectacular about our work, because it must be carried on in the midst of our daily tasks and work. None of us can live perfect lives. All of us can live useful lives preaching our faith by example and precept.

Of course we cannot preach a truce with evil or cry out for peace where there is and can be no peace. For nearly seventeen centuries the churches have tried this way of life—that is, since the day when Constantine appeared to accept the teachings of Jesus. To-day the masses pass by the churches, leaving them either empty or filled with only a tiny portion of the population. The terrible divorce between precept and practice is so apparent

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that I often wonder either clergy or laity can carry on. There are some priests and clergy who break loose from custom and tradition and proclaim the Acceptable Day of the Lord as meaning a day when economic and political wrong will be righted, but these are a tiny minority. We who believe we have a religious message for the world founded on the teachings of all the prophets, masters and teachers of the ancient and modern world, must act differently. Mankind, especially here in the West, has no mind, no use for a new Evangel which is merely a repetition of the old. We must play our part in the struggles of life fully recognising that the poorest and most illiterate among us contains in his soul, mind and body the same potentialities for good and evil as we ourselves imagine and believe we possess.

I plead therefore with all who read this that they themselves should undertake a study of social conditions, find out how wealth is produced, how it is some of us who are able to live luxurious idle lives without work, while millions of others who do work, and other millions who long for work but are denied it, are doomed to live lives of meanness, squalor and destitution. These are man-made conditions and by man will one day be changed.

Comrades and friends of the Star, what will it profit us or the world of men if once more we help to create a big powerful organisation which exists only to repeat words and more words? My contact with you when we met at Ommen convinces me that, gathered as you were from all nations, you intended no such thing; that you wish to establish the Order of the Star of Hope for depressed mankind; that for you and for me the one reconciling force in life is that force which springs from love of our fellow men and from a determination to find our own peace and happiness in the knowledge that each day we are striving in our own lives to spread the truth that co-operation,

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fellowship means for us all heaven here and now, that competition for the means of life is hell and all the word hell means.

None of us can order or dictate the life of others in this matter, though in an economic sense our lives are ordered and controlled by others. We are not free to choose how and where we will live. The relatively few who are able to do this only prove the truth of my statement. The bulk of us are dependent in one form or another for our daily bread. It is of course true we go to work, true we give something in return for what we receive: it is equally true that our right to work, which means our right to live by our own labour, very largely depends upon the will of others. Society is so complex, the land and other means of life so severely controlled that free choice does not exist. As I see life and as I understand morals and religion, all this must be changed. I cannot talk brotherhood to casual labourers, out-of-works of East London or dwellers in slums, without at the same time doing all one man can do to stand in with them in their struggle for full and complete socialism—Socialism which means abolishing the class war by getting rid of the causes which produce that war. At times I think backwards and try to visualise the road mankind has travelled, and in my mind I see a long vista of terrible disease, famine, war and pestilence. I cannot explain why this should have been so: it passes my comprehension to understand what fools men have been, and then I remember the stupidity and brutality of our own day. I find good people even now who defend the system of industrial life which has produced and is still producing slums and overcrowding, unemployment and pauperism, and with these is creating millionaires at an ever-increasing rate. Surely it is time all of us comrades of the Star, men and women of all religions and no religion, shook ourselves entirely free of all our old traditions and ideas and together found a new and better

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way of serving God and the people than by the accumulation of wealth at the expense of our fellows. None of us can do this alone. None of us can get outside the system we are living in. We can neither live nor die to ourselves. I may be writing in what may appear a paradoxical way: we cannot be saved as individuals, yet as individuals we must first be saved in the sense that before social salvation is won, we each as individuals must have become converted to the truth that life in its most beautiful and lovable sense is something we shall only attain to when our fellow men and women are able to enjoy the same means of life as we ourselves need. Once we see this truth, once we understand how our true happiness must be shared in and enjoyed by others, we shall very soon understand that the one and only problem left to us in this respect is the problem of distributing material wealth in an equitable and just manner.

My interest in the "Star," my belief in the message which the Head of the Order brings, rests entirely on my faith that members of the Order wherever we are found, no matter what colour our skin may be, no matter what religious creed we have been taught, none of us will for a moment accept the terrible doctrine that some people must be poor and live under wretched conditions, but on the contrary we will all unite in declaring that as man himself has created and built up the competitive system, a system which may have been necessary in the past, the time has now come when all of us must use our best endeavours first to convince and convert ourselves and then to convert others to the truth that though man does not live by bread alone he cannot live without it, and that to-day with Labour properly organised, nobody need be overworked, nobody need be starved, no women or children need die for want of necessities; that the problem of life for to-day is one of distribution and distribution only.

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I hope all who were present at the camp at Ommen will think over these things and if, as I hope, they become converted to Socialism, I trust they will join with others in all parts of the world and help build the New Jerusalem. It is certain either civilisation in the West is going to be saved by collective, co-operative effort, or our empires, our nationalities will follow the empires of the past and go down to ruin because we are unable to read and understand the signs of the times.

Bow, London.

George Lansbury

THE NEW HAPPINESS

YADUNANDAN PRASAD, M.A. (CANTAB.)

KRISHNAJI tells us that all the world over, to whatever clime, nation or race a man or woman may belong, in whatever position of life—rich or poor, healthy or sick, high-born or low-born—he or she may be, there is in everyone a striving for happiness. He says that there is a Kingdom of Happiness which all must enter. It is a Happiness which is everlasting, transcendent, and not dependent on wealth or health or social position or on any of the things that the world usually covets. It is a condition or a state of mind or an attitude toward life which can be acquired by all, wherever they may be.

At first sight it may appear that happiness necessitates the fulfilment of certain physical conditions, as our emotions and our mental outlook are largely guided and controlled by them. Poverty, disease and the low opinion of others are ever associated with pain and sorrow, while wealth, good health and the high regard of others inevitably lead to joy and elation. If this be so, it must logically follow that, situated as we are with diverse conditions of health and wealth, happiness is not for all. But Krishnaji says that the Happiness he speaks of transcends all sorrow and pain, all pleasures and joys. It permeates them all. It is like a silver lining which one can ever abide with, whatever clouds of joy or sorrow, pleasure or pain, one may, for the moment, be enveloped in.

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Is the attainment of this Happiness then possible for all, whatever and wherever they be? Is it possible to awaken this potential Happiness which is the core of our being but which we fail to realise? Krishnaji declares that it is. It is more a matter of outlook than of environment. It is more a question of poise than of possessions.

Happiness, to the ordinary man, is associated with the pleasures of the senses, the joys of the emotions or the elation—or even inflation—of the mind. Unhappiness, on the other hand, is invariably linked with physical pain, sorrow due to ruffled and hurt feelings, and mental depression due to adverse criticism or the thwarting of one's ambitions and designs. Krishnaji says that not only joys but sorrows are essential for Happiness—the abiding Happiness. It is only through the crucible of joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, elation and depression, that one reaches Happiness. That abiding Happiness, which is at the core of the being of everyone and in search of which we proceed outwards in a futile manner, instead of within us, is above and beyond all the opposites of joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, elation and depression. When we have discovered that Happiness within our own being, we live in the steady currents in the deeper parts of the sea of life and are undisturbed and unruffled by the mere surface ripples of physical pleasures or pains, adverse or encouraging circumstances and environment.

The grasping of this abiding Happiness does not mean that our physical senses have to be neglected or to be allowed to remain dormant; on the contrary, Krishnaji says that their cultivation is essential. They must be trained and refined and made into perfect avenues of experience and knowledge. When they are uncultivated, as in the savage, they are incapable of experiencing either pleasure or pain. This incapability does not mean that the savage is nearer his inner being of Happiness.

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On the contrary, it is only by developing his senses to a sensitiveness of a high degree that he approaches his inner and abiding Happiness. But cultivated and supersensitive physical senses will be of no avail, if the outlook be narrow, if one proceeds outwards instead of inwards. It is only when one goes within the cavity of one's own self and there discovers that essential oneness of all, and thus finds oneself in the cavity of the being of everyone else, that one begins to use the cultivated senses, with their capacity for pleasure and pain, for remaining in that ever-abiding Happiness. Not only does one experience personal pleasures and pains due to physical causes, but they gradually develop into a broader pleasure and pain. By cultivating our senses, we make them experience pleasure, when we are surrounded or come in contact with beautiful things, and pain, with ugly things. By the realisation of that essential and inner oneness, this pleasure and pain is experienced even when others are surrounded by beautiful or ugly things. It is this capacity to share with others in their pleasures and pains that gives us a glimpse of the Kingdom of Happiness.

The same is true of our emotional being. We have our joys and sorrows and it is essential that we should have them, and even more so, we must be capable of experiencing them intensely. We must be alive and sparkling. We must be responsive to the most delicate nuances of the world of emotions that exists around us. The less capable a human being is of responding to the shades of emotion, the farther he is from the Kingdom of Happiness. Just as the path to the Kingdom of Happiness lies in the cultivation of the physical senses to a condition of extreme sensitiveness, so does it lie in the development and refinement of the emotions. One must be capable of feeling and of feeling strongly.

To take one instance: everyone feels a sense of joy in friendship and in healthy comradeship. We all have a feeling

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of joy when those we like and love are physically near us ; and we experience a feeling of sorrow when a friendship is broken by misunderstanding or some other cause. We all feel sorrow when those we love leave our physical presence. We are grief-laden when a friend passes away. It is not by killing these feelings that one can approach the Kingdom of Happiness. The savage and uncivilised man has these feelings to a very limited extent, but he is far from the Kingdom. It is rather by increasing our capacity to feel, that we take steps towards the Kingdom of Happiness.

The secret of the emotion of friendship is apparent and has a constructive basis. We are all creators and anything that leads to creation gives us joy. The joys of friendship are based on the possibility of creative activity that each such friendship provides in physical life. The cessation of such a possibility, either by the disruption of the friendship, or by physical absence, or by death, gives rise to sorrow ; and naturally so, if the creative part of one's nature is beginning to become paramount. One must have the capacity to feel the loss of friends, and feel it acutely, but one must transcend it by a change of outlook again : by going within the depths of one's own being and realising the oneness of all and the abundance of the possibility for creative friendship with every being. It is when one has realised this possibility, that one shall have opened the doors of the Kingdom of Happiness. One may, and must, experience the joys and sorrows of friendship, but he shall ever be happy.

The mind can similarly be an obstacle as well as an aid to one's entry into the Kingdom of Happiness. We must not only have the capacity to feel, but also to think. Our minds must be able to distinguish and discriminate. They must be sharpened to pierce into Truth. The cow-like placidity of an undeveloped mind is not enough. One must sharpen one's wits. One must

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feel the glow of enthusiasm for an idea. But even such a cultivated and cultured mind is still an obstacle to Happiness, if allowed to run its natural course.

If we develop strong views after deep thought, we tend to remain in a groove, among people of the same or similar views, among admirers and flatterers, and we are highly elated and we feel happy. If, on the contrary, we run across criticism, we come among people who do not see eye to eye with us, who have a contrary and conflicting opinion and who demolish our structure of Truth, we are depressed and we feel unhappy. Thus does the Kingdom of Happiness get obscured by the temporary eclipse of Truth as glimpsed by our mind.

We must cultivate our minds and we must be capable of forming strong and clear opinions, but we must transcend those opinions if we are to enter this Kingdom. What is the secret of the elation and depression that we experience? The mind, when it is cultivated, gives us a glimpse of Truth, however limited and one-sided it may be. The recognition of that portion of Truth leads to a corresponding realisation of oneself and a step towards the Kingdom within our heart, which leads to Happiness. The adulation of admirers, the concurring views of others, all lead to a confirmation of one's own vision, and thus they help to lead one within. While the criticism of another or a conflicting view, dims one's vision, however narrow it may be, and one's path to the Kingdom within is darkened and one stumbles, which leads to Unhappiness. But if one is to abide eternally in that Kingdom, one must change one's outlook, one must transcend the conflict and clash of opinions. One must realise that every opinion, every judgment, every vision of the mind, is but a fragment of the Truth. Every other view is a vision of the same Truth as that of one's own view. It is the realisation of the many-sidedness of Truth, and the uniqueness of its vision for every individual, that will help

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us to abide ever happy amidst the eternal conflicts of the mind.

As Krishnaji says, each one must find his own salvation within the recesses of his own being. We must therefore go forward and cultivate our whole being. We must use this highly sensitive and cultivated being to enter fully the stream of life. We must, while fully immersed in this stream of life, further realise the unity of the Self in all, and then shall we truly enter the Kingdom of Happiness.

Ommen.

Yadunandan Prasad

PAST AND PRESENT

(DEDICATED TO KRISHNAMURTI, THE WORLD-TEACHER)

MARCHESA CARLA VITTELESCHI

I. Prehistoric

THIRSTY and hungry was the lonely world for many thousand years. Locked was the granary, locked were the wells, and hidden far away. No melody was rocking any dream. Weak was the light—too weak to throw a shadow.

The Lord, wrapped in the mantle of creation, walked through the naked fields and did not speak. No rain would fall. No fire flamed—no love. In gardens dead there were no humming bees, no children laughing, and no nests with birds.

Restless, some gardeners wandered to and fro. They raked the sands with sad conscientiousness. They bordered ugly roads with jagged stones, and where the scent of flowers should have risen, they laid with coloured fragments cold mosaics.

These were the gardens of humanity, where rest and beauty should fulfil themselves in groping minds, in erring souls and hearts.

Yet, came a day when our wandering Lord began to speak. But no one understood. He kindly smiled, and without bitterness He went and opened wide the ancient store-house.

Forth gushed the golden corn in radiant shower, balm-breathing, spicy, redolent of summer. Men rushed, immersing

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hands and arms and faces, their many hungers and their countless greeds in such a tide-stream inexhaustible.

They did not see the hand which granted it so bountifully and so full of splendour. They saw the triumph of satiety where first they merely saw the urge of hunger. They saw the gift, they did not see the giver. The giver was not the God—God was the gift. They sang: "God is the corn! The corn is God!"

Again God smiled, went to the hidden well-springs, and He disclosed them, made them leap and dance, set free the waters of the many sources and made them wave their shimmering diamond-flags in heavens glistening with blue enchantments.

In every world delivered waters sang! They played with sparks and lights of night and day, with all the scents of over-showered meadows, and they reflected blue and emerald glories in laughing triumphs of their silvern nature.

Humanity rushed forth to meet the water, and drank it, bathed in it, and plunged in it, drew life from it for all its numerous vices—a slave of its insatiability.

... there stood the Lord—they did not see Him standing. . .

Again they did not see the hand which gave, the power which disclosed the many treasures of every realm with generosity. They did not see the gift in what they got. The object, not the donor earned their praise. They sang: "Hail to the God, who is the water," and carelessly they soiled it day by day.

Then God disclosed the treasures of all carols, of all the silent and the sounding songs, of every hymn and murmuring throughout nature, which is the realm of heavenly parables.

A chant divine fell from the Lap of Marvels—the sky—onto our Earth, and quickened it. The melody of winds, of storms and cyclones, of faintest whisper hastening through the leaves, the songs of heavenly birds and heavenly maidens, the

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murmuring of the scents, of shades and lines which all are music, these diffused The Father as messengers of Love Divine on earth.

" There was a singing cadence in the ether, which carried men away from pain and grief, and made them penetrate the sense of beauty. Intoxicating joy thrilled near and far—God had again disclosed the source of music!

Men, soothed and rocked by glorious harmonies, by floating waves of sounding revelation, stayed all the noises of their little world: bells ringing for their gallows and their churches, their drinking-songs and psalms, their lullabies, their funeral-marches and their wedding-peals. They hearkened breathlessly and motionless.

Up to the heavens lifted they their heads, towards that sound divine which filled the skies, and on their knees they fell to worship it. They sang: "God is the sound! The sound is God!", and cradled their intelligence to slumber on the deceitful waves of their emotions.

And with a sigh the Lord said to Himself: "They have no light! The light is what is lacking!" And He decided He would give them light.

He loosened all the fastenings of His mantle, which is Creation—Symbol of The Truth—and from its many folds flew living gold. He tore it from His breast, which was more shining than diamonds in the shining moonlight are. He showed His heart—a radiant sun flashed forth.

Men gazed and stared, and felt the warmth and glory, the happiness intense, the rhythm of rays, the thrilling waves of light, the bubbling airs, the blissful whirling of illumined atoms and all the dancing of the Universe.

They raised their arms, they joined this light, this round-dance, they joined those songs, this hymnal jubilation, and thus they worshipped sheen and radiancy.

THE STAR

Again they did not search for the Creator. Alone creation reached their blinded mind, and on their knees they fell again and sang: "The Lord is neither corn, nor is He water, nor is He music, sound or melody. The Lord is light! Alone the light is God!", and though from corn their god evolved to light through all the states of varying comprehension, they did not penetrate His true Essence.

When thus he saw, that they would never see Him through anything He could bestow on them, though they would worship every kind of gift, and in the gift their greeds, but never Him, He took again away all He had granted, and for the sake of their enlightenment He showed Himself to them with dazzling splendour.

Alone and naked on the trembling ground advanced the Lord, and was a mighty lightning—without a thunder's threat, without a cloud—that, brighter than the sunshine and yet cool, enswathed the trembling nature rapture-filled.

The changing images of every marvel were scintillating in His atmosphere. Flaming, with all the rays of all the heavens, singing with all the voices of the world, loving with all the love of all the mothers, smiling with all smiles of all the children, protecting with the kindness of all fathers, with the authority of all the Masters, who ever came to herald and to serve Him, so came The One Who Is to us—the shadows.

The skies stood trembling, trembling stood the suns, and all the moons and all the worlds were trembling. Men raised their eyes to Him—and ceased to be. The Day of God became the night of men.

II. Historical

A few remained, but God again retired. Again He wrapped a mantle round His shoulders, which was Creation—but another one, more beautiful and richer than the first.

PAST AND PRESENT

Again He wandered through the sleeping grounds, where other gardeners anew were raking the arid roads for coming generations, bordering them carefully with jagged stones and laying glass-mosaics on the earth.

Along these roads were the Mediators coming—Enlightened-Ones—who knew the Truth and God, and tried to make Him known to all the world, creating each an everlasting garden, around a well which each of them disclosed.

There stood amidst the undulating fields of whispering flowers awe-inspiring trees, in which Eternal Singers preened their wings and fed their brood with Immortality.

The light of genius shone through all the being of these Musicians of Eternity, and from their souls flew like a crystal stream the purity which cleansed whate'er it touched.

The Golden Fruit of Truth grew in those gardens—the same in each—reck not who were their Masters! All the Mediators golden Truth have given—the Wondrous Fruit—in many different baskets, for each had made a basket for himself, and they differed in shape and shade and weight. “Religions” were they called by superstition.

The Golden Fruit in all those several baskets remained the same—also in all the hands through which it passed—and many could not eat it. Many who ate could not assimilate, those who assimilated often died, for Truth and men form an adventurous mixture. Yet, some there were, for whom The Truth was Life, and they increased a thousandfold thereby.

So the Mediators, the Enlightened-Ones, sowed stars in our minds. Then they departed, and left their life immortal in our souls, and in the memory of Eternity. But their successors all—alas—were priests.

The first ones—honest—made the way for others. These kept their robes not clean, not clean their temples, not clean the

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hands entrusted with the light, because they mingled self and vanity, greed and ambition, with their holy mission, and they transformed the Godly Revelation to a disastrous human tragedy. They dominated where they should have served, and where they had the holy peace to guard, they shed the blood and took the gold of many.

Erecting temples with the sweat of paupers and with the ransom of the wealthy sinners, they gave themselves more honour than the Lord, and their sceptre was not love but terror. War was their propaganda for the peace.

Instead of being humble stepping-stones they were the stones of stumbling everywhere. They burned and hanged the men, the maids and mothers, who could not recognize in such demeanour their saintliness nor see the Lord through them, and in the dark, unseen and silently, they cut the roots of every Teacher's Tree, whilst on the surface watering it with zeal.

As if they were but worldly trading-vessels, they threw the different baskets on the waves of water and of blood, of pain and lust, of speculation and of transient night, and on those waves they danced and lost their freight. Empty they travelled 'twixt the lurking reefs, they intershocked, became the prey of turmoils, yet cannot sink ere Unity emerges on all the planes of human life and struggle.

III. Present

The young humanity searched in despair. It knew, the Lord has neither corn nor water, nor sound nor light, nor anything that IS; and with the dread of a forsaken child it looked for Him, the Spirit, the Creator, in every word of every priest and Scripture.

And slowly came the Vision of the Lord—though very dimly—to the longing mind. Intuition opened a bewildered

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eye, and caught a dazzling glimpse of God's true nature, before it shut its eyelids overwhelmed.

But from that day the priests were kings no more. A breath of freedom vivified the Scriptures. Groping we reached and touched the feet of Truth.

And now, as we are striving for the Union with Him, who is the One—but One in All—now He has come, has given us liberation, has given Happiness, Enlightenment! And neither stars nor suns did tremble now, because He came as softly as a breeze, and was a child on earth with other children. He gave Himself into our awkward hands—a helpless boy—we thought we brought Him up . . .

He slowly grew, not to cast fear among mankind. He made Himself as small as small can be, and knocked at our doors with tender fingers, so lowly, that we hardly noticed it. And when we opened our many doors, He said to each one: "I am thy companion!"

And then he lived with us as such an one, until the day when, freed from fear and fright, we felt in our souls and on our faces a faint reflection of His blest refulgence: until we realised that like a shrine His head effused the Light, which is divine.

And now He turns to thee, humanity! What will thine answer be, what thy decision, and wilt thou keep or lose the lasting Truth? Now it is here, irradiating, naked! What dress wilt thou bestow on such a glory, to keep intact the worlds of thine illusions, which would enhouse thee, crumbling into dust?

What will thy cunning cowardice invent, not to admit and not to recognize a greatness which would force thee on thy knees, and what will human avariciousness think out, to guard the piteous little values, on which it lives, afraid to give them up—afraid to give—though anxious to receive?

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Art thou so full of self, and wilt thou hide behind some hedges of thine own creation, because thou lovest but thyself alone, because thou art afraid of abnegation?

Wilt thou again reject the Godly Presence, impose thy selfish rules, thy gloomy dresses, thought-habits, prejudices, vanities, and wilt thou tell Him what He has to be, not to disturb thy many preconceptions?

Oh mind, oh world! Thou playest with The Great-One, and in a span of time so short, so short, thou might well lose Him and with Him thyself!

He has the Key to well-springs and to granaries! He has the Key to every melody, to light and life, to Love and Peace and Oneness, the Key to all the many other worlds!

Wilt thou insist, that thine own keys are better, though they did never open any door? Or hast thou opened us the door to peace, to brotherhood and Love, to Unity? Has one of all those been realized, achieved in our daily life and agony?

Have all thy sciences, philosophies and creeds and dogmas made thee really better, and have they hindered wars and revolutions spreading their dew of blood on groaning fields?

Have they communicated understanding between the sundry-natured, manifold inhabitants of the dancing atom "Earth," and have they changed the world, or changed themselves?

I say: they have not changed a molecule, and where they thought to offer us salvation, they were creating greater complication, a new unreason of an erring rule.

Salvation, ever promised—never given, has been the plaything of unleashed ambitions, and men created artificial ladders on which were marked degrees of saintliness with an illusion of authority.

But Love alone can be a Might and Master! The Hierarchy of noble deeds alone, achieved in silence, shyly hidden away

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from gratitude and praise, from recognition, can mark a hierarchy—unknown—but real. Yet, everywhere appearance rules the world, and for so many, Truth is but a stage.

This is the work of thy philosophies and creeds and dogmas, oh, humanity !

So often hast thou spoken of salvation, that when the Saviour came thou didst not see Him, didst not agree with Him, as He differed from thine own teachings and thy ways, instead of giving thee the confirmation of self, which thou expectedst from His Coming. There would have been no need of a redeemer, if thine own doctrines would have been redeeming. The fact that thou thyself hast called the Lord presumes the knowledge of thine helplessness. And yet, He came—and thou wouldst be His master !

Some who awaited Him, made of expectancy a law for Him, to which He has to fit, and as He did not do this, they retired and said : “ Now he is no more He,” and went . . . to knead a saviour more docile and easy, who would fulfil the laws which they proclaimed.

And deeply bowed the silent Guest of men before the sceptre of the sure possessors, and stood aside a while, and gazed and smiled, and had them playing with His garment’s pleats. He gave the lesson of humility to those, who meant to reach themselves His splendour, and gave His seat to them whilst He was standing.

But at a sudden like a wave of fire He threw the Truth in their chaotic fear, and burned away their halos and their mire, and broke their sky of glass, and did appear !

The Healer came ! The Teacher Krishnamurti conferred eternity on our day, youth-giving, lending wings to our effort, and to our action the immortal Ray !

He joined to ancient dreams of the Ideal the vibrant force which makes them true and real, and for the first time since the

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Earth bore creatures, Divine REALITY transformed their features!

What globe and wave contain and flame and ether, what crawls and strides and leaps and floats and flies—by nature clothed with cuirass or with feather, with skin or fur in fire or in ice—all that arises like a giant wave of life and longing to the coming! Light! Will man alone—of self the blinded slave—change for himself the Day of God to night?

Rome.

Carla Vitteleschi

SELECTIONS FROM KRISHNAJI'S BOOKS AND POEMS

The following extracts from Krishnaji's books written at various times during the last fifteen years may be of value in view of the recent developments within the Order. The quotations are necessarily few in number, but they serve to emphasise in a striking way the steady unfoldment of the teachings which Krishnaji is giving in his talks and through his books.

From AT THE FEET OF THE MASTER, 1910:

"Learn to distinguish the God in everyone and everything, no matter how evil he or it may appear on the surface. You can help your brother through that which you have in common with him, and that is the Divine Life; learn how to arouse that in him, learn how to appeal to that in him; so shall you save your brother from wrong."

* * * * *

"Of all the Qualifications, Love is the most important, for if it is strong enough in a man, it forces him to acquire all the rest, and all the rest without it would never be sufficient. Often it is translated as an intense desire for liberation from the round of births and deaths, and for union with God."

* * * * *

"It is indeed the will to be one with God, not in order that you may escape from weariness and suffering, but in order that because of your deep love for Him you may act with Him and as He does."

From THE PATH, 1923:

"The gracious Gods have at last answered my pitiful calls uttered in the wilderness. My long and sorrowful journey has come to an end and the glorious journey has begun. Far ahead there are

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other Paths and other gateways, at whose doors I shall knock with greater assurance and with a more joyous and understanding heart. From this world I can behold all the Paths that lie below me. They all converge to this point, though separated by immeasurable distances ; many are the travellers on these lonely Paths, but yet each voyager, is proud in his blind loneliness and foolish separation. For there are many that follow him and many that precede him. They have been like me, lost in their own narrow path, avoiding and pushing aside the greater road. They struggle blindly in their ignorance, walking in their own shadow and, clinging desperately to their petty truths, they call forth despairingly for the greater truth. My Path that has guided me through rough and storm-laden countries is beside me. I am gazing with welling tears at those weary and sorrow-eyed travellers. My beloved, my heart is broken at the cruel sight, for I cannot descend and give them divine water to quench their vehement thirst. For they must find the eternal source for themselves. But, ye merciful Gods, can I at least make their path smoother and alleviate the pain and the sorrow which they have created for themselves through ignorance and pitiful carelessness !

"Come all ye that sorrow, and enter with me into the abode of enlightenment and into the shades of immortality. Let us gaze on the everlasting light, the light which gives comfort, the light which purifies."

From TOWARDS DISCIPLESHIP, 1924 :

"Do you not see what a thrill it gives to be in such a position that you can honestly say that from every avenue which is open before you the self is absent ? We ought to examine every avenue, take it in turn, and destroy the self in that avenue. You have got to fight it out. But if you are a real devotee, sitting at the feet of the Master, then there is no need to explore any avenue, because you do not recognize any other avenue except the one, that of a disciple ; and nothing else matters."

From SELF-PREPARATION, 1926 :

"Strive ever to destroy *self*. You cannot enter the abode of the Gods unless you have destroyed *self* utterly. Search unceasingly

SELECTIONS FROM KRISHNAJI'S BOOKS AND POEMS

the avenues where lurks the *self*, and having driven him out of one place, rest not satisfied with the glory of conquest, but like a man pursued by a hundred terrors, speed from one avenue to another, from one secret place to another, ever watchful, ever destroying, ever ruthless in your annihilation of self. There must be *no* peace, *no* happiness, *no* rejoicing, until you are master of yourself. As a warrior goes forth, strong in confidence and belief in his success, strong in courage and in dignity, so must you go forth to bring back the trophies of your wars to the altar of your conquered self. Then you shall be a Master, worthy to approach and to worship in adoration the Greatest Master, the Teacher of all."

From THE KINGDOM OF HAPPINESS, 1927:

"The simplest truth can only be attained through vast experience, can only come through ecstasy of love, through immense devotion; and you will find in it the only refuge where you can shelter from all rains and hot days, from all struggles, sorrows, and pain. And once you have found it, there is no question of doubting or even hesitating, because you are then the Master, you are then the ideal of thousands, the helper of many, and you are then the signpost of those that grope, for those that do not see, that are still struggling in the darkness. And once we can walk together on that path of eternal peace that leads to that Kingdom of Happiness, then there is no question of separation, no question of loneliness, no doubt of attainment—that attainment which is perfection, which is enlightenment; because then you are the embodiment of all those things which each one of you seeks. And when you walk on that road and sport yourselves in that eternal garden, when you can shelter yourself in the shades away from the sun, then we are all friends, then we are all the eternal companions, then we are all creating, in the image of Him who is the Holy of Holies. And when once you have drunk this nectar, this elixir of life, it keeps you eternally young; though you may have had vast experiences, though you may have shed many tears, have suffered greatly, there is inside you the bubbling spring-well that keeps you eternally full, eternally young and joyous, like the dancing star in a dark night; because you know all, and the self, which is the destroyer of Truth, the perverter of Truth, is annihilated."

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From THE POOL OF WISDOM, 1927 :

"It is not a Kingdom that lies far off, nor an abode for which we need make a voyage to the ends of the earth. You must find the key that opens all the gates of Heaven, all the gardens of ecstasy ; and that key is your own inner Voice, that key is your intuition, and with that key you can enter and live everlastingly in that garden."

* * * * *

"The path of the self leads to sorrow, to pain, and to those fleeting pleasures which we call life, which we take for reality and for the permanent. But Truth leads to the Kingdom of Happiness, because there is forgetfulness of self—that absolute oneness of life, both mental and emotional, which makes you feel and think that you are part of all the world, whether moving or non-moving, whether active or inactive."

* * * * *

"Now the time has come when you must choose whether you are going to follow Him, to breathe the same air, to climb the same mountain, along the same path, or whether you are going to try to bend Him to your particular will, to your particular temperament, to your particular prejudices.

That will not be.

Because I belong to all people, to all who really love, to all who are suffering.

And if you would walk, you must walk with me.

If you would understand, you must look through my mind.

If you would feel, you must look through my heart.

And because I really love, for this reason I want you to love.

Because I really feel, for this reason I want you to feel.

Because I hold everything dear, I want you to hold all things dear.

Because I want to protect, you should protect.

And this is the only life worth living, and the only Happiness worth possessing."

* * * * *

SELECTIONS FROM KRISHNAJI'S BOOKS AND POEMS

"If you love Truth intensely and yet absolutely for its own sake, you love all. If Truth is the one comfort, and you have that comfort, your desire is to share it with others."

* * * * *

"For this reason I desire, if I can, to exchange with you. You can take all of me; you can take my heart, my mind, everything away from me, enjoy of it, eat of it, because I can always find it again, having once found it. It is the blind who are in need, not those who have already seen, who have plenty. You have not plenty, I have. You have so little, I have so much. You need, and I have more than sufficient. Why not exchange? Why not look at the world through the eyes of Reality? Why not feel the suffering of the world through the heart that is Eternal?"

"When once you look and feel, you can do nothing else but work, nothing else but love. And when you work and love, combining with that Truth, which is the absolute, the forgetting of self, you become the real disciple, the real follower, the real lover."

* * * * *

"Let us all go to those heights where there is perfection, where there is beauty, where there is the sense of oneness, of being really friendly, really affectionate. Then you do not worry about anything in life, then you do not struggle, then you do not suffer pain—though these things have a meaning, they drop off like the drop of water from the lotus leaf. Like the lotus, you develop from impurity, and come out of the mire into freshness, into cleanliness, into beauty.

* * * * *

"There lies the beauty of your whole life, there lies the whole vision. And you do not want greater Kingdoms to conquer."

From COME AWAY, 1927:

I am the path
Leading to the sheltered garden
Of thy heart,
O World.
I am the fountain

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That feeds thy garden,
O World,
With the tears
Of my experience.

* * * * *

I have a garden
In my heart,
O World,
Where every flower
Speaketh of thee.

Open the gates
Of the garden of thy heart,
O World,
And let me in.
Without me
There shall be no shade,
Nor the soft breeze
From the cool mountains.

I have a garden in my heart,
O World,
That hath no beginning
And no end,
Where the mighty
Do sit with the poor,
Where the Gods
Do delight with the human.

* * * * *

Come
O World,
Gather thy flowers
In the garden of my heart.

From WHO BRINGS THE TRUTH ?, 1927 :

“It has been a struggle all the time to find the Truth, because I was not satisfied by the authority of another, or the imposition of

SELECTIONS FROM KRISHNAJI'S BOOKS AND POEMS

another, or the enticement of another ; I wanted to discover for myself, and naturally I had to go through sufferings to find out."

* * * * *

"Till I was able to say with certainty, without any undue excitement, or exaggeration in order to convince others, till I was one with my Beloved, I never spoke. I talked of vague generalities which everybody wanted. I never said : I am the World-Teacher ; but now that I feel I am one with the Beloved, I say it."

* * * * *

"The people of the world are not concerned with whether it is a manifestation, or an in-dwelling, or a visitation into the tabernacle prepared for many years, or Krishnamurti himself. What they are going to say is : I am suffering, I have my passing pleasures and changing sorrows ; have you anything lasting to give ? You say you have found Happiness and Liberation ; can you give me of that, so that I can enter into your kingdom, into your world ? "

* * * * *

"It is because you are doubting in your own search, that you are not searching truly ; you are satisfied with your little knowledge, your little authorities. You want those authorities to speak, to save you from your doubts. Suppose a certain person were able to tell you that I am the World-Teacher, in what way would it help, in what way would it alter the Truth ? In what way would understanding come to your heart, and knowledge come to your mind ? If you depend on authority, you will be building your foundations on the sands."

* * * * *

"I could not have said last year, as I can say now, that I am the Teacher ; for had I said it then it would have been insincere, it would have been untrue. Because I had not then united the Source and the Goal, I was not able to say that I was the Teacher. But now I can say it. I have become one with the Beloved, I have been made simple, I have become glorified because of Him, and because of Him I can help. My purpose is not to create discussions on authority, on manifestations in the personality of Krishnamurti, but to give the waters that shall wash away your sorrows, your

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petty tyrannies, your limitations, so that you will be free, so that you will eventually join that ocean where there is no limitation, where there is the Beloved."

* * * * *

"I have found what I wanted; I have been united with my Beloved, and my Beloved and I will wander together the face of the earth."

* * * * *

"So, friends, the only thing that matters is that you should give the waters that will quench the thirst of the people—the people who are not here, who are in the world. And the water that will give satisfaction, that will purify their hearts, ennoble their minds, is this: the finding of the Truth, and the establishing in their own minds and in their own hearts of Liberation and Happiness."

REVIEW

By What Authority? Ommen Camp-Fire Talks, 1927. By J. Krishnamurti. (Publishers: The Star Publishing Trust, Eerde, Ommen, Holland. Price Re. 1-8.)

It is impossible to *re-view* any of Krishnaji's books ; they present so many *views* of fascinating meanings every time one reads them. The best way is to ponder over them deeply, meditate upon them in quiet solitude. Like a gem of the purest kind, they reflect rays of varied hues ; and they leave the entranced reader with a desire to read them over again. And this never more so than in this latest gift of Krishnaji to the world, named significantly, *By What Authority ?*, a book beautiful in form and contents, being his inspiring talks to the three thousands of campers gathered from forty different countries in the Star Land of Ommen during the present year. The spoken words are so weighted with such different thoughts and ideas that they bring forth an almost infinite possibility of meaning. One reads this book a dozen times over ; and he finds every time newer and newer vistas of undiscovered landscape of everlasting charm that he longs for more. The very apt similes which are interspersed in the book both illumine and beautify ; drawn from the encompassing Nature they are so natural and free. Like the fabled nectar of the Gods which quenches bodily thirst, elates the heart and illumines the mind, Krishnaji's words bring eternal happiness.

R. A. N.

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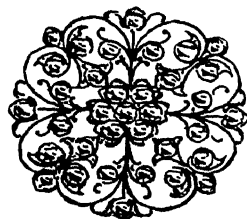


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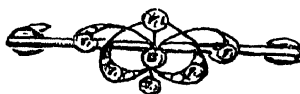
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FEBRUARY

1928

ORDER OF THE STAR

J. KRISHNAMURTI

Head of the Order

OBJECTS

1. To draw together all those who believe in the presence of the World-Teacher in the world.
 2. To work with Him for the establishment of His ideals.
-

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THE STAR

VOL. I

FEBRUARY, 1928

No. 2

THE STAR is the official organ of the *Order of the Star*, and is published in English, French, German, Spanish, Dutch, Swedish, Norwegian, Polish, Finnish, Russian, Italian, Danish, Icelandic.

The Magazine consists of two sections: The International section, matter for which is prepared by the International Editorial Board and distributed from Eerde, Ommen, Holland, and the National Section, matter for which is collected and prepared by the National Editorial Board.

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*KRISHNAJI'S OPENING ADDRESS TO THE
BENARES STAR CAMP*

FRIENDS,—In case that you may be distressed by this weather, I am going to recall to your minds some of the conditions at Ommen in the last four years. In contrast this will show to you what a real paradise is. The first year that we began in 1924, we expected, I believe, 300 campers and 600 turned up for the Camp and we slept on stuffed straw mattresses. Our bathing and washing arrangements were very crude, and we all had to go to the river. Mind you, it was much colder than this. I think, without exaggeration, that it was one of the best Star Camps that we have held, because it was so informal. It was so small, yet enthusiastic and vigorous. The next year in 1925 there were 900 campers, in 1926, 1,900, and last year there were 3,000. We have limited the Camp now to 3,000, because we cannot manage more than this number in a Camp. You can imagine that in a climate like Holland where the weather is as uncertain as men's minds, one day may be a lovely cloudless day with many shadows dancing and the next there may be a cold, bleak wind from the north with showers and occasional bright spots with every one shivering. And so this Camp, this uncertain weather at Benares, which unfortunately has pulled down the shamiana, must not depress or discourage you. This Camp, though it is small at the beginning, will, like the Camp at Ommen, prove to be a great success.

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The whole idea of a Camp is that the campers live in the open air, enjoy the freedom of it and make it a real holiday. The purpose of Camps is that the campers should be free from the burdens of daily life, so that they can give their minds and their hearts to unaffected seriousness. If you had to cook, if you had to bother with household business, if you had to concern yourselves with vegetables, milk and with family worries, it is no longer a holiday; you cannot give your minds and your hearts to those things that matter, so that you can open in yourselves that inward eye of clear perception which will give you the encouragement to strive and never to yield. To me the Camp is a cultural centre. If you will follow me correctly with your minds you will really develop your minds and your hearts so that you will, when you go away from this Camp, give to those that are around you your cultural attainment, your behavior, your dignity, your customs, which will give them, in their turn, the right point of view towards life.

For the Camp at Ojai, where we have bought something like 300 acres, they are expecting something like 1,500 campers this year and I believe they are eventually building a Camp for 5,000 people. We shall do the same here, though not in this limited space; but we have been looking for a place near Benares where there will be sufficient land, where we can live with affection and with tasteful devotion to each other, where we can, during those days that we are together, understand each other and cultivate that understanding to perfection so that there will be no misunderstanding of life.

During my talks in the evening, I would like that you should benefit, not so much from what I say but from the meaning that lies beyond mere words. It is very difficult to express in words what one feels, however great an artist one may be in the use of words, which I am not. I do not want to be a rhetorician or a great lecturer; but I want to convey to each one of

KRISHNAJI'S OPENING ADDRESS

you those things which I have found perfect, those things that have given me enlightenment, those things that have given me the power to attain and guard that attainment lastingly and permanently. In order to have a clear understanding and a clear perception of those things that you wish to understand, you must open that inner eye of clear sight, the inner eye that will guide you for yourselves towards your goal, so that that eye will be your true guide, your tyrant and your friend. To do that certain things are necessary. You must have leisure during the day. By that I mean, leisure to think, and opportunity to put aside those things that you have acquired during the past and to have a clear path laid out before yourselves, so that you will see for yourselves the things that are vital in one's life. Most gatherings of this kind are generally exciting, hectic and crowded with innumerable meetings. At Ommen, for example, and at Ojai, and here too, we only have two meetings every day. Perhaps most of you think that it is too little when you have been accustomed to four or five or even half a dozen meetings a day. That does not give an opportunity to each one of you to think. If you go from one meeting to another, always rushing, you will not be able to clear your minds for the true understanding of life. The Camp is meant to give you leisure and at the same time power to enable you to think for yourselves, to clear away the cobwebs of the past, to free you from your own habitual condition so that you will have leisure, you will have time to think, to ponder over things that are necessary in life.

You give yourself so little time to hear and to think. During the Camp that is one of the essential things that you must, if I may suggest, cultivate. You will have plenty of time in which to think over your life, to develop that inner eye of perception, time in which you can investigate your problems of life and time in which to develop a sense of solitude. Most

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people are afraid to be alone, but you have no idea how nice it is to be alone. When you are able to think, when you are able to feel a sense of solitude, it will give you greater strength than being surrounded by a multitude. So, leisure is the first thing I would suggest for those who take Camp-life seriously. By seriousness I mean unaffected seriousness, a seriousness that is not put on like a cloak and taken off at moments of ease, but seriousness that is unaffected, that is natural, that is dignified and majestic, that is not boring, and that is jovial and cheerful. If you can develop such a seriousness, you will find that it will help greatly to solve the problems of your daily life.

Then, I should suggest your being alone for some time during the day, even though you may have great many friends around you whom you have not met for a year or more. Try, if you can, during these five days, to have a few hours to yourselves. In those hours you will find that the mind and the heart begin to demand questions, begin to expand, begin to have the desire to discover whither it would go.

Then, again, I would suggest silence. I am not suggesting these things for you only. Because I have watched many people going to meetings and coming away without the least understanding, and going to another meeting with that affected seriousness and coming away again with very little understanding, I suggest these to you.

You are here, as I said, to find out for yourselves whither you would go and by what manner you would tread that path which will lead you to the goal of perfection, to the goal that is for all, the goal which is Truth. In order to find out the goal it is no good always attending meetings; it is no good always talking, it is no good always being limited by people. You must have leisure, you must have silence and solitude.

We must develop and I hope you will co-operate with every one in producing in yourselves the centre of culture. If you

KRISHNAJI'S OPENING ADDRESS

look around in the lives of each one of you, you will see that there is no order, that thinking and feeling have nothing to do with practical life; that your thought is cut away, is in another room as it were, and your life in the outside world is different. The Camp will help you in translating your thought in daily life.

The function of these Camps is to give enough understanding to your mind so that you will be able to translate your thoughts and carry those thoughts into action in your life. Take, for example, your belief in kindness as an intellectual theory, you all think that you should treat your children kindly and be kind to your wives and so on. In a majority of cases it remains in the intellectual world. You do not carry that idea into daily life. You do not take care that your children, your wives and your own lives have the proper environment in which they can develop properly. That is my whole point. You ought to be able during these days to establish within yourselves the desire so strongly that you carry that desire into life and translate it into action. You have great philosophies, great ideas, you have had great teachers in the past, but they have all become mere traditions and their teachings and philosophies are merely in books and not in your lives.

If you do not make this Camp a success, it will be your own fault. You have spent a great deal of money to come here, you have had a great many sacrifices to make—perhaps not so much as a friend of mine who walked for six weeks to come to the Camp at Ommen from Bulgaria. You have probably made equally great sacrifices and if you do not learn to clear away from your minds that satisfaction which lulls and kills the heart and the mind, you will never be able to discover the Truth, you will never be able to attain your perfection, your individual uniqueness, and your own growth will be stultified.

These Camps, I would like, again, to point out, must act as a cultural force, in your daily lives. When once you have

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attended these Camps, you must be different in your life. By different I mean different in your ordinary physical life, different in your attitude of mind and in your attitude of heart. You must, because you have sat in front of understanding, because you have sat in front of your goal, have absorbed within yourselves part of that greatness and part of that understanding, so that when you go out, people will recognise that you have for yourselves, through your own understanding, through your sorrow and through your pain, found out and established for yourselves the goal.

You all believe in certain things; you all have devotion. But so have many people beliefs and devotion. In what way is your devotion, is your understanding, different from that of others? In what way do you translate in your daily life, in your thought and in your feelings, that devotion and that understanding? In what way do you stand out, as a lighthouse stands out on the dark shore to warn the ships that pass by? In what way do you help the people at large? After all, that is the only thing that matters in life, and not what names you call yourselves, not what badges you wear. What matters is in what way you help; and you can only help truly, if you have a clear perception of Truth, if you have really established the goal for yourselves.

During my evening talks, at the Camp, I want to put clearly before you those desires which are your own, so that you can see and think for yourselves and establish that goal in your mind and in your heart. And so I would like to point out again that these Camps though they are a holiday in the true sense—a holiday from burdens, from family worries—they should not affect us so as to cause looseness. By that I mean slack behavior, for I hold that behavior when it is properly translated into daily life becomes righteousness. If there is no behavior, if there is no thought, if there is no feeling, righteousness

KRISHNAJI'S OPENING ADDRESS

goes away from us. In order to establish that righteousness, that well-being of the mind and the heart, behavior is essential in our daily life. I shall not go into the details of what I mean by behavior. You know very well what I mean—how you sit, how you walk, how you dress, how your mind is purified, how your heart is ennobled—all these things come within the compass of behavior, and when you have once understood behavior in the greatest sense, then you have understood righteousness; and understanding is establishing that righteousness in your own heart.

Now, to come back again. In order to understand, you must have thought which is not biassed, which is not prejudiced, which is free. To cultivate such thought, you must have leisure and during these days you will have leisure. To utilise and employ that leisure properly, you must have solitude and in order to have solitude, you must have silence.

Finally, I should like to point out that perfection lies by the love of the visible beauty. That means you must be surrounded by nice, beautiful things and that beauty depends on yourselves. That is one of the greatest things that we are going to cultivate in these Camps throughout the world.

We are going to have two Camps in India next year, one in the north and the other in the south. We have already bought sufficient land in Madanapalle and we are considering the lease of sufficient land near here. We are going to make these Camps such as to have visible beauty, so that you see beauty for its own sake, you will see beauty wherever you go, so that you will develop a beautiful nature. You can only develop beauty if you appreciate beauty and we come back again to the eternal law that in order to appreciate a thing you must have greatness within you.

So, friends, before I close, because I have found life so interesting, and not because I have been lulled by luxury, by

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flattery and so on—I am never desirous of those things, for I find life vital, and wherever I go, I learn—I would like to encourage and give help to those who would seek the new understanding of life. To gain the new understanding you must remove the various coatings, the various accumulations that you have gathered during the past. You must begin from this day on a new slate, on which you will write those things that your hearts and minds desire. It depends on your own desire to attain, it depends on your own desire to have that happiness, which exists within each one. In order to understand and in order to establish that goal, you must have the immense burning desire born out of suffering, out of pain, out of observation. I hope that during these few days you will be re-made, remoulded into great beings who have the power to help, who can give light and understanding to those that dwell in darkness.

FIVE POEMS

J. KRISHNAMURTI

THE BEGGAR AT THE SHRINE

AS the beggar,
Lean and hungry,
Sits on the steps of the temple,
Shaking his empty bowl,
So have I sat
Crying for my empty heart
To be filled.

The worshippers
On their way to the Shrine,
With the habit of offering,
With a smile,
They gave me of their gifts.

But on the morrow,
With the beggars
I took my place
Once again,
Sad and empty.

*

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THE STAR
MY HEART DANCES WITH THY LOVE

THE mind well poised,
Calm, serene,
Free from the limitations of prejudice,
My heart dances with Thy love, O Beloved.

How can I forget Thy love?
As well ask the rose
To delight in summer's day
Without its tender petals.

How can I be separated from Thee,
O, Guru of Gurus?
As well ask the waters of the sea
To separate from its joyous waves.

If in this world there is loneliness,
Then, where art Thou, O my Love?

As the sun fills the earth
With dancing shadows and great open spots
of light,
So hast Thou filled my heart
In great abundance.

* * *

I LOOK TO NONE BESIDE THEE

I LOOK to none beside Thee,
O my Beloved.
Thou art born in me,
And lo! there
I take my refuge.

FIVE POEMS

I have read of Thee in many books.
They tell me
There be many like unto Thee,
Many temples are built for Thee,
There be many rites
To invoke Thee.
But I have no close communion with them.
For all these are but the shells
Of man's thoughts.

O friend,
Seek for my Well Beloved
In the secret recesses of thy heart.
Dead is the tabernacle
When the heart ceases to dance.

I look to none beside Thee,
O my Beloved.
Thou art born in me,
And lo ! there
I take my refuge

*

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TELL ME, WHICH IS THE REAL ?

HOW suddenly
The still pool is disturbed !

The passing wind
Delights with the restless waters,
The insect
Makes patterns,
Annoying the tranquil waters.

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The reflections
Pass away to be re-established again,
The stately tree,
The blue heavens,
The swift bird,
The heavy cloud,
The tall house with many windows,
Are there in the quiet pool.

The sun, through the green leaves,
The distant stars, through immense space,
My own face, so close,
Are there established.

O pool,
My tears disturb thy waters.
Tell me,
Which is the real ?

* * *

FIND THY SOUL, O FRIEND

NAY, canst thou tell me,
O friend,
Whence comes this mighty assurance
And the purpose thereof ?
The cause of this ceaseless strife,
This violent desire for many possessions,
This immense longing for life,
This never-ending struggle after the passing
happiness ?

FIVE POEMS

How quickly
Fades the lovely rose.
How easily,
O friend,
Sorrow is begotten.

O friend,
Thou wilt find thy lasting happiness
In no temple,
In no book,
Nor in the intellect of man,
Nor in the Gods of thy creation.

Go not to holy places,
Worship not in wayside shrines.

How easily
The tranquil pool is disturbed,
And the reflection thereof.

Nay, friend,
Seek not thy happiness
In passing things.

Find thy soul,
O friend,
For there alone
Abideth thy Beloved.

THE UNIVERSAL GOAL

J. KRISHNAMURTI

[Beginning with this number of *THE STAR* we shall publish month by month the talks given by Krishnaji to the group of students assembled at Castle Eerde last summer. They have not been revised by Krishnaji himself, as to enable him to do this would have meant a delay of many months in their publication. They have been carefully read, however, by several of those who were present at the delivery of the talks and who believe them to be a correct and verbatim report of what Krishnaji said. The rather personal note—inevitable when speaking to a group of friends—represents accurately the form in which the talks were delivered.]

UNLESS we receive the truth in the forms and in the language to which we are accustomed, we are apt to reject it and disregard it. If a truth appears through a particular window that we have kept clean—perhaps for many lives,—if it appears through that window alone we are inclined to accept it, but if it appears through another window which we have neglected, that truth we will not accept; because we have not been habituated to that form of truth, our minds and emotions are not attuned to it, and we reject it without thought, without giving it the due notice, the due consideration which it requires.

Whatever our modes of thought may be, we are still inclined to accept the truth only if presented to us in the jargon, in the form to which we are accustomed. If we belong to a particular religion, the truth must appear in the language of that religion; to the Hindu it must appear through the Vedas, through Samskrit, through the particular forms he has been

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taught. It is the same with the Christian and it is the same with the Buddhist. Their minds have become narrow, their emotions limited and hence they reject the truth in whatever new forms it may appear.

Truth always appears in forms other than those to which we are accustomed, and that is where the greatness and the tragedy of it lies; the greatness because it comes unexpectedly and the tragedy because the people who are seeking for truth do not look for it in the direction where it is always to be seen. And those of us who are seeking this truth must first of all cleanse our minds and our hearts from all these narrow, sectarian thoughts and languages and philosophies.

We must not adapt truth to our particular mode of thought; if we do, it will be twisted, it will be altered. That is why it is so difficult for me to put forward my thought without watching its effect on people's minds, as shown in their faces. Some thought will be received for its own intrinsic value because people's minds are clear on that particular subject and their own hearts welcome it with enthusiasm. But those who are accustomed to receive truth only through a particular channel, a particular form, a particular mould, will reject it under any other form and will shake their heads as if they did not understand. It means that the truth—whether it be mine or another's—is not received, cannot have proper entrance into such a mind and such a heart. And so, if I could I would invent a new language, whereby we can escape from all the familiar words, all the phraseology upon which we have been fed; from all the symbols, all the literature, sacred books, pictures, and devotions, so that we can come fresh to imbibe the truth, come clean and pure as we were at the very beginning of things, or as we shall be at the very end of all things.

If you would enjoy the scent of the flowers you must be able to breathe freely. If I could I would destroy those illusions

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that you have created, those barriers through which truth always finds it difficult to enter; because truth is so illusive, so timid, that only the pure and the clean can approach it and take it freely and enjoy it fully without maltreating it, without twisting it, as I fear that everyone in the world is doing. They want the truth to appear in a particular form, clothed in a particular phraseology. But truth is like a burglar that comes at night, silently and secretly, and if you have guarded all the entrances to your mind and your heart with your phraseology, with your ideas, then truth cannot enter. As I cannot unfortunately invent a new language, I would beg of you so to take what I say, having destroyed your phrases, your narrowness, your particular forms, that the truth will appear as it is, naked and pure.

As the ocean receives all the rivers of the world, so the end for all men is liberation. As the ocean receives the lean rivers that wander through the parched lands, through deserts, through lands where there are no shadows, lands that are acquainted with sorrows and pestilences; the rivers that are rich, that pass through forests, green meadows, lovely vales and peaceful countries; and the boisterous rivers that descend from mountain to mountain over cataracts and waterfalls, abounding with noise and entering the sea with a roar; and the rivers that are acquainted with factories, with cities, with gay life, with the noise of traffic and with squalor and dirt—so likewise all people, whether they be of one type or of another, whether they be of one temperament or of another, will enter into the sea of liberation.

So everyone must establish for himself this one aim, this one purpose in life. A man has only one end. All things, living and non-living, animals, the barbarian and the civilized, the artist, the poet, the mystic, the occultist, and the man acquainted with sorrows and pleasures, the man that is superman,

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the Gods and the people, have but one aim, have but one purpose, and that is liberation. Liberation is above all religions, for it is the end of all religions, it is the end of all thoughts, of all phases, of all systems, of all feelings, of all actions and of all experiences. And when once you have established that goal, which is for everyone of us the only reality, for it is beyond the dreams of all men and beyond the dreams of all Gods, then you must mould your life and your thoughts and your feelings so that you may enter that sea of liberation. In order to realise that this sea of liberation exists, we must pass through many experiences as does the ignorant man—through sects, through all the narrow forms of religion, through societies, through worshipping of Gods, through superstitions—we must pass through all these in order to acquire experience from them all, so that we can know for ourselves that the end for each one of us is liberation.

And as a result of my talks that are going to follow, I desire that every one of you should go away having at least seen the end, having at least experienced that sense of liberation for yourselves, for I cannot give you liberation. Liberation comes only from within and not from without. As beggars sit on the steps leading to the shrine with their palsy and their emptiness and their hunger, and as each worshipper who passes by gives them coppers, or some grains of rice, to feed them, and on the morrow they come again empty, hungry, sorrowful and weak, so is the man that is dependent on others, so is the man who has not seen the end, for he depends for his happiness, for his comfort, for his liberation upon others. As I have attained liberation I would feed you, fill your begging bowls, but, as I know they would be empty on the morrow, I would rather give you the power, the strength and the vitality to walk up those steps that lead to the holy of holies and so become yourselves Gods, in order that you may feed others, in order that you may

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give strength and vitality to others who are empty, hungry and emaciated.

From the ancient of times, it has been my unconscious, and now conscious, purpose to attain liberation and I have felt for many months that I have broken all the bars and that I am now free to go where I would, mentally and emotionally—perhaps not physically, but that is the last thing to worry about, the physical is the least important. It is release for which I have worked for many lives, for which I have striven all through this life and especially during these last six months. I wanted to be free—from my own friends, my own books, my own systems of thought, my own philosophies; and I think—not only think, I know—that I am free, and since I have gained freedom, it is for me to point out the way, the way that leads to this liberation, to this freedom. And it is for every one of you, whatever you be, whether mystics, ceremonialists, poets, painters, musicians—it is for you to walk towards that end, to gain your experience from your own temperaments, tendencies, inclinations, and so arrive at that one particular goal which is for all and which is the end for all things.

It would be advisable, if you could, from the very beginning to establish in your minds and in your hearts what it is that each one of you desires; for understanding is born out of the desire to attain that thing for which you earnestly long. Understanding comes, both intellectually and emotionally, if your desire for an object is strong enough, if your longing is poignant enough, and so the first thing you should do is to establish that desire which will act as the needle in the compass to guide you throughout your particular wandering on that path which leads to liberation. And the next thing is to find out, to establish, if it is your own desire or if it is my desire. Most people, through their intense devotion, become like birds in a cage. They are caught by their devotion and so are held, dependent always on

THE UNIVERSAL GOAL

the person to whom their devotion goes. So, irrespective of the individuality of the person, irrespective of your devotion, to that person, you must establish for yourselves this desire, which must naturally be born out of your own experience.

What I am saying now, what I shall say during the next few weeks, is the outcome of my experience, which is the experience of all. For I know that in past lives I have been married, I have been a ceremonialist, I have been a wanderer, I have been lost, I have been sorrow-laden, and everything in turn. I have spun the wheel of life, and out of that spinning I have woven my own desire, my own longing for liberation, but it is of my own creation, my own longing, and hence nothing in the world can destroy it. Similarly, with those of you who desire to become the disciples or followers or lovers of this liberation, you must establish, out of your own experience, this desire that shall be your own guiding point. That desire must not depend on me, on my authority, my individuality, for if to-morrow I go away you will be lost. You ought to be free not because of me but in spite of me. Perhaps I may help some of you to attain your liberation; I can give you of my love, of my burning desire, but inside you there must be the constant fluttering of the wings to escape into the open air. It must be your own desire, your own experience, your own flower of suffering, sorrow and pain that shall guide you. And that suffering, that pain and that sorrow are mine just as well as everybody's. What I am saying, what I am singing, is your own experience given through my mouth, and that is the only truth that is of value. The dust of experience which I have gathered, which has released me, out of which I have built the mountain on which I live, is the same experience as yours. I have had the same longings, the same burnings as you, and there is only one end for all, because my end is your end, my goal is your goal, my

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attainment, my happiness, my liberation, is your attainment, your happiness, your liberation.

Most of you here are inclined to depend on me for your liberation, to quote me as the supreme authority for this liberation, and use me to cudgel others. If you do this you will have failed to realise the reason for which I have come, not understanding what I want to put before you. You may create many temples after I am dead, but you will never create those temples while I am living. It always happens that the moment the truth decays or is in the process of decaying, people begin to build walls around it but I am living and no one is going to build a temple around me. The moment you build a temple you are limiting that liberation which is meant for all.

And so it is my desire that you should not be mesmerised by anything I say, because if you are put to sleep by my words or by my thought, by my desires, by my longings, you will be just as much in prison or even more so than you were before you came to this place. You have been put to sleep by other people, by other thoughts, by other systems, and since liberation is the end for all, whether he be a philosopher or a mystic or an occultist or any other type, I want you to establish that end within you so that you can work for it during this month. Do not be lulled to sleep by my words, by the beauty of this place, by the peace and tranquillity of these woods, but be constantly struggling to attain this liberation.

So, first of all you must establish in your own minds and in your own hearts that desire which is the outcome of your own experience. Liberation is the goal for all, for all people suffer, all people have joys, all people have pleasures, and out of those passing things, those transient things, those impermanent things, the permanent and the eternal is born—the longing for liberation. So, whether for a poor man or a rich man, whether

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for the sorrow-laden, comfortless and despised, or the glorified of the earth, there is only one end and that end is liberation. If you understand that, and if you have it in your mind and in your heart, as the scent is in the flower always, then you will have real understanding of the purpose of life.

There is only one law for all, and that is the attainment of liberation. Whether they worship, as they do in India, idols in dim sanctuaries, in wonderful old temples; or perform ceremonies, as they do all over the world, in gorgeous robes with incense and tinkling of bells; or whether they be mystics who desire to attain, to get into touch with the Eternal Spirit that broods over the world; or whether they be established well in many possessions—there is only one law for all. For each one seeks to escape from these binding things, out of these narrow ruts in which he is enslaved, in which he is caught, in which he is struggling like a bird to get out into the fresh air and to attain his goal. If you have not that desire for liberation for its own beauty, for its own intrinsic glory, you will be like the ship lost on the sea without the instruments that guide it; you will be caught by every wind, by every wave that comes along, and taken to all the harbors to which you have no desire to go. But the moment you have established this desire, this burning love for liberation, then you will have discovered the haven in the sea of life. And the moment you have discovered that haven, you will begin to realize that you must renounce all things, you must renounce the very things that you have held dear, the very Gods that have helped you, for liberation is above the Gods, above the perfection of humanity. When once you have entered that haven of liberation, you become devotees, the lovers of the world, because the world seeks for this liberation and you have found it. You desire to guide all those ships that are lost at sea to that haven of solitude where there is comfort, where there is no loneliness, and so eventually you

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become the true disciples, the lovers, that go out into the world, to help people to understand liberation, to attain liberation.

For this reason only, in order to help you, in order to awaken that desire in you, I am here ; for this reason only, that I have truly this love that can give you inspiration, so that in you is born the desire to attain that haven of liberation, I am here ; and as long as you have not attained that liberation you are like animals caught in a net. Whatever you do, whatever your actions, whatever your thoughts, whatever your ceremonies, whatever your ideas, they will act as a net to bind you more and more, to enslave you ; and it is for this reason that I am here, to cut loose that binding net which is around you, so that you shall be free, and during this month I would beg of you to keep a mirror constantly before you so that it will reflect your thoughts and your emotions and see if they coincide, if they fit in, with your dreams, with your ideals, with your longings ; and whatever does not coincide, whatever is undesirable, should be set aside because your one longing should be freedom—freedom from everything, from the very Masters, from the very Gods, from all life and death.

J. Krishnamurti

*ADDRESS DELIVERED BY KRISHNAJI IN
SALLE ADYAR, PARIS*

September 27, 1927

WHEREVER you go, in whatever clime you wander, you will find that people are searching for happiness—happiness that depends on outward circumstances, happiness that they can comprehend for a fleeting moment, happiness that is continually changing.

That happiness is the lot of the majority of people throughout the world. That happiness, which they consider so essential, so vital in their life, is fleeting, changing, variable from time to time. But nevertheless there is in the mind and heart of every individual a distinct idea, a distinct longing to find the real happiness which exists behind this veil of transient things.

This evening, it is my intention to show that this happiness is not objective but subjective. But in order to understand the subjective, you must have had experience of the objective. Because if you have not seen the world, if you have not tasted of the world, the world attracts you to such an extent that you will not be able to withdraw into yourself and find there the source of this happiness.

To me, there is only one purpose in life, and that is the attainment of this Kingdom of Happiness which is to be found within each one and which can only be attained through the rejection, renunciation or conquest of the physical.

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You will find, wherever you go, that people are searching for this happiness which is permanent, lasting, eternal. But they are caught up like a fish in a net—in an evil net—by the transient things around them, by the so-called troubles, by attractions, by dislikes, by hatreds, by jealousies, by all these petty things that bind. It is as if they were in a garden where there are many flowers. Each flower is trying to expand, to live and give out its scent, its beauty, its desires, to show the world its full growth. While in the process of opening himself, of attaining, of expanding, man loses himself in the external. Hence there is complication, he has to distinguish from the beginning what is essential and what is not essential.

Now, having established as a premiss for the moment, that every one is searching for happiness, let us look around to see what is happiness.

Every one, whoever he be, a Hindu, a Buddhist or a Christian, is bound by his own particular religion, because each religion puts forward the idea that if one does good one will go to Heaven, if one does evil one will go to Hell.

But there is no such thing as good or evil: there is only ignorance and knowledge; and hence, the attainment of knowledge, of perfection, of truth, lies within each one, and for this attainment experience is necessary.

In accumulating this experience we must never forget the end, which is the end for all, whether they belong to a particular religion or to none: the purpose of life is the fulfilment of this happiness, the attaining of this happiness by liberating one's self from all petty desires, from all that is binding, from all restrictions.

If you once admit that the purpose of life is that freedom from all desires which culminates in one fundamental desire—that is, eternal happiness—you see that man's search for happiness through transient things is in a way necessary.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY KRISHNAJI IN SALLE ADYAR

This happiness, we know, exists. We have seen it in the peace, in the great image, of a wonderful view in front of us; we have had such happiness in us and we can never doubt it.

If you admit that life exists for the attainment of happiness, you must set aside everything else which has no value in order to attain it.

My business, this evening, is not to lay down regulations, dogmas or creeds, but to point out the goal for humanity, for the artist as for the scientist, for those who belong to a religion or those who belong to none; happiness, the happiness which gives liberation, is the end for all humanity.

Now, you cannot go to the savage, the barbarian, the unevolved, and tell them that the goal of life is this eternal happiness; because they have not as yet acquired enough experience by which they can build the structure of that eternal kingdom. You cannot by a miracle change them, or, by your attainment, by your life, your desire, force them to enter that kingdom. But it is for the man who understands the purpose of life to show the way, to be as a lighthouse on the shore of a dark sea.

In finding this happiness, in attaining this liberation which each one of us desires, we must first establish that this kingdom, this abode, this garden, exists in each one of us, in ourselves. There is no external God, as such, who urges us to live nobly or to live basely; there is but the voice of our own intuition which continually by experience, by practice, tells us to live nobly. It is this experience which gives us knowledge, which gives us the judgment to weigh in the balance things which are right or wrong.

If you watch a sculptor at work, you see how with soft clay, little by little, filling cavities, he creates a face full of vitality.

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Likewise in human life: it is by this process of accumulating experience, life after life, that we learn to hear the voice within us, which will guide us.

There are in each one of us three separate entities. There is the mind, which can be compared to a flower; and the emotions, which are as the water that gives power, life, vitality and scent to the flower; and there is the body, which is the vase that holds the flower.

If you will imagine that each one of you has within you these three entities, each trying to create on its own, to perfect itself on its own, you can see that there will always be disharmony when there is not absolute union between the three.

So you will see that in establishing harmony, comprehension, synthesis, synthetic understanding between the three, you must have an end to which the three will agree. And so the first thing that we should control is the body, because the body is the basis, because it wishes to function on its own and interferes with the working of the other two. And so we must gradually learn to train the body, to control it and to make it obey the mind and the emotions.

Each one of you knows well enough that the body should be controlled and mastered, but everybody does not know that the body is a separate entity with its own desires, its own longings, and that it should be brought into line with the two other bodies.

Likewise with the emotions: there must be, if you are to have that eternal happiness that does not change, that has no limitations, there must be such emotions as are impersonal. For that you must have affections; you must have love that is impersonal. For if you have affections that bind, then you are limiting yourself, your affections, your life, and the result is always the creation of karma.

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Karma means that every action, whatever it be, every thought, whatever it be, bears its fruit; and as long as there is karma you cannot attain that absolute happiness to which I am referring.

Then there is the mind, which is the guide, which weighs and balances, which is always criticising, investigating, probing, which is able to distinguish and to weigh.

The mind, emotions and body must be in absolute harmony, in absolute union; then you will establish in yourself that voice which will be your true guide. That guide is called intuition, and it is in itself the fulfilment, the end which is God—if I may use that word. That voice is the result of experience. You must have experience in order to cultivate that voice, in order to make it powerful. That is the purpose of experience—not the mere pleasure which experience gives.

When that voice is sufficiently strong, when that voice—the result of accumulated experience—is obeyed and you yourself become that voice, then you are God. For there is no external God; there is only the God perfected through your own experience.

You see, wherever you go, that everybody is denying authority, because people desire to evolve, to find out, to experience for themselves and so develop their own faculties, their own intuition.

Hence, if you obey, you will find that you are creating more trouble for yourself; but I do not desire that you should create a revolution, because it would mean that you are not obeying the law of harmony.

You will see that what you have as your own experience, your own knowledge, shows the way to live. That is the only guide; there is no other guide, no other God, no other ruler.

But you will say: "What about the barbarian who has not sufficient experience to see that his voice or intuition is correct?"

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There is much misery in the world because the man who thinks he understands urges other men to understand. So the barbarian, the savage, who has not sufficient knowledge, should not be forced but given the opportunity to understand.

So, the most important thing is to uncover this God within each one of you. That is the purpose of life: to awaken the dormant God; to give life to the spark which exists in each one of us, so that we become a flame and join the eternal flame of the world.

For many years, perhaps for many lives, it has been my constant search, my constant demand, to find out Truth. Because whatever you have in objective, in tangible form, is destroyed, and one loses one's self; one is lost in these transient things while in search of the Eternal.

In order to find this Kingdom, to awaken that God, to give him power, one has to set aside all things in search of Truth.

So you will see that life is ONE in all individuals, because in each individual there is a spark, dormant or awakened. And with the establishment of individual peace, individual attainment, comes world peace, world attainment.

The purpose, the manner, of attaining this happiness, of gaining this liberation, is in your own hand. It does not lie in the hand of some unknown God, or in temples, or in churches, but in your own self. For temples, churches and religions bind, and you must be beyond all dreams of God in order to attain this liberation. So, in order to attain this Kingdom of Happiness in each one of you, you must have strength, courage, knowledge, to distinguish between what is lasting and what is impermanent.

You see that you should make life very simple, without so many complications, so many wants, so many desires. There should be fewer Gods, fewer temples. Not that they are bad or good; but in yourself lies the power of God, in yourself is the

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Kingdom of Happiness into which you will retire to build your own image of happiness and eternity.

So you will see that the Gods you worship externally, outside, do not give enough strength, enough vitality, to the man who desires to establish the truth permanently. They may, by your adoration, your love, momentarily give satisfaction, but will never establish that truth after which you are looking.

Consider for a moment how, when some one you love is taken away by death, no God will satisfy that separation. But if you are able to become united with the one who is lost, there is no necessity for a mediator. And in establishing this union you can only help by the destruction of the separate entity, of the separate being which you call "I" or "myself".

So you will see from the beginning that in establishing harmony between the three bodies in each one of you, it is essential that you destroy the sense of separateness. Because, if there is not that conquering of the self, the self always creates karma by its particular desires, its own individualistic wants, and hence there is misery and constant change.

Those who desire this lasting happiness, this awakening of the God in each one, must set aside all things, renounce all things; their religion, their God, their parents, everything, in search of this truth.

If you would desire that water that will quench your thirst, give you freedom from all things, you must set aside everything except the Eternal. In setting aside the impermanent, the transient, the fleeting and the passing, you will attain the eternal, the permanent, the lasting. For in the permanent is the only happiness, and there is the Eternal, the Truth. In the permanent is established, is seen, the only God in the world—your self that has been purified.

HIS GLORY IN US

LADY EMILY LUTYENS

I STOOD on a hill-top at evening and watched the sun setting across the plain. The mountains turned from indigo to purple, darkly outlined against the crimson sky. The grey fleecy clouds, presaging rain, reflected the glory of the setting sun and turned to rose and red. The sky took on unimaginable beauty of flaming gold and blue and green and deepest crimson. The tall trees stood like sentinels in the valley, their branches like black lace against the sky. Over the world descended a vast peace, the whole of Nature worshipping its Lord.

And I saw that while all things derive their glory from Him, He without them is less beautiful. The mountains stand in their strength and loneliness, turning their backs to the sun, and their darkness adds glory to His light. The grey clouds put away their gloom to reflect His joy and gladness. The sky is decked in many colored garments that each may reveal some portion of His loveliness.

In darkness or in light, in strength or in weakness, each can reflect a part of His glory and help to paint the flaming picture on the sky. The spirit of worship and utter consecration fills the beauty of the sunset hour.

And I thought of Him, the Teacher, who comes to paint a picture on the world and that He will need, to stand around Him, disciples, to be the colors He may use in the painting of that picture. He is the central Sun, from Him we all derive

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our life, but ours the hearts, the hands and voices which He will need to help Him in His work.

He asks from each his gift. Strength from the strong, the power to stand alone, the willingness to be in the dark if thereby His light be made more visible. Sorrow and pain made joyous in His joy. Weakness contributing its quota to the whole.

He needs us all, each as we are and where we are, with capacities developed to the full or latent within us. The vision of the wise, the tongue of the eloquent, the strength of the strong, the weakness of small things. Man and woman, old and young, He needs us all.

But we can only truly serve Him as we understand His purpose, as we forget ourselves, as we realize that we exist but to fit into the picture He is painting. The harmonious blending of colors is essential to the beauty of a landscape or a picture; harmony between His followers is essential if the work of the Teacher is to be accomplished. However perfect His plan, we can make or mar its realisation.

We are thinking all the time of what the Teacher means to us, what He will do for us, what the degree of our blessing, of our good fortune. We are jealous in our love, we are petty and self-centred. We seek to use Him for our own ends, we try to shine in His reflected glory.

If we would learn what discipleship should be, let us stand at sunset and watch the world in its hour of beauty. Each particle is subservient to the whole, each individual thing exists but to add to the beauty of all. He is our Sun; where He needs us let us be.

Emily Lutyens

THE NEW IMAGE

CLAUDE BRAGDON

WHEN the cosmic clock struck the hour of woman's emancipation from the thraldom of old folk-ways and outworn conventions, the most sensitive and highly attuned of the sex—what might be called the Delphic sisterhood—had to revolt, even to the point of destroying their own temple. And this is woman's predicament to-day, in the countries where this has happened: her ancient sanctuary is in ruins, and no new one has been erected. For the moment she is the victim of her own victory: the dark shadow of her new freedom is her new loneliness. Rid of her shackles, questing every sort of knowledge and experience, she has for the moment ethically and culturally outstripped her companion man, caught in the web of his own spinning, competitive industrialism. She is not understood by him in these new aspects, he resents them, and therefore by him she is crucified. One sees this happening everywhere, but it was revealed to me in a dream.

I seemed to be standing on some bleak promontory beyond which stretched a dark and shoreless ocean, beneath a lowering sky. All around, in the scant stubble, lay men, indifferent, dull, unawake—one could scarcely take a step without treading on them. Beyond, on the summit of the promontory, stood a gibbet upon which a naked woman was suspended head downward, her legs trussed apart and her hair hanging—she was like a figure by Blake. Beside her stood a man quite

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different from the others, alive, alert, charged with evil power. He it was who had crucified the woman, and now he was hamstringing her—cutting the tendons of her knees and wrists. In horror I called upon him to stop, I tried to arouse the others to prevent him, but they were either too weak or too indifferent to protest—and I woke up.

I am often visited by these symbolical dreams, and soon ceased to remember this one, until something happened to recall it vividly to life. I found myself one evening at a typical New York studio party: there were men and women of all sorts, lounging, sitting, standing. The room was lighted by candles and warmed by an open fire, there were cocktails and mulled wine to drink, and the usual sandwiches, coffee and cigarettes. As the evening wore on the party became gayer, the piano came into commission and the clever ones, singly and together, did their stuff. A man, diabolically sophisticated and clever, talked and sang to his own accompaniment. He had been drinking, and his songs proceeded, by nicely graduated stages from the risqué to the delicately obscene. It seemed to me in bad taste, and made me feel a bit uncomfortable, but I attributed this to my incorrigible Victorianism, when suddenly I was invaded by something entirely other—*suffering*, of a kind new to my experience. I became acutely conscious of the young woman who was standing next to me, whom I had not noticed before. Her mouth bore the rictus of an unnatural smile, but her eyes were like those of a tortured animal. I had caught the contagion of her suffering. I glanced about at the other women; most of them were smiling, but I sensed that they were suffering too. Suddenly, I remembered my dream: these women were *that* woman, the man at the piano was her torturer, and the other men in the room, sitting about in slack attitudes, unaware of that of which I had suddenly become conscious, were like those other men in my dream. I had a

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moment of clear vision, in which I was able to transcend my purely masculine consciousness, and this is what I seemed to understand:

The soul of woman is like the surface of water: it will reflect any image, such is its nature, but woman cannot reflect ignoble or depraved images without doing violence to her essential womanhood; to be called upon to do so gives rise to that order of subjective suffering of which I felt the ache. Psychically woman is so constituted as to image and bring to birth in the world a certain kind of supernal beauty, just as physically she is framed to be the treasury of the continued race. Also, quite in analogy with his physical function, it is man's metaphysical function to impress this image of supernal beauty upon the feminine psyche. "Brahma fell asunder into man and wife," and man corresponds to "name" and woman to "form". She it is who forces the thorny stalk to put forth blossoms; indeed, it would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that woman's role in the work of civilisation is so great that the entire edifice is reared on the shoulders of these "frail caryatids". For in the beginning, while man went forth to fight and hunt, woman remained behind to plait and weave and mould those coverings and containers in which all arts and crafts had their origin, and later and at all times she fecundates man's imagination through her beauty, her mystery, and the miracle of her tenderness.

"The old order changeth"—this is one of those moments of the turning of the cosmic kaleidoscope, when the eternal truths must fall into a different pattern in order to affect the modern consciousness, drugged or dizzy with having gazed too long at the old images. In order to fulfil her esoteric function of reflecting the new image, woman has struggled to free herself from masculine enslavement, for she it is who is the best index of the coming hour. The world will change less in accordance

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with man's determinations than with woman's divinations. Just now she is polarized to a star as yet unrisen, and responds to impulsions beyond the ken of the purely rational consciousness. This often makes her deep, true, instinctive actions appear ruinous and irrational. Misunderstanding man, alarmed lest he lose his familiar, dear companion, has endeavored to deny to woman this inevitable freedom—as necessary to him as to her—and this has engendered unnatural rancors, delaying the establishment of a new equilibrium. For the precipitation of new images of beauty and wisdom can occur only when the waters of the world—which are the women of the world—are still, which can only be when men and women are at peace with one another. Waves of resentment, cross-currents of aborted love and outraged pride so stir the soul of woman that it projects fantastic and misshapen forms. Woman has ceased to function truly either because by an aping of man she has forgone her essential womanliness and become sterile—ceased, that is, to be a reflector of images, incompetently trying to project them instead—or because the images given her to reflect are such that in some deep centre of her being she knows they are full of ugliness, and she aborts them, lest she bring forth a brood of monsters.

“Man and woman are one spirit in two bodies”—each requires the other for completion. In the bringing forth of new ideas and ideals each sex has its function. Divinity comes to birth in the world, in mystical parlance, through the marriage between love and truth. Woman must therefore maintain against every obstacle, her love of love, and man must strive, against every discouragement, to be true to truth. They must exchange these opposite polarities. Only when there is truth in love, can there be love in truth.

Claude Bragdon

*' TRUTH HAS DIVERSE FACETS FOR
DIVERSE MINDS ''*

A. O.

W^E all have our different ideas as to what is Krishnaji's message to the world, how it is best to be interpreted, what is his own purpose and what is the purpose that he would awaken in each one of us. His truth is a diamond with many facets and we see only one facet at a time. If some people have seen a different side from our own and speak to us of their conception of the truth, we are inclined to think: "What a pity they have not grasped Krishnaji's idea! They do not realise the glory of it as I realise it. What is it in me that makes me able to understand, whereas this person and that person does not understand?" But every facet of a diamond is as beautiful as another facet and the whole diamond, which none of us sees, is more beautiful than any one facet.

I will write of my idea of Krishnaji's message and the interpretation of it, in the light of the facet that I have seen.

With the coming of Krishnaji, that inner impulse which moves everything in the world to become something greater than it is, has been quickened a thousand, a million fold. The acorn in us, which normally takes many, many centuries to become a giant oak tree, can now spring to its full stature in a little day. In everyone who comes in contact with him the dormant seed will be awakened. It may still take many lives

TRUTH HAS DIVERSE FACETS

to fulfil itself, but never again can it sleep peacefully beneath the crusted earth.

From the heights he has blown upon the world a mountain breath and dim sparks have leapt into flame—fires have been kindled where there was no spark.

All nature, all mankind will be quickened. It is the spirit of God moving upon the face of the waters. The sluggish pool will be stirred to its depths and the running water will race onwards, carrying all before it in its current—swifter and swifter.

The placid and contented will be moved to discontent; the self-satisfied will be disquieted; the miserable will find new hope of happiness. Water will ferment and become wine; dry husks of corn, the living bread. The savage will dance for joy—alone in the wind and the rain; the empty will seek experience; the men of knowledge will unlearn the lesson of endless acquisition. The poor will look for riches and the rich will learn to walk naked. The sparrow will sing with the voice of the lark and the lark will soar with the strength of the eagle. The weak man shall walk alone and the strong man shall bow down before the altars. The tinkling murmur of streams will increase to a mighty roar; the ploughman will sit on the throne of kings and the beloved of princes will walk in the furrow. The leaves they will fall in the spring and the fruit trees blossom out of season.

The Teacher of the world must needs speak in paradox, for what is meet for the few is inapplicable to many.

Indeed he is the snow-clad mountain top as we see it serene against the storm-tossed sky. He is the rock with the sun shining upon it, rising from out of the turbulent waters.

He has enriched and made fertile the land of imagination where genius wanders. Into the one source of inspiration he

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has poured the munificence of his life. He fills us as the melted snow fills the shallow rivers with bountiful water.

He comes with abundance and with dearth. He comes with the olive branch and the flaming sword. He comes the insurgent and the peace-maker. Life and death are before him. Clouds and the blue heaven follow in his wake.

The source he has filled can never be exhausted. Will you wait until you have drained every well before you come to his fountain? Everything that opens up an avenue to that source is an interpretation of him. He is the living gold which we cast into our own moulds. Do not let us worry over that mould in which we are to express him. Life creates its own forms. Man does not make the course of the river. Beautiful, the river makes its own course. If we have his life, his living waters in us, they will flow through us and find their natural channel.

We are to be the rays that go forth from the sun, that filter through every window, that light up the dark valleys and the dreary towns.

The sun is felt, through his rays, in the meanest homes. The sun warms, through his rays, the most sorrow-laden hearts.

This is the facet that I have seen.

A. O.

THE NEW REALITY

I. DE MANZIARLY AND C. SUAVEZ

(Translated from French)

A NEW consciousness is born, a spiritual era has begun, an era of creations.

We are no more in the first uncertainty of those who anxiously watch the darkness of the night in order to discover the first dim light of the dawn. Since the War the rapid transformation of the modern consciousness was less an evolution than a revolution. The great suffering, the meaningless researches, the thirst to understand, the tension of feelings, all these helped the growth of new flowers in the soil, fertilised by the spirit. Old moulds were broken, all those old moulds of the mind, the thought and of their organisations. Values were reversed, and one could state the fact that many people, thus changed, refused to find happiness by marching backwards.

The pseudo-realism of the former generations was reduced into dream because it was founded on the ultimate objectivity of the world of images. Independent of us, existing in itself exactly as we see it, that world was the only reality on which our forefathers founded their sciences as well as their judgments, and they would not have made up their mind to jump with both feet from their world into the other, that of belief, except in response to an inner call, incomprehensible to them. Then they abdicated. They renounced their logics by accepting dogmas, postulates or revelations, come down from heaven. Then their logic having overcome them in spite of themselves, they

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erected on these pseudo-objective bases the most astonishing systems of theology, physics and metaphysics. But these systems only resulted in destruction by breaking down their own foundations, thus bringing them back to where they started from: the problem of man.

To proclaim a God and to prove His existence, this is to create a fancy and to prove the existence of this fancy. To accept a creation and to show its relation to the creator, to accept good and evil morals, ethics, a public worship to regulate these relations—this is still to erect two, three, ten, a thousand fancies, all as illusory as the first, and then triumphantly always in terms of illusion, to prove from these fancies what one likes: that this does not exist any more, or that it still exists, that this is created, this dies, or is eternal, that this is desirable or bad. The pseudo-“realism” or objectivism is nothing more than playing with shadows and reflections, the inconsistency of which we feel. It marks the decline of a civilisation to translate the untranslatable reality by means of dogmas, doctrines, religions, philosophies, metaphysics, instead of showing the means to reach it. By drawing up, in terms of a world-picture, problems that do not exist, nothing is revealed, being imprisoned in a net of illusions, in absurdities and paradoxes.

The men of science lost themselves in an interminable analytic and apparently objective description of a subjective world, instead of confining their efforts to the practical utilisation, by empirical means, of elements which they did not know. Physicians and chemists searched for the mechanisms of life by dissecting dead objects, placed under their microscope. Sculptors became moulders, painters became photographers, authors became tedious reporters of all the shallowness of action and its decorations. But these discontented people became revolutionaries and geniuses.

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They marked a Renaissance. The suppressed, imprisoned life, sighing in frail forms, broke them one after another like eggshells. All the sciences which up to that moment were isolated in water-tight compartments became branches of one science which had become possible : that of man, the foundation and support of all of our potentialities, in whom there are without being demonstrated and chosen, without any exception, the postulates of all that man can conceive of his sciences, his religions, his universe.

The scientific world understood that the universe is not subject to the limitations of our brain. Our brain, the slave of its double scheme of time-space, would not know how to approach reality ; for each thing-in-itself it creates an imaginary thing, which it can only know by the qualities that it gave to it ; then it installs it in the only world that is possible for it, the interior and psychological one, and it calls it then an objective truth. The philosophical world learned not to try any more to construct in a time scheme the universal life contained in man. One ceased to believe in the possibility of establishing a theoretical and ideal moment called "the present" and to discover the secret of life in an anatomical index, arbitrarily arranged.

A fruitful confusion : We saw in all spheres of research the universe of fancy rush in a disordered retreat into our brains from where it had started.

The artists began to look for their inspirations within themselves, and unmindful of the new forms which they assumed, they like to nourish us with their proper substance. Art, reassuming its due place, ceased to be a realistic imitation, and became the source of the artist's life itself, distributor of its reality. The inconsistency and fluidity of all our statements of gravitation, time, dimension, weight, were shown to us by our scientists as if in strange mirrors or in very

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improbable dreams, changing in all directions, growing larger or shortening, vanishing or reappearing in illusory images.

On the other hand, the new psychological statements extended man into the depths, inaccessible up to now, less of his sub-conscience than of his super-conscience, and reduced the man of brain to a role of one subordinate to an inner creator. These two directions of researches, exhausting on one side the external world, discovering, on the other, in the interior world an unexpected treasure, direct us finally by their proper course, to abandon the foolishness of searching for the reality in the illusions of forms, in order to find in ourselves, in ourselves alone, our real reality, that is, if we know it or not, the very reality of all things.

It is on this basis, that we establish to-day our point of departure, in order that man, freed from himself, might evolve into a new being that finally might take possession of the total man, unified, disciplined and submitting to what is the most transcendent in him.

We will certainly not draw here the foundations of future systems, we content ourselves to be freed from all doctrines.

We shall, moreover, not be satisfied by stating that Freud and others have discovered and described a new interior world—a geographical map is not a substitute for a voyage—we declare that we are willing to live according to our new mode of life, and not only talk about it. Others besides us have already done so in their different spheres, having had the courage and the will to go to the end of the consequences, which demands a similar courage. Among them there were some who knew how to analyse themselves and how to demonstrate a new and rich discipline of the "personality" resigning in favor of his own inner genius, and a discipline of the brain which in consideration of the irremediable exhaustion of all human thought, recognising its inferiority, ought to learn to be silent at certain

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times in order to let the intuitive life of the creator to spring forth.

It is for us the question of not a new play, distraction, nor of an attitude that we assume. Knowing that we touch the most real and important problem, the only real and important problem of existence, we have decided to face it and solve it, as we have found happiness impossible without it. It is our supreme fight in which in despair we venture all, even our desire to exist. We have been searching everywhere, we have suffered, we have lived our time strenuously, we have experienced great joys and great troubles, enthusiasm and discouragement; we have wished to know all, to have all experiences, and not only to know but to live all forms of thoughts, all beliefs, the illusions and the happinesses; then over-satiated with shadows and illusion, we at length have heard the voice of reality, not that reality had suddenly arisen before us, but that our ears were at last ready to listen.

How many men, vacillating between a dead civilisation and another that is not yet established, are also in the urgent necessity to recover themselves, to-day, immediately, and not to-morrow, for their sufferings are too great to allow delay. The moment is extraordinarily dramatic where we ask ourselves if the new conscience will find enough men in our generation who will make the effort to accept it, or if on the contrary it will have to wait till men tear, martyr and kill one another, till in the complete ruin of all their works and in the ultimate despair of having broken everything, they will at length be ready to listen too late—to the inner voice that might have saved them.

Those who wish to find here an intellectual and literary pastime will leave us on the way. We do not try to create agreeable forms for amateurs with a critical mind. Our best works shall be our lives. There is no ivory that is not hollow; there is on the contrary no living work that is not the expression

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of the very life of its author. And of what value are these works to us if they are not essential? In the life revealed by one who expresses himself, we shall try to live and to be in communion with him with all our enthusiasm, and all our passion. If we will really find the reality and the happiness, let us not lose ourselves in the dissection of forms which one may put before us; for in case they are beautiful and attract us, that should only be in order to give us more of their fruits. And, likewise, if we wish to participate in the researches of others, it would not be sufficient, if one tells us to do this or that, to think, "This sentence is long, short, well or badly constructed," but to say to ourselves, "My desire is so great within me that I shall try myself to go this way to see where it will lead me". Only then we shall be able to do useful work. It is from man to man that we will speak, not from a juggler in words to a juggler in words. To write is to be an apostle; a will to give, to give oneself; it is the response to an appeal which is essentially an action. And as our real work is our life, we will translate it into our works. We look for the essence, and not for a particular form of expression, and it is because of this that we do not separate the man as he lives from the man as he speaks. A man who performs a handicraft, a profession, or who is gifted with a particular talent in any of the arts, cannot strictly plunge himself into it completely and remain an intimate part of what he gives to his art. It is not the same in the spiritual life. There, the man must throw himself into it. There is no fibre of his body, not a parcel of his soul, that must not participate in his research, that is not required and applied. On that road, man must go alone, entirely devoted to it. He cannot pretend to have several vitalities, some independent of the others, as if they had been separated: his intellectual life, his sentimental life, his organic life, become nothing but different aspects of his unique spiritual vitality.

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For this very reason, one could not give oneself to the spiritual life as an amateur, a critic, or as a matter of curiosity. One could not even make up one's mind to try it or not to try it, for it is that which decides for us. Of all vocations, it is the most exacting, the most tyrannic, the most inexorable, but also the most generous one, one which gives the greatest joy, for in it man learns how to create himself, he becomes his own work, he changes, and growing every day he sees every day new horizons display before him wider than those before.

There was a time, when men, taken in the storm of a mystical life that they misunderstood, could not find anything but their religious faith to rely upon, the confession, the modes, the symbols of which lead them towards a form of mysticism that was not individual, but stamped at the corners of their particular churches. The super-real, the super-conscious man is not the toy of a particular form and need not follow a prescribed track. He cannot find, he cannot accomplish, unless he is absolute master. And he really leaves for his own conquest, if he is willing to enter the world of reality, to become the "real" man.

In fact, nobody "enters" into the reality, but it is that that enters into us, the very day when we allow our inmost being to express itself. And because of that, we must not leave out of the game any part of us, neither our body, nor our emotions, nor our intellect, but as masters within our dominion, rule them and make use of them. The real man must make use of his intellect, developed to the height of its culture, comprehension, taste, and refinement, and then go beyond it, but not ignore it or try to destroy it. He also shall not kill his sentiments, which will only provoke their dangerous consequences, but he must try to refine, to guide them, conserving those which, developed will be useful to him and eliminating

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others by transforming them. He should act in the same way for the needs of his body.

When a man begins to feel his reality, he then recognises that there is the source of his existence, that is to say, where the man is no more a separate entity, but is one with the reality of things, one with all other men. Now after having been fully and completely developed, the personality easily effaced, gradually it throws off one by one its possessions, its illusions, its separate wills, and the light of the reality shines and materialises itself through the man more and more brilliantly and surely. Without being able to define it, he feels it in his heart like a new birth; he discovers in his being possibilities which he did not know; he becomes a creator and allows to spring up in him his inspiration, which in the beginning was so new to him, that he was tempted to attribute it to a will that is not his own. He learns how to speak, and going back among men, his voice that no one had heard before, rises; he then becomes the liberated one, he who disposes of his divinity.

* * *

Now, there lives a man amongst us who because of having made a perfect work of his life, personifies for us the new era. We believe that he has reached the goal because, thanks to him, we have seen and felt that goal which is happiness by liberation; and the exact reason according to which we act to-day is that new vision that we have in us.

Being more ardent, mightier, purer than the others, Krishnamurti has made us rich by his experience and has thus been for us a source of a quite personal and subjective inspiration, because in his realisation of the unity he awoke in our being the consciousness of the unity by striking the key-note of the reawakened conscience of humanity.

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We refuse, however, absolutely and energetically, to put between him and the world the definitions, the qualifications, the appreciations, which unskilfully we would have been tempted to do if our good-will, more sincere than clever, had limited itself to an admiring incomprehension.

To try to explain Krishnamurti would mean to complicate unnecessarily the simplicity, for he is, before all, a being liberated from all that is not essential, having set it aside and rejected it.

Thus, on the one hand, we leave to Krishnamurti himself the trouble of explaining himself. He addresses himself to all men, and in order to know and to hear him, it is not necessary to know and hear terminologies and systems first. He preaches with the simplicity of the absolute synthesis, the reality, into which he so easily learned to enter and to live; he speaks of the way that he went, and which is as manifold as there are men, the path of all; he shows the goal that he has reached, which is happiness and liberation. Thus, with his experience, he helps those whose desire is as strong to push them on the search, and thus he encourages those whose desire is still weak and hesitating, by showing them that where one man could succeed in freeing himself, the others could also reach that stage. This teaching, far from being bound to any doctrine, is the expression of reality lived, of reality put into practice. And the magazine of THE STAR is above all that expression, that teaching that consists in inciting men to find in themselves and by themselves their own truth, to live it entirely and to make themselves free by it. The result of such a teaching is the development of the individual on a path where he can only go alone and where, free from his own master, he looks for no point of support and invokes no help. Thus, Krishnamurti, as a real Master, teaches men the way to reach knowledge, and do without the Masters,

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in contrast to a founder of a religion or a priest who would declare himself to be invested with a mission or a power, assuming an authority over the crowds, which unfortunately is always ready to obey and to follow.

It is by refusing to act in submission and by protesting against every person who might intend to dictate us articles of belief, that we shall be disciples of the interior truth. Now, however, we are sure to-day to be able to reach it fully, because one of us has already reached it. And so great is the unity of the human consciousness that because one man has established in him the contact with reality, he makes it much more easy to other men to fulfil the task of establishing the same contact within themselves.

From this moment, their only riches will be to them their interior reality that nobody, that nothing, might ever more destroy.

How this reality transforms itself in each of us and how it changes us in its turn, what it makes of us and what we are making of it, how we adapt it to the practical life and how we understand to change the outer circumstances by it, it is this which every one of us will be able to give, every one according to his nature, his temperament, his capacities, whether he be a politician, a painter, a writer, a mathematician, a musician, a dancer, or a mystic, one who has a free profession, or a handicraft, whether he be a laborer, a farmer, a citizen or nothing of all this but still something else.

And this is the only programme that we might have for us as well as for all those who are willing to give us their co-operation.

Now, as we do not impose our master upon ourselves, should we impose him upon those whom we ask to come to us? If every one chooses for himself a master, or if he does not, what does it matter? We have been explaining long enough how we were asked to search for the truth only in ourselves, not in forms, but

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in our living reality, so that those who like us are also tyrannised by their inner defects, might understand us, and not ask: "How could I work with you when I do not know Mr. Krishnamurti?" To put this question after having read this would show that one is unable to understand how one might join a public work without being capable of understanding the way to approach the spiritual path, what might only be achieved in the most complete solitude and the most absolute nudity of the soul.

But those on the contrary who do understand will meet us in their determination to try to dissolve all our problems and our unrealities in the profound reality of conscience, in order to perceive as distinctly as possible the transcendent truth which now presses on the ordinary conscience of men in order to suggest a new synthesis of temporary and partial truths (successive victories of others); in order to discover and follow the new discipline which will make of man the channel and the interpretation of his own conscience; in order to constitute themselves intermediaries and co-workers of this growing reality in its will to express itself, to create new forms, new conceptions, new living creations in the place of the ancient ones; in order to build thus the foundation of a young civilisation in all its dominions, its ideals, its deep causes, its realisations.

It is not a work of superficial palliation which we hope to accomplish, but a work of integral renewal. We do not pretend to bring solutions to the inextricable problems of our social life, but without allowing us to be touched; because they seem inexplicable, we will try to redeem ourselves from pre-conceptions which the fact of accepting problems involves, and we will consider them as if from outside and from the point of view of the reality which they hide. We shall see that most men are vigilant to solve problems that have arisen out of the fact of the devitalisation of the forms which the only civilisation

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that they thought possible has crystallised. These problems for which it is necessary for one to free oneself from his illusion, are sometimes of the most absurd nature.

We think that their solution might be found in a synthetic life, where these problems are in reality dissolved by a spiritual light which reveals new values, which brings to balance and harmony painful contradictions.

We should without doubt need many years for freeing from the study of all these problems new points of view on which we might establish a new model of collective existence; but it is because in all the spheres we have seen bold people beginning to break through the unrealities; because we ourselves have freed ourselves from many fetters before having felt the necessity of expressing ourselves, we know that our task is not only possible but necessary, and that we arrive at the right moment.

We want co-workers and friends, but we do not accept any authority of any kind for our conduct, because we want to make an end of that horrible tragi-comedy of men who always must be told what they have to do, to believe, to say. We know on the contrary that in each man is his genius, his wisdom, his comprehension, his creative faculty, and that when he ceases finally to reduce himself, to suppress, to martyr himself by his own illusion, his voice becomes audible, which is that of God.

I. DE MANZIARLY
C. SUAVEZ

KRISHNAJI AT THE ADYAR CONVENTION

E. A. WODEHOUSE, M.A. (OXON.)

Professor of English, Deccan College, Poona

[The Star meeting on the morning of the 28th, at which Krishnaji answered a number of written questions, was by general consent the outstanding feature of the recent Theosophical Convention at Adyar. Of this meeting Mr. Wodehouse sends us the following impressions.—EDS.]

I

OF the morning meeting it is not easy to write in measured language. It was devoted to answering questions. Some twenty-one questions, in all, had been sent in ; and with each of these he dealt briefly. As a verbatim report was taken down, it is to be presumed that all Star members will sooner or later be in possession of his answers. But I do not think that anyone, who was not there, will be able to recapture the intense delight, felt by the audience that morning, as the answers came out one by one. Much of this was due to the manner of the speaker, the varying tones of his voice, the little hesitation, the occasional humorous twinkle, giving place, by a sudden inflexion, to deep earnestness ; to the play of feature and of gesture ; and most of all to the feeling, which all must have had, that we were being admitted to the inner workings of his heart and mind. We all felt how anxious, how eager he was that we should understand ;

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how absolutely convinced he was of his ability to help us, if we would only let him; and how real to him was that illumined vision of life, which he was trying to share with us.

How the answers will seem to those who will read them in cold print, one cannot say. But, for us, there were many which veritably took our breath away by their utter appropriateness and simplicity. The first effect was that of unexpectedness, followed, a moment after, by one of obviousness. One's instinctive ejaculation was: "Well, now, why on earth couldn't I have thought of that for myself!" And yet, before the answer was actually given, no amount of cleverness could have hit upon it. Superficially, the impression given was of a kind of effortless brilliance. Really, the explanation was that we were getting flash after flash of absolutely central truth. We were enjoying that rarest of human experiences—that of seeing nail after nail hit, with easy and unfailing accuracy, on the head. One learnt, by a practical demonstration, how nearly akin are genius and truth.

It was the exhibition of astonishing dexterity which accounted for the feeling of intellectual exhilaration produced by the meeting. And to this was added the far deeper feeling of spiritual realisation. We were being shown a mind at work, which looked out on everything from the centre; and for the time being we looked and worked with it, so that there dawned within everyone of us the sense of a larger life.

As one old T.S. member expressed it to me afterwards, the effect of the meeting was that of a strong current of fresh air sweeping away the dust and cobwebs of the past. The appeal to a virile independence, the repeated affirmation that each man is the lord of his own life and his own truth, the emphasis laid on the infinite sacredness of individuality, and reiterated summons to clear our minds of cant and look out on life with our own eyes—all these things came like a keen gust of ozone-laden

KRISHNAJI AT THE ADYAR CONVENTION

air to many minds, which had not realized, until then, how badly they stood in need of refreshment and reinvigoration. The morning meeting of the 28th will stand out, for many of those who were there, as a landmark in their lives, and as the beginning of a new grasp of reality.

I do not think that the memory of it will be the memory of specific teachings. It will be the remembrance of a cleansing of the inner nature and of a bracing of the intellectual and spiritual muscles. Possibly, for the more conventionally minded, it will be the remembrance of a series of rude shocks. I am prepared to find that, before very long, certain of the answers will have provided food for hostility. Many of them, one felt, were deliberately provocative. They were meant as challenges, and doubtless will be accepted as such. Never mind! The new outlook has sooner or later to come to grips with the old; and the sooner the fight begins, the sooner it will be over.

II

There are many pleasant pictures that visitors to the recent Convention will carry away with them. One of them is of Krishnaji strolling round the outskirts of the crowd, at the T.S. lectures, with two tiny Hindu girls clinging to his skirts—one of them with her arm round his waist, or as near to the waist as she could reach—a desperate hold which she never relinquished during a whole hour. Another is of the children's party, given on the evening of the 28th to all the young ones belonging to delegates. At this, I am told, Krishnaji was literally smothered by climbing, clinging, diminutive humanity, sitting on his shoulders, pulling his hair, and altogether behaving with a delightful unconsciousness of his greatness. But perhaps the picture that will live longest is that of the Star meetings in the T. S. Hall, at Headquarters,

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held each morning at 8 a.m. after the Convention proper was over. None, who has been privileged to attend these, will easily forget the simply dressed figure, seated cross-legged on the low platform, the quiet, beautifully modulated voice, the peace and harmony of the atmosphere, the sense in every heart of being utterly at home, of being one of a large family listening to the gentle words of a beloved elder brother. It is at meetings like these that, as I have already said, the full magic of his presence is felt. So gently it flows, so caressingly, that it is hardly perceived; and yet it fills the entire hall, blending all the separate units there into a single, living whole. Then it is that all become aware that it is not so much a Teacher as a Friend and Companion, who has come to bide with us for a while. At least, it is this simple friendliness and companionableness which, added to the teaching, make the teaching itself unique. For heart, as well as mind, is engaged; and the greater magic is, perhaps, that which works through the heart. In these simple and informal morning meetings, since Convention, I have felt more strongly, than anywhere else, the true relation of Krishnaji to the world, the true relation of the world to him.

If only (one cannot help feeling) the world would accept this relationship, quite simply, as it is, instead of inventing some absolutely distorted relationship, which does not exist, and which Krishnaji himself would be the first to repudiate, and then crying out at this! All of us would willingly forego all that we have experienced at this Convention, if, by this abnegation, the experience could be handed on to the world outside. As it is, we can only wait—and hope.

E. A. Wodehouse

PROGRAMME OF STAR CAMP, BENARES, 1928

January 31st (Tuesday) :

- Arrivals.
- 5.45 p.m. Dinner.
- 7.30 p.m. Drama staged by the Vasantashrama girls.

February 1st (Wednesday) :

- 7.15 a.m. General Meditation (Campers only).
- 7.45 a.m. Morning Tea or Coffee.
- 8 a.m. Opening of the Camp by Krishnaji (Campers only).
- 11 a.m. Breakfast.
- 3.30 p.m. Conference (Campers only).
- 4 p.m. Music (Campers only).
- 5.45 p.m. Dinner.
- 7 p.m. Camp-Fire (Campers only).

February 2nd (Thursday) :

- 7.15 a.m. General Meditation (Campers only).
- 7.45 a.m. Morning Tea or Coffee.
- 8 a.m. Lecture by Dr. Besant (Public).
- 3.30 p.m. Conference (Campers only).
- 4 p.m. Scout Rally (Campers only).
- 5.45 p.m. Dinner.
- 7 p.m. Camp-Fire (Campers only).

February 3rd (Friday) :

- 7.15 a.m. General Meditation (Campers only).
- 7.45 a.m. Morning Tea or Coffee.
- 8 a.m. Symposium (Public).
- 11 a.m. Breakfast.
- Afternoon Free for excursion.
- 5.45 p.m. Dinner.
- 7 p.m. Camp-Fire (Campers only).

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February 4th (Saturday) :

- 7.15 a.m. General Meditation (Campers only).
- 7.45 a.m. Morning Tea or Coffee.
- 8 a.m. Lecture by Krishnaji (Public).
- 11 a.m. Breakfast.
- 3.30 p.m. Conference (Campers only).
- 4 p.m. Music (Campers only).
- 5.45 p.m. Dinner.
- 7 p.m. Camp-Fire (Campers only).

February 5th (Sunday) :

- 7.15 a.m. General Meditation (Campers only).
- 7.45 a.m. Morning Tea or Coffee.
- 9.30 a.m. Questions and Answers Meeting—Address by Krishnaji (Public).
- 11 a.m. Breakfast.
- 4 p.m. Social—by tickets @ Annas Eight (Campers only).
- 5.45 p.m. Dinner.
- 7 p.m. Camp-Fire (Campers only).

February 6th (Monday) :

- 7.45 a.m. Morning Tea or Coffee.
- 11 a.m. Breakfast.
- Departures.

To meet again at the Rishi Valley Camp, Madanapalle -1929

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THE STAR

MARCH 1928

VOL. I. NO. 3

PRICE EIGHT ANNAS

ORDER OF THE STAR

J. KRISHNAMURTI

Head of the Order

OBJECTS

1. To draw together all those who believe in the presence of the World-Teacher in the world.
 2. To work with Him for the establishment of His ideals.
-

Membership in the Order is open to all who subscribe to its Objects. There are no fees for membership in the Order. Certain National Sections have found it convenient to fix a regular subscription, but this practice is not in any way binding on the Order as a whole.

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The Badge of the Order is a five-pointed silver star.

The Order publishes its Magazine, THE STAR, in several countries simultaneously. A News Bulletin is also issued from the Headquarters at Eerde, Ommen, Holland.

THE STAR

VOL. I

MARCH, 1928

No. 3

THE STAR is the official organ of the *Order of the Star*, and is published in English, French, German, Spanish, Dutch, Swedish, Norwegian, Polish, Finnish, Russian, Italian, Danish, Icelandic.

The Magazine consists of two sections: The International section, matter for which is prepared by the International Editorial Board and distributed from Eerde, Ommen, Holland, and the National Section, matter for which is collected and prepared by the National Editorial Board.

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The annual subscription of this Magazine is Rs. 4-8, post free, single copies for eight annas. All cheques and Money Orders to be made payable to the Manager, THE STAR, Adyar, Madras, S.

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TRADITION WHICH HAS LOST ITS SOUL

[The statement made by Mr. J. Krishnamurti, in response to a request for a special interview about India, by the Representative of the Free Press of India, at Bombay].

The True Enemy of Freedom.—Inner and outer freedom cannot be separated. Greater than any country is life ; and it is only when a country has realised, and adjusted itself to the deeper laws of life that it is, or can be, really free. From this point of view, there is no absolutely free country to-day. There are everywhere merely degrees of freedom. But in every case where political freedom exists, there will also be found co-existing with it a certain freedom from the kind of unreal restrictions which curb and confine the spontaneous and creative flow of life. The true enemy of freedom is dead tradition ; living at second-hand ; the enslavement of the life of to-day to the worn-out formulas of a past age. And there is hardly a country in the world upon which the dead hand of tradition lies so heavily as it does on India. This is the true Indian problem. Solve it, and everything else which keeps India back to-day will melt away like the morning mists. The Law of Life cannot be cheated. The race or country which has not liberated its inner life cannot hope for freedom in the real sense of the word. And even if it get what seems like outer freedom, the fruit, when tasted, will be found, for all its outward fairness, to be dust and ashes within.

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This is a hard lesson and, perhaps, an unwelcome one. But the true hope for India lies in the fact that, being forced by circumstances to learn this lesson in order to gain what she wants, she will emerge from the ordeal all the more fully purified through the severity of the struggle through which she must pass. The Soul of India is a great Soul in chains. Liberate it and there will arise a giant among nations; for there is no doubt that a regenerated India would, and will, do much for the regeneration of the whole world. We have a splendid spiritual heritage; but it has grown stale and profitless through the lack of the one thing which alone can keep any tradition fresh and profitable; and that is the spirit of real affection and consideration for others. The most potent survivals from our immemorial past are now—What? Crystallised cruelties and selfishnesses, infant marriage, the heartless restrictions which we place on widows, our treatment of women generally, the whole system of untouchability, what are these but matters in which the dead weight of custom has crushed out of us the ordinary decent feelings which should sweeten and harmonise the life of human beings? And what is caste itself but a system of organised selfishness—the desire of every man to feel himself different from others, and to be conscious of possessing something which others do not possess. These and many similar things, are our heritage to-day; and it is under the weight of this heritage that we are groaning. But—and this is the important point—they are not the whole of our heritage, but only the dead part of it. Buried underneath it is India's true heritage, the living part, the real inheritance from the past. And this is none other than that genius for liberation, if I may call it so, which is at the root of the Indian nature. Strip away all accretions from the Soul of India, and you will find, still strong and living, a profound detachment and a profound sense of Reality.

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It is this deeper Soul of India which has to be revived to-day; and it is this which, if it could be revived and given freedom for self-expression, would effect that miracle of regeneration of which I have spoken. For to such a spirit nothing is impossible; and, once released, it would carry all before it. Not only would it bring political freedom, as one of its minor and natural results, but it would, in one great act of self-assertion, make India what, I feel, she is destined to be—namely, the spiritual centre and dynamo of the World.

What We Should Do.—And what is necessary for this awakening? In the first instance, true sincerity and the capacity to look our failings frankly in the face; and in the second instance, the passion of discontent which must arise from such a clear-sighted vision. And after this must come the resolute endeavour, at all costs, to set our house in order and, whenever necessary, to set present needs above old restrictions. The time for dragging a lengthening chain is over. We must awake to the shame of having sides to our daily life, which we cannot exhibit to the coolly appraising eye of the outsider. We must recognise how futile it is to seek to cover these up with words, when the eye of the World-Spirit is all the time calmly regarding them and judging us in their light. In short, we have got to bring our India back into harmony with reality. And only when we have begun to do this, and mean to go on doing it, can her true liberation come.

Lessons, the West can Teach Us.—In all this there is much that we can learn from other nations. Let us not be too proud to learn. In refinement and cleanliness of physical life, in labour-saving devices, in social freedom, in constructive organisation, in honourable co-operation, and in an impersonal sense of duty, there are many lessons which the West can teach

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us; and in proportion as our efforts at self-perfection are genuine, we shall be ready and glad to learn, and when we have learnt, we too can teach. For there are lessons, which a spiritually re-awakened India could impart, which are at present outside the horizon of Western thought. More than any other nation we could show mankind the dependence of physical life upon a larger invisible spiritual order. More, too, than any other nation could we show it that happiness lies, not in possessions, but in a harmony between the outer life and the life of the spirit within. But, in order to teach, we have first to make good our right to teach; and this we can only do by a wholesale reference of every detail of our national life, not to some set of immemorial injunctions, but to commonsense and the right feeling of to-day. This is the first step in the direction of true liberation, which, I feel, is necessary for India.

THE DOOR OF LIBERATION

J. KRISHNAMURTI

[Month by month we shall publish in *THE STAR* the talks given by Krishnaji to the group of students assembled at Castle Eerde last summer. They have not been revised by Krishnaji himself, as to enable him to do this would have meant a delay of many months in their publication. They have been carefully read, however, by several of those who were present at the delivery of the talks and who believe them to be a correct and verbatim report of what Krishnaji said. The rather personal note—inevitable when speaking to a group of friends—represents accurately the form in which the talks were delivered.]

THERE seems to be an impression in the minds of some of you who have been listening to me that in some mysterious fashion I shall mould your destinies and give you liberation, that I shall, by some unknown method, give you the right formula that shall free you from your sorrows and from your sufferings.

There is also an impression that, because you have been listening to me every morning, I am going to give you a special stamp that shall be stamped on your foreheads so that everyone shall see that you have come out of Eerde, but if any of you have such an opinion you will be making a great mistake.

I know it is a temptation to think that because you have listened to me you have attained liberation, but liberation does not lie in my hands to give. I am only the door through which you can see the liberation you desire. The power to create, the power to suffer, to enjoy, to be happy, is in your own hands.

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The moment you can cast aside all desires which are the outcome of sorrow, pain and joy, you can then begin to pass through that door which leads to liberation; then you can understand what liberation means; but while you are still involved, still in the clutches of your desires, of your passions, of your longings, you are only on the threshold of that world which we call liberation. You are only on the threshold of the door that leads to liberation so long as there are these doubts, anxieties and questionings. Not that you must not have doubts, anxieties and questions—you must have them, you must examine all things—but before you can pass through that door which leads to liberation you must have cast aside all these things, for liberation is the way of peace; and if you are still, like a butterfly, chasing illusions, chasing one thing after another, trying to discover your happiness and the means of obtaining liberation, you are all the time creating unnecessary karma, going through sorrows, pains and struggles that give rise to karma.

So the first essential thing is to cast away all desire, for before you can reach that path of liberation, which is the path of peace, you must be free of yourself, you must be able to renounce all things, to renounce your creeds, your gods and the preachers thereof and pass through that door which is truly the portal which will lead you into that world of liberation.

But that lies in your own hands and not in mine. As I said, I am but the door through which you can pass, and although you sit beside me every morning, I fear that your minds and hearts are far away, because you are always translating those things that I am saying to suit yourselves, to suit your minds and your hearts. You need to have a new translation and that means that you must have a clean mind, a tranquil heart, and again that means that you must get rid of desire, get rid of anxieties, get rid of the struggle to attain,

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for in the very process of that struggle you are caught and held.

So the first thing I desire is that you should, if you would pass through that door which is liberation, cast aside all these things. You must cast aside all systems, cast aside your own particular mode of thought, and establish yourselves in the universal thought which is beyond that door. It is not in one life that you can attain liberation, it is not in one moment that you can attain peace; it is by constant struggles, constant questionings, constant demands, that you prepare the garden in which there shall grow the tree of peace.

For many years I have been in revolt against all things—against traditions, against laws, against philosophies—because they did not satisfy me, they did not give me tranquillity, peace and certainty; but now that I have attained peace, now that I am that peace itself, I want, if I can, to convey and to give to you that same feeling of certainty, that same feeling of tranquillity and of peace which I have found. Because, if you have not that, you will not be able to convince or to give help or comfort to the outside world. Everywhere, and in yourselves, there are passing joys and sorrows and pains, pettiness and anxiety, and till you have conquered these, till you are certain of that liberation which exists only within you, till you are certain of that door through which you must pass, till you are absolutely confident in your own strength, you will be worried, you will be made unhappy and you will be in constant revolt; and that is as it should be, for without revolt, without gropings and without searchings, you will never find that door which leads to liberation. Liberation comes only from within and not from without; and I wish I could impress that on you because there is still among you the desire to convert people, to seek to mould other peoples' ideas to your own particular will, to your own particular desires. I wish I could reproduce myself in each one

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of you, because then you would attain liberation to-morrow—no, this very moment—but unfortunately, however much I may be heavy with my desires, with my affection and with my love, it is not the way. *You* must have this intense desire to be free from all things, even from myself, so that you can go out and liberate and free all peoples that are caught up in the net of sorrow.

So, bearing that in mind, I should like to ask you how you come, in what manner do you come, to that door of liberation? For you must come with your hands and your hearts and your minds full, and not empty. For example, when you go to the temple, when you worship an outer image of something real which is in yourself, when you take your flowers, when you breathe the incense, you are full of external things; in the same manner when you come to this door of liberation, your hearts and your minds must be full with the experience of your past lives, of your past desires, of your past longings; you must have, in a sense, accomplished something, in great measure destroyed something and left behind all those things which you have planted. Naturally every person takes lives to attain, and for myself I can see now that I have taken many lives to attain this portal of liberation where there is peace, where there is certainty, where there is no question of any shadow of doubt. And those of you who desire to attain that liberation in a few minutes will be disappointed; it is not a question of rapidity of time, the passing of time, for time does not exist if you have the desire.

There are many ways of attaining this liberation, of passing through that door which will lead you to the path of peace. Again, it is only as an example that I use this simile of the door—there is no such door, and do not create in your minds a door for something material, nor a path beyond the door. That door is yourself, that door is myself, and the

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moment you have passed through it, the moment you have realised that door which lies within yourselves, which can be opened by yourselves, then you have begun to take the first step. I have desired this liberation and have attained this liberation, because I have not been satisfied, I have not been made content by anything. I have had my sorrows, I have had pleasures, I have had great enjoyments, but none of these have ever satisfied me, I was never satisfied till I found that my own peace, the peace which the world seeks, the peace which had to be achieved, is within myself. Till I realised that and attained the knowledge thereof, I was not able to be liberated. But once I saw through that door which is in my heart, then I was able to throw aside all things and so become liberated and become the path of peace itself.

So you must come to this door of liberation which is in your heart, which is myself and yourself—we all are on the same path—you must come to that door and open it, either through intense devotion for that liberation, or through a burning desire which shall conquer all other desires, or through an immense sorrow which can never be satisfied, which can never be stilled or overcome by a superficial joy, or through an immense happiness that holds your entire being so that you desire to share with other people that intense happiness; and when you have such a desire, such a longing to save other people, to give them that eternal happiness, then you have within you the capacity to enter and open the portal that leads to liberation. Or, because you have made such an immense success of your worldly possessions, of your worldly authority and position, that having reached the mountain top of material welfare you say to yourself: "There must be something beyond, there must be a door that will lead me out of all these material things into something more wonderful and more beautiful." Or again, having been satisfied with the knowledge of the world,

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with all the learning that books, that science, philosophies or religions can give, you still seek that portal of liberation ; or, being wise, you see around you immense sorrows and suffering and you wish to escape from them. If you have any one of these desires, dominant, powerful, throbbing in your entire being, then that portal will open. But if you come weak-kneed, empty-handed, expecting to be led, expecting the door of this liberation which lies in your own heart to be opened for you, you will still be in the outer world where you are swayed by desire.

So you must come before me or before this portal of liberation in that manner, truly experienced—truly wise—as the outcome of all experience, and then when you so come you will really perceive that the door which you thought existed outside, far away, is inside you. It is there, like the lotus which contains all the scent, the honey and the glory of the world. You must not only peep through this door of liberation which is myself, you must not only look at it, but you must live it, you must become part of it. In other words you must carry in your hearts that liberation so that you shall acquire and live with it eternally as your companion which does not fade, which does not alter.

So I would ask you—and it applies to every one of you—do not ask this question of another but apply it to yourselves individually—in what manner have you come ? What flowers do you bring to that door, so that the gift which you bring is an outward expression of your intense inner longing for that liberation ? And because there is so much sorrow, so much pain, so much travail in the world, those of us who have a little knowledge of this opening, of this door, must go out into the world and give that knowledge to others, must give that liberation to others. And that is what makes me alive, that is what gives me pleasure, that is what makes me go on from day to

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day. Now that I have found that peace and that liberation I am all the time, if you will believe me, burning with a real desire to make other people happy, to give other people liberation and to lead those who are in anxiety, in sorrow and in pain to that door of liberation where there is peace and tranquillity, where the path itself becomes the peace, the path itself becomes the end of all things. For there, there are no steps of continual climbing, it is the end of all things; there, there are no grades of spirituality, grades of progress; there, all things cease to exist and one loses oneself in that path of peace. And every time that I think about it—which happens often—I want to set people free, to show them the door and to give them this liberation; and because I have conquered, because I have found this liberation and this peace, I would naturally give it to you, I would naturally open that door so that you can perceive through that door a reality which is veiled for the moment. And you must become the lovers and disciples of that liberation, of that truth, so that you will set aside all things and make all things subservient to this one desire. Your desire must be so burning that you will force all things—all your pains, all your sorrows, all your anxieties, your pettinesses, your jealousies and your angers—to this one end.

Consider for a moment a poor man who desires to become a millionaire. He has this one desire to accumulate wealth, to amass what he considers the thing of greatest happiness in the world—wealth. So he sets about it and enlarges his vision, his capacities, his desires, in order to acquire those millions which he thinks will set him free and give him happiness. So he must, if he has that desire, have great vision, make great demands on himself, he must have great energies, great push, so that within a certain limit of time he will reach his goal. Thus each one of you must set this desire for liberation before you as the highest goal to which all other things shall be

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subservient—all your loyalties, all your loves, all your personal affections—so that you will become liberation itself; then liberation shall be born within you.

When once you have attained that liberation—as I have—you become the goal, you are the end in itself, because beyond that there is no more. What does any person in the world want but happiness and liberation? And when once you have achieved, all things fall away, you are then yourself the goal, the creator, the end of all search, the end of all thought, the end of all things. That is why—because I have found it, because I am the goal, because I am liberation, because I am happiness—I want to share with you. I would make you the true disciples of that liberation, but you must first have the desire to attain it. For the people who have such a desire there are no schools built in the world, there are no books written, for they learn all things for themselves. Those of you who are still hesitating, who are still groping, who are caught in this turmoil of sorrow and pain, anxiety and pettiness, may read books, attend schools where particular systems of philosophy are taught, where there are ceremonies, where there are limitations, but for those who have only this one desire for liberation there is no school. For should you enter such a school you would lose yourself and your desire and you would also create revolution in that school because you are not subservient to authority, you are not subservient to the ideas of other people. You must have the desire that will examine all things, that will destroy all things that stand between you and liberation and happiness.

While you are here you can perceive—and I think you do perceive, to a limited extent—the door which is open, the gate which is unlocked, leading to that path which is peace; but before you can understand, before you can perceive that path clearly, without limitation—for limitation is of your own making,

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it is not on the path of peace—you must tear the veil from your eyes, you must destroy and be ruthless with yourselves. When you come to that door you must be prepared to assume a new garb that shall give liberation and peace, you must come naked, having thrown aside all things; in other words, you must renounce in order to become liberated, you must renounce in order to follow the path that leads to peace. As the diver who goes after precious pearls deep into the waters, prepared to risk his very life in search of one useless pearl which the world holds as of great value, so must you dive deep, naked, and be prepared to lose yourself, be courageous in order to lose yourself.

Because I have found Liberation and intense happiness, because I am the Path of Peace, I want other people to enter on that Path. Because I really love, because I have the intense longing to redeem people, to save them from their sorrows, I shall go about teaching, I shall wander the face of the earth.

Open the gate of your hearts that you may enter into Liberation, so that you will become in yourselves the true redeemers of mankind, so that you will go out and show to the people that are in sorrow and in pain that their salvation, their happiness, their Liberation, lies within themselves.

J. Krishnamurti

THE MISSION OF THE WORLD-TEACHER

LADY EMILY LUTYENS

IN course of conversation the other day with a friend who is a leading member of the Anglo-Catholic party, he made this very startling and illuminating statement: "Christ came not to give us a new religion but to save us from religion." This remark led me to a train of thought which I propose to discuss in this article.

We are accustomed to think of the Buddha, the Christ, Muhammad, Zoroaster, as the Founders of the religions which bear Their names. Those of us who are Theosophists have been taught to regard the mission of the World-Teacher as that of founding a new religion from time to time. Is it possible that we have been mistaken in this supposition? Is it possible, as my friend put it, that not only the Christ, but all great spiritual Teachers have come, not to give us new forms of belief but rather to free us from all existing forms? In view of some of Krishnaji's striking utterances during the past year, it may be well to explore this avenue of thought.

Krishnaji has repeatedly stated that he does not desire to create a new religion, that he does not desire personal disciples, or to become the centre of a new cult. He has said: "You may build a Temple round me when I am dead but you will never

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build a Temple round me while I am living." He tells us that you cannot build a form round the living Truth, because Truth is always changing, always growing. So far from inaugurating rites and ceremonies Krishnaji tells us that they are but halting places on the road to the mountain top, and that he who would attain to Liberation must renounce all rites and ceremonies, all forms of worship, all creeds and dogmas, and indeed the very gods themselves. He claims no authority for his teaching but says to us: "Do not be disciples of Krishnamurti, be disciples of the Truth."

In such utterances is there something strange and revolutionary or is the Teacher of to-day but following the tradition of all great revealers of the Truth? Is there anything in the teachings of either the Buddha or the Christ which can justify the claim that They came to give a new form, a new mould to Truth? It is true that the Buddha had His Sangha, that the Christ had His band of disciples, but do these constitute a religion or a Church?

What do we mean by a religion, what have we in mind when we say that the World-Teacher comes to give a new religion to the world? Do we mean by a religion a system of thought, a philosophy of life, or a set of doctrines, a creed requiring forms, interpreters, rites and ceremonies? Is religion a living Truth or the form in which a Truth is moulded, shaped, encased, and so presented to the world? The Teacher, or so it seems to me, comes ever to give life, He is Himself a living fire of Truth. He *is* and He shows men how to *be*. He is the embodiment of Truth, the revealer to man of his own divinity. The theme of every supreme spiritual Teacher has been: "Look within, find within, live within." The theme of those who come after, of His interpreters, of those who would

build forms upon His life, is ever : " Look without, to Church or priest or book ; find Truth where we shall tell you that it abides ; live according to our code if you would find salvation." No two individuals in the world are the same, yet we seek to shape the life in all to a pattern we have set ; to mould that life into a form which we consider beautiful. The life which the Teacher comes to release in all is crushed beneath the forms which men create.

Is there any sanction in the simple life of Christ, in His teaching or example, for the gorgeous ritual of the Catholic Church, for the wars and persecutions of Christian nations, for the wrangles of Christian theologians over words and dogmas ? Is there a place for Christ within the Christian Church ? Could any Teacher live within the religion which bears His name ?

What was the Buddha's ideal for His Sangha, what the Church He sought to establish ? Let us hear : " Be like unto brothers ; one in love, one in holiness, and one in your zeal for the Truth. Spread the Truth and preach the doctrine in all quarters of the world, so that in the end all living creatures will be citizens of the kingdom of righteousness. This is the holy brotherhood ; this is the church of Buddha ; this is the Sangha that establishes a communion among all those who have taken their refuge in Buddha." A company of brothers living in love and seeking the Truth, which would free from ignorance. That was the Church the Buddha came to found, and perhaps His followers have come nearer to its attainment than the followers of the Christ. But is such an ideal what is ordinarily conceived of as a Church or a religion ? No place here for rites or ceremonies, for external worship, or prayers to an external God. Man was to find the Truth in his

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own heart, he was to live that Truth in his own heart. No form here to which he might cling, no priest to act as mediator, no Church or Temple made holier than the daily home of man. Those who could build a form round such a Truth, or perform rites and ceremonies in order to attain it would be misunderstanding everything the Teacher came to give.

The Buddha says again: "The dharma is religion. The dharma alone can deliver from error, sin and sorrow." And what is this life-giving dharma? The Truth which each man must find in his own heart. Kutadanta, the head of the Brahmans in the village of Danamati, comes to the Buddha with the reproach: "I am told, O Shramana, that thou art Buddha, the Holy One, the All-knowing, the Lord of the world . . . I am told that thou teachest the law, yet thou tearest down religion. Thy disciples despise rites and abandon immolation, but reverence for the gods can be shown only by sacrifices. The very nature of religion consists in worship and sacrifice." Said Buddha: "Greater than the immolation of bullocks is the sacrifice of self . . . better than worshipping gods is obedience to the law of righteousness . . . the Blessed One has not come to teach death, but to teach life."

And what was His final message to His Sangha? to that Church of the Buddha which He founded? "Therefore, O Ananda, be ye lamps unto yourselves . . . Rely on yourselves and do not rely on external help. Hold fast to the Truth as a lamp. Seek salvation alone in the Truth. Look not for assistance to any one but yourselves."

And is not the Christ equally explicit? "God is spirit and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth . . . Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord,

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shall enter into the Kingdom of heaven ; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven . . . The Kingdom of heaven is within you " . . . In how many parables of the seed does the Christ imply that growth must come from within. "Nothing that cometh from without can defile," He tells us, "But only that which cometh from within . . . The Truth shall make you free . . . A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another ; by this shall all men know that ye are my disciples . . . I came to put an end to sacrifice."

Is not Krishnaji's teaching but an echo of the words of his predecessors ; does he, any more than They did, proclaim a religion ?

Can there be a religion which is without a theology, without creeds or dogmas, without rites or ceremonies, without a moral code ? And if a religion includes these things has the World-Teacher ever founded a religion in this sense ? And if it does not, then religion, so called, is false to its Founders.

But many will argue that religion, even so understood, has helped thousands, and brought comfort to the hearts of countless men and women. How has it helped them ? To know Truth or to forget it ? And is such comfort a stimulant or a soporific ? Krishnaji said to the Camp at Ommen : "Do not seek comfort but understanding." Children are satisfied and happy playing with their toys, and when they weep over the loss or destruction of one toy we comfort them with another. But would it be kindness to keep them ever children, playing with toys ?

But some will say, and do say : "We have no need of religion, of creeds, of rites or ceremonies for ourselves, but we

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practise them for the helping of those who are not yet ready to throw away their crutches." Do we really help best when we teach dependence on external help, or when striking away the crutches we say : "Quit you like men, be strong?"

Does the World-Teacher come to give new forms, new moulds, new props for our failing feet, or does He come to destroy all these that we may look within, where alone we shall ever find the Truth ; that we may walk alone, as we must ever walk, if we would reach the mountain top ? Does He come to give us a new religion or to save us from those which already exist ? It is a question over which we may usefully ponder.

If we are to be lamps unto ourselves, it may be that He will light for us the lamp, but we must keep it burning for ourselves, for it is we alone who can shed light upon the path we tread or walk in darkness all our days.

Lady Emily Lutyens

ONE WEEK

(Written on leaving Adyar, November 8th, 1927)

E. A. WODEHOUSE

DARK before dawn ; the silent-speeding car ;
 The big stone gates ; the bridge in glimmering gloom ;
And one long gaze to where the Morning Star
 Hangs o'er the well-loved room.

And then, still turn'd the last faint glimpse to snatch,
 Like exiled soul unwilling thrust to birth,
On down the long road station-wards, to catch
 The train from heaven to earth.

Bustle and clash and din ; an engine-shriek ;
 We move !—And while the long train drinks the line,
I settle down to muse on that last week—
 The best that e'er was mine.

Once more I climb the narrow stairway steep,
 Off with my shoes and, ere I venture in,
Lest I should come untimely, pause and peep
 Into the room within.

ONE WEEK

And there, close-shawl'd against the morning chill,
Seated upon the cushion'd, broad divan,
Is he, whom first I knew a Child—know still
Half Boy, yet wholly Man.

The slender form I see, the classic brow,
The chisell'd face, the hair and eyes of jet ;
Always of men most beautiful—and now
Rarer, more beauteous yet.

I see the welcoming smile, the friendly pat
To bid me to my place. Then seated nigh,
Straightway we fall into an hour-long chat
On all things great and high.

For chat it is : no monologue ; small hint
That I am there to learn, and he to teach ;
Just simple talk, new-coin'd in friendship's mint,
Each capping thought with each.

And as I muse, I seem once more to see
The brightening eye, the sudden movement near,
The little eager clasp on hand or knee
To make a point more clear ;

The pleasure, when I light upon a phrase
That matches with his inner thought's intent ;
The quick response, dearer than any praise :
“ Yes, that is what I meant ! ”

And then, anon, the roving glance, that seeks
From wall or ceiling, as it were, to clutch
Some image, that may make the thing he speaks
Strike with a surer touch.

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Just simple talk ;—yet Something, through it all,
That makes our nearness infinitely far,
Distance unmeasur'd, as when Angels call,
Splendid, from star to star :

Something unnamed, a Word I cannot spell,
A brooding Vastness, not to be denied,
Which masters me—and tells me I did well,
Leaving my shoes outside.

* * * * *

And now 'tis over. Onward roars my train,
Bearing me back to tread the tedious round.
And years may pass, before I hear again
That gentle voice's sound ;

Long years, before I climb the narrow stair
Up to that quiet room, and peep to see
If other friends engage him, seated there,
There on the low settee.

And yet what reck's it ? I have heard him speak ;
And, hearing, *know*. What though it be the end ?
Thank you, my Krishnaji, for that one week,
My Master and my Friend !

E. A. Wodehouse

THE QUEST OF ANANDA

JAMES H. COUSINS, D.LIT.

ACCORDING to the ancient wisdom of India, the first emanation from the undifferentiated Life of the Cosmos was Bliss (Ananda). Through this as the atmosphere, the condition, the *modus operandi* of the universal process, all else has come—the wisdom that is at the heart of things, the intellection through which that wisdom defines itself, the feeling that is the æsthetical accompaniment of activity, the vital energy that keeps things in motion and therefore in existence, the substantial forms that are the external signalling codes of the inner spirit. Bliss (the essence of true repose, true achievement, true happiness) is thus regarded as the primal impulse, the perpetual accompaniment, the test and measure, the inescapable end, of the manifested universe in its totality and in its details.

All the Teachers have promised *Ananda* and have pointed out one or other of the ways towards it. "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest," said one. But rest, in the purely physical sense, would mean no rest, but annihilation, for the atom that would set its shoulder against the cosmic movement would be reduced to still smaller atoms. In the spiritual sense, which was the sense in which the Teacher spoke, rest is the repose of unity with the inner spirit, the reduction to a minimum of the friction that causes unrest. Such repose is the basis of the most effective action. This is the

message of *The Kingdom of Happiness*. Its prescription of this and that virtue or achievement as *the one way, the only thing*, is not the utterance of contradictions but of interrelated and equivalent modes and aspects of the one final experience of the unity of the outer life with the nominally diverse facets of itself, and of the unity of the outer with the inner.

A similar inter-relationship and equivalence of expression is found in the utterances of the lesser teachers, for this is unavoidable where sincerity clarifies thought and earnestness invokes the response of the intuition, while experience and language offer various modes for the transient embodiment of eternal verity.

Leibniz, the German scientist of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, taught that the essence of religion was its practice in daily life. He looked to the religions to develop knowledge for social applications. This was his personal teaching; but it happened also to be a characteristic thought of that era in European culture which has been called the Enlightenment, and which received probably the greater portion of its Light from the East through China. An interpreter of that era (Adolph Reichwein in *China and Europe*) shows the identity of the doctrine of Leibniz and the Enlightenment with the Chinese search for personal and collective good action. "In the one case, as in the other," he says, "virtue signifies happiness."

A generation later than Leibniz, but still within the era of the Enlightenment, Wolff, a German philosopher, declared that nothing should be studied "that has not wisdom—i.e., happiness (*felicitas*) for its aim".

Here we have two equivalents (virtue and wisdom) for happiness. Nothing would appear to be more antithetical. One is in the realm of action, the other in the realm of thought. Two thinkers, who have thought themselves into sure and

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eminent places in human history, have set them down as being identical with a common end. Yet it is not easy to accept for them the Euclidian formula that "things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another". It may be that we may ultimately find this to be so; but this will depend, not on the *obiter dicta* of two thinkers, but on some real inner identity between that quality of action that is called virtue and that possession of the mind that is called wisdom.

In quests for perfect understanding, the dictionary is more often than not a good starting-point. The uncommon-sense of the common mind of humanity has thrown its vast experience into a vocal code, and the commonsense of uncommon minds has elevated and elaborated primitive codes into the great vocabularies of cultured speech. *Virtue*, say the dictionaries (they are here thrown into a sentence), is action in its highest degree. It rises from a root which in Latin (*vir*) is man and in Sanskrit (*vira*) is a hero. Virtue is therefore masculine in nature; not male, which means a difference of form and external function, but masculine which means a difference of inner quality which, though modified by the external form, is not limited to it. Wisdom, on the other hand, is a pure Anglo-Saxon word that has come unchanged down the centuries. Its root is *witan*, to know, and its highest expression is not merely knowing but understanding. Its Greek equivalent comes from the root *sophos*, wise. Wisdom, therefore, is knowledge in its highest degree. And because wisdom is feminine in its nature its attributes were embodied in a Goddess, and the name *Sofia* became the possession of women. But here again it is necessary to say that the feminine quality attributed to wisdom is not limited to the female form, though it may be modified thereby.

We are obviously dealing here with the two paths of *karma* (action) and *gnan* (wisdom). The followers of either path claim

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ananda as its terminus. When we turn from the particularised vocabulary of speech to the generalised vocabulary of the imagination as seen in the myths of the world, we get a hint in Hindu mythology towards the interior relationship of virtue and wisdom. According to Pauranic imagination, the Avatar of the spiritual age (*sat-yuga*) which will follow the present mixed age (*kali-yuga*) is Kalki, who carries two swords. These swords are *karma* and *gnan*, and the Avatar wields them as if they were a single weapon.

And are they not just so? Dr. Annie Besant has said words to the effect that one cannot be said to possess a truth until it has been tested in action. Wisdom, indeed, will otherwise be indistinguishable from foolishness. On the other hand, action that merely consists of acts will swirl about among the futilities. The doings of the Gods themselves, if undirected by wisdom, will be accounted only as celestial hooliganism. Seen thus, virtue is wisdom in action; wisdom is virtue in repose. They are not two doors, but front and back of a single door, which is neither on this side nor that of "The Kingdom of Happiness" but in the midst thereof.

James H. Cousins

SADHANA

KRISHNA DASA

IN the preliminary stages of a man's spiritual life, when his intellect dominates, he thinks that life in all its aspects can be understood through logic and philosophy. But as that very intellect deepens he begins to perceive that sheer intellectual understanding is of a very uncertain nature and that all explanations are of a very partial nature. Just as knowledge of the rates of vibration of the various notes that go to form a song cannot give you an understanding of the melody, just as mere scientific knowledge of the colours that go to form a sunset cannot give you an understanding of the sunset, so manifested life can never be understood completely by mere intellectual *analysis*. He now begins to perceive the husk-dry nature of mere philosophy and logic. The very nature of logic is its relativity. Logic may be summarised by the statement "If P is true, Q is true".

A longing for the true understanding of life takes hold of him. Divine discontent, the longing for the Infinite, the positive aspect of Vairagya is born in him. A new period of his life has begun. His emotions are becoming more intense. He becomes more sensitive to all things around him. The passing clouds, the blue sky, the cawing of a crow, the creeping insect, the growing grass, all fascinate him in a new way. Intuition, the sense of beauty, is being born. He now no longer

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bothers himself with the fruitless eternal questioning of the lower mind. Life *is*. He thrills to every throb of it. The simplest events of life stir him. The movement of a leaf, the cry of a bird, the listless talk of men, the hum of the market, all find a ready response in him. Doubt, a form of spiritual lethargy, has ceased for him. To be one with life is his goal.

It is at that stage of his life when he is throwing off the bondage of philosophy and logic that the artistic sense is born in him. In the far greater freedom of Art he begins to express his longing for the infinite in a variety of ways and moods. All Art is such an expression at various levels.

The synthesis of all arts, the culmination and fulfilment of his own life is the Art of Living. His thoughts and emotions, his actions, his very gestures are now creative and expressive of the Harmony for which he is longing. "I and You" are no more for him, for he has weeded out the self from his mind. He has now become the embodiment of Cosmic force.

This is how I understand the teachings of our revered and beloved Teacher Krishnaji. Other interpretations there will be, for each man must understand the Message in terms of his Self and evolve towards that perfection which is the flowering out of his uniqueness.

Krishna Dasa



BRONZE FOR A TOMB

BY MARIN STUDIOS

THE ART OF MARIN STUDIN

A. UJEVIC

(Translated)

IT would be a mistake to believe, as many have done, that Yugo-slavian art reaches its highest expression in the art of Ivan Mestrovic. It is equally erroneous to suppose that its development began with him. The soul of the people is diverse and complete in its revelations. It hides within itself inexpressible riches, with a tendency to expression ever more noble and more real. Mestrovician art, important as it is from the social and historical viewpoint, is yet but one manifestation of the racial genius.

Lovely Dalmatia, associated with the most beautiful legends and cherished dreams of the Yugoslavs was the birthplace of both Ivan Mestrovic and Marin Studin. Both were the sons of working men and shepherded flocks in their early boyhood. In creative expression they are altogether original and independent.

While the more mature Mestrovic was passionately upholding the cause of Yugoslavian nationalism in the capitals of Europe during the Great War, using his masterpieces as propaganda, the youth, Marin Studin, was sharing the agonies of that war in which his people were involved by their

Austro-Hungarian rulers and which pressed very heavily upon Dalmatia—an experience which made a profound impression upon him.

Mestrovic passed through phases of nationalism, pessimism, humanism. Studin plunges almost at once into a characteristically Slav pan-humanism. The national agony becomes for him the World agony. The present tragedy becomes the tragic expression of materialism in general, and he conceives and creates the 'Revolt of the Earth'.

Studin is in the highest degree a revolutionary, if to be revolutionary is to flagellate all the basenesses of our little earth, where all moves too slowly, without the enthusiasm, the passion by which the Spirit defies the laws of gravitation. Nothing can arrest his impulse towards the greatest, best, most beautiful ideal. He is derived from himself, created by himself and is a law to himself alone. He unfolds himself from elementary principles within himself, like the Creator.

Such are all those who would bring us something new, because we have no tradition and all our good paths lead to the future. The resemblances between Studin and Mestrovic are reducible to a like origin and a similar milieu; thence all that is in them of the dynamic, the colossal, the grotesque. Studin seeks those who can feel with him. The idea that Divinity itself is jealous of the happiness of men, and therefore would wrest it from them is, one would say, the idea that dominates his mind.

Art, in its concise forms, untranslatable, expresses the enigmas of life, sex, heroism, suffering, work, struggle and thought. The essence of the work of Studin is the protest of his conscience against all shackles, against all that does not directly serve the Spirit—Truth, Beauty, Eternity. It expresses a certain revolt against the law of the many, the brazen law which chains our destiny and fetters our impulse towards the

THE ART OF MARIN STUDIN

Infinite. It is the condemnation of materialism and the prophecy of its doom.

It contains a certain reflex of Bolshevism, not that which is given us by the historical moment, but that which exists in the solitude of the subconscious of the human soul.

Of little importance is it if Marin Studin has against him the prejudices of the old taste which ignores all that is not conventional, all that is created by life, by discontent, by revolt. The elders do not believe that progress is thus made, that denying the past frees one to return to it later. But modern art is entirely based on a power of negation ; liberty of the personality means at the same time, power of the personality. And the new tendencies of our art are towards more and more profound research into the inner life of man.

Marin Studin is a passionate idealist. His nature is simple and modest, extraordinarily sensitive and fiercely independent. He fights against convention. He would make his art the sincere expression of his very rich inner life, happy if, in giving freedom to his impulse, he does not overstep the limits prescribed by technique.

What future awaits him, young, great in promise and partial realisation—progressive, strong, dynamic, reaching out to nobler heights of achievement, to the affirmation of the artistic consciousness, to the creation of the New? Time alone can prove whether he is predestined to rank among the great Masters of life.

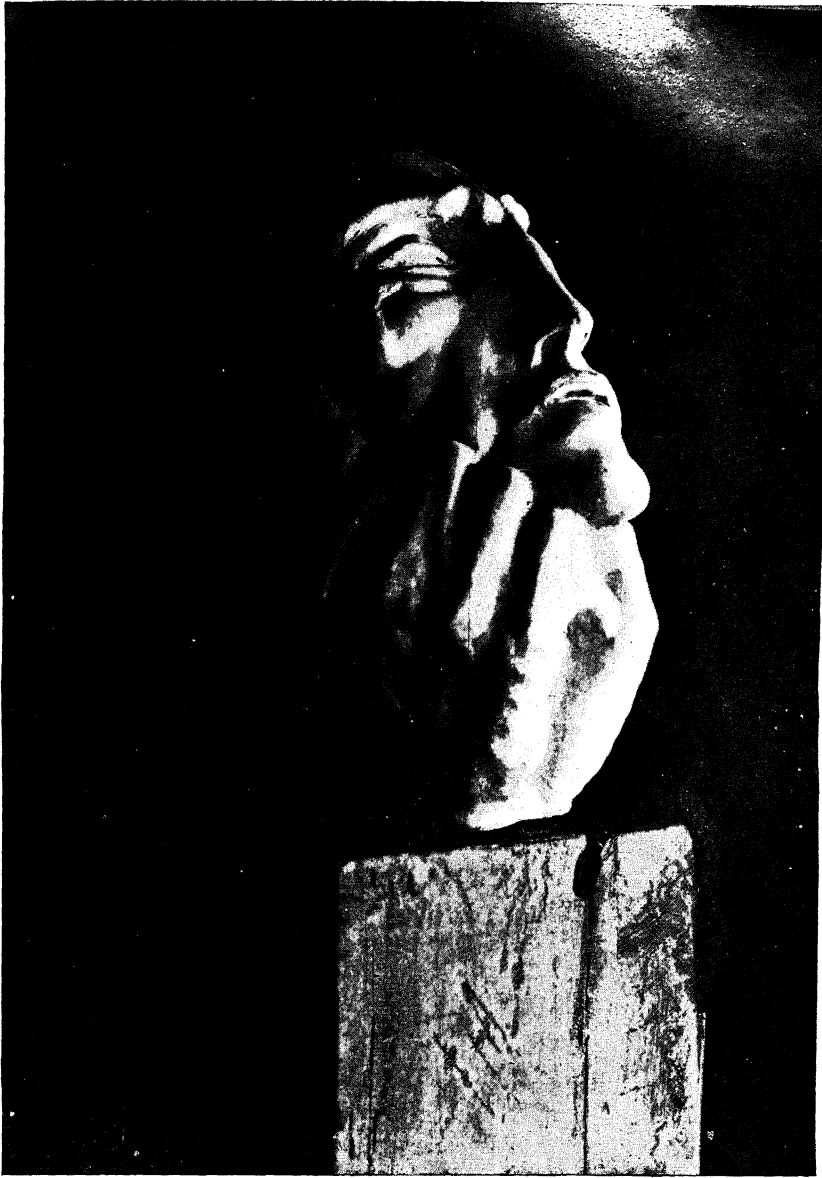
A. Ujevic¹

¹ *Dalmatian poet and critic.*

THE ILLUSTRATIONS

Bronze for a Tomb. Marin Studin often uses musical imagery in his creations, especially in those which relate to the inner experience of human beings. Music is for him the medium which lifts us into other states of being. The angel holds a harp of antique form, has ceased playing, and is listening in quiet rapture to the vibrations which travel on to Infinity when the physical instrument is Silent. A beautiful, imaginative interpretation of immortality.

Study for '*The Trajedy of Humanity.*' A sketch in plaster. Here is expressed the anguish of days when millions reduced to extremes of misery fell, without even the hope of retribution. Here also is the trajedy of the fettered divine spirit in man. But this suffering is not merely passive. Studin uses the hands as a symbol of man's power to mould his destiny; and turns suffering into the ecstatic affirmation of his Divine Freedom.



STUDY FOR "THE TRAGEDY OF HUMANITY"

BY MARIN STUDIN

THE SOCIAL EVIL IN INDIA

J. M. DICKINSON

THE problem of commercialized vice, and the kindred problems of hereditary and religious prostitution, no social reformer in India can afford to ignore. The examination of this social evil, which is naturally repellent to decent-minded people, and which presents so many discouraging features to those who seek to remedy it, is nevertheless as necessary to the student of sociology as the study of cancer is necessary to the medical student.

By the interaction of social conditions not only is prostitution in part the offspring of other bad social conditions, such as faulty education, bad housing, sweating and lack of wholesome recreation; but itself stands as an obstacle which blocks the path to reforms in various departments of social service. An evil which poisons the deepest and most powerful of human instincts must inevitably affect all human activities. Workers in more promising fields of social reform should master their disgust and spare a little of their time for the study of this festering sore in the life of the country. The teacher will find that his efforts to impart clean knowledge of the facts of life and to present high ideals of sex to his pupils will be of little avail in places where children grow up within sight of vice

haunts which provide an object lesson in foul impurity. The director of physical instruction will find little desire for healthy exercise and recreation among lads who have already acquired a taste for degraded pleasure; to offer them clean recreation in the form of cinema or games will be shutting the stable door when the horse has gone. The infant welfare worker is met at every turn by the sinister shadow of venereal disease. The men and women who work for the political and educational improvement of the status of the women of India will find their greatest hindrance among men who have learnt to know womanhood by frequenting prostitutes. The uphill task of organizing factory workers and teaching them the desirability of a decent life lived in decent homes will be ten times harder when the family life of the worker has been broken up and he has found a substitute in visits to vice haunts. The woman worker in a cotton mill will have little interest in improving her position when once she has taken to adding to her insufficient wage by selling herself to the first comer. So social evils revolve in a vicious circle and it will take a long and determined struggle to break this powerfully linked chain.

The evil is perhaps no greater than it has been formerly; but the light of publicity which has been cast into many dark places of the earth by the enquiries made by the League of Nations Commission has shown that money greed, exploiting the lust of men and the weakness of women, has spread a world-wide net in which women and children are caught. Watchfulness of authorities and enforcement of strict laws against those who trade in women have done much in Europe to diminish the evil. India is still waiting for legislation—long overdue. Landlords, brothel-keepers, procurers still batten with impunity on the earnings of the victims of men's lust. Surely the protection of these helpless women is more than a mere matter

THE SOCIAL EVIL IN INDIA

of police expediency in the great cities, it is a matter which concerns the country as a whole. This is shown in the case of Bombay where practically all the women in brothels come from other parts of India, and it is in these places of origin that the nefarious work of procuring is carried on.

The problem of prostitution in India is a dual one. Added to the evil in the large towns, which is cosmopolitan in character and run on commercial lines, there is the ancient institution of hereditary and religious prostitution, kept alive by superstition among the most backward and reactionary elements of Indian society. These two may be found fused together at times, as in the case of a girl, a minor, found dressed in European cloths in a Bombay vice haunt frequented by European sailors. At the age of six years this girl had been dedicated by her parents to the goddess Yellamma in the Miraj District, as a thanksgiving for her recovery from illness. Surely death as an innocent child would have been infinitely happier than the degradation which was her fate.

The remedy for the cosmopolitan type of the evil can be found in strict adherence to the undertaking, given by India as a signatory to the League of Nations, with regard to the repatriation of foreign women. How little has been done to fulfil the obligation can be judged by the presence of numbers of women from both Western and Eastern countries in the city-brothels of India. The penalizing of landlords who knowingly let their premises for immoral purposes would also do much to diminish the number of houses of ill-fame.

Legal measures alone will not avail to stamp out the indigenous prostitution associated with the names, devadasi, murli, kalavant, naiking, and others, among Hindus, and with

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the profession of dancing and singing girls, among Muhammadans and Hindus alike. Persevering propaganda by members of all communities among their co-religionists will be needed to get effective legislation against this hoary abuse which is a dark blot on the fair fame of India. No one community of East or West can point the finger at another; all must own with shame that their own house needs to be set in order; and, if all were to set about this in earnest, governments would be compelled to do their part, and legislation would no longer be the halting, patchwork, make-shift which it is at the present time.

J. M. Dickinson

INDIA AND THE NEW EDUCATION

THE phrase 'New Education,' is now a common one all over the world, and is the expression of the spirit of unrest and discontent with the misery and unhappiness of existing conditions of life. It is the urge of life to a new age; change is in the air. The movement called the New Education Movement is now world-wide in its activities as was shown in the last Educational Conference at Geneva where hundreds of professors, teachers and educationists of all kinds assembled from nearly every country in the world.

This Movement does not claim to lay down laws as inviolable rules on education; but it does claim that, having looked the facts of life in the face, it has got a saner, healthier, freer, and therefore truer, point of view from which to work, to find out human nature and investigate how we should educate. Perhaps the strongest characteristic of the new education is trust in human nature. We begin by trusting the individual because he is part of God's own life. In the old way of education and life, distrust is the chief characteristic. We expect a child to be disobedient and deceitful, lazy and unwilling to learn; and we arrange the whole of a child's environment accordingly, assuming to ourselves also a particular attitude appropriate to the unnatural distrust. We make desks and rooms which will inhibit free movement and shut out earth, trees and the sky, and herd children together in intolerable conditions, because we say we know children would rather be out playing than shut up in stuffy rooms learning. We do not

believe a child loves to learn, but take it for granted that it hates everything it requires to learn because of the exigences of life. So we imprison it 'for its good' and train it by chains and iron bars in the way it should live; and go on untroubled in spirit and unperturbed in our adult self-content and assurance. But we seldom enquire, are our ways the right ways; are we mightier and wiser than God who has implanted in the child the love of living and of life and hatred of iron custom which goes against the natural law of life? It is just this question that the New Educationists have asked, and that science as well as the deep religious intuition of the spirit of man is helping them to solve. And the general conclusion is that we have to get back to God's law, to learn what that means and then to work with it; for a goal has been set for every human individual as surely as for every flower and tree, and the greatest part of human sorrow is caused by kicking against the pricks of natural law which is driving us on inevitably to our goal. So we see that the New Education is essentially an experimental movement, based on facts of science and life and the innate conviction in every human heart of the ultimate goal of Good in human nature.

Now India is suffering the same unrest and the same discontent, though in a more exaggerated form, as the rest of the world. She is suffering not only from the choking of her vitality but from the sapping of that vitality by a graft growth. Often a simple natural analogy helps us to understand better. Let us take the well-known simile of human life and a tree. Nations also are like trees of which the myriads of individuals are the buds and the seeds. The life of the whole is one life. India's Tree of Life is not only very old but it has to support several graft growths. The old stock has lost its original strength and vitality and so we find dead branches and thick moss growing over its remaining living branches, checking the

uprising life so that more than ever the sap goes along the line of least resistance and makes the grafts more flourishing. Now if this tree is to be restored to a healthy condition, the grafts, the dead branches, the moss, all taking from the healthy development of leaf, bud and fruit the life that is theirs, must alike be cleared away. The dead branches and the moss are worn out, effete and lifeless customs which we refuse to tear away, and keep alive at the expense of the health of the Nation's life as a whole. The grafts are lines of life that are foreign to the nature of the parent tree.

This then is the condition of India. She is struggling for her own life and her own soul. Hence the cry of 'back to the ancient days.' But life does not go backwards. Life is constantly renewed year by year and it is also in the unfolding of the life of the buds and seeds that the life of the old tree is best perpetuated. It is in the life of the children, unburdened by the encumbrances of the parent tree that India's real life will find its truest expression. If we envelope them with the thick growth of custom, and again force on them grafts, then they too will grow up feeble, just living, but not vital, with no strength to force their way through difficulties. It is when the sap of the tree is at a low ebb that parasites flourish best on it.

At the present day India does not know the vital life of her children; she only knows custom. She is afraid to change but she too, even more than the West, must study her children, not prejudiced by worn-out theories, fears, prejudices and doubts, but with faith in her children, in the Law and in the Goal of humanity. At present there is nothing but distrust, doubt and fear—distrust of human nature, fear of emotion, distrust and fear of beauty, distrust of each other, fear to let go old habits and be true to the inner core of divine life, fear of life after death which

brings added burdens to sons and daughters, fear of want, fear to live for an ideal which means pain and suffering, and distrust in children's desire to learn. If we interpret this in another way it means that there is no vision and, as one of the Scriptures says, "Where there is no vision the people perish." What is meant by having vision? It means that every thing is sacrificed for the attaining of the vision. Every energy, every power, every thought, every emotion is devoted to it. Children have something of that vision but in most adults it has faded into the light of common day. A characteristic of our lack of vision is that we pin our faith to phrases. Much as we love Shakespeare and Wordsworth, even their vision can be our chains. We quote as irrefutable and conclusive, "the whining schoolboy . . . creeping like a snail unwillingly to school"; and the exquisite ode, 'Intimations of Immortality' which tells us that "Heaven lies about us in our infancy"; but it is the falling of the "shades of the prison-house" and the fading of the light into the light of common day that oppresses us as if inevitable. It is not. And when we recognise this and help our children, who by the "vision splendid are on their way attended" to keep that vision, then we too shall have realised that Light that never was on land and sea.

This pinning of our faith to phrases shows also how far astray we are in our ideas about true learning and true knowledge for, sweeping as the statement may seem, we do not know what learning and knowledge really mean. We think again that we know better than God and force book-learning on our children, and thereby really prevent growth and development of the real powers of the Mind. It is a curious fact that the greatest men have been truants at school, and they have grown great because they were rebels and free to respond to the vision splendid within them. Books and book-learning should be

INDIA AND THE NEW EDUCATION

adjuncts to the development of mind capacity, not substitutes for it as they are too often to-day.

But it is a big problem to try to explain what real learning and true knowledge and real mind capacity mean. It is nevertheless the problem which we have to face to-day in education. A few words will serve perhaps to suggest the line of enquiry so necessary. Take, for example, mind capacity. It is mental magic which works in us when we are really living a normal, healthy, human life. It is power, not literary lumber. The lack of this power which can move mountains of difficulty is another proof of the fact that we do not know what true knowledge and true mental capacity really are. We have to get back to the fundamental principles of life. The most important is perhaps what Science calls the Law of Stimulus and Response. In ancient times it was called the Law of interaction of Spirit and Matter, the Law which produces the Cosmos. Again, according to ancient as well as modern science, "as the Macrocosm is, so is the Microcosm". This may safely be interpreted to mean that man is made in the image of God, is a reflection of the Universe in small. For man then environment takes the place of Matter, and the Latent Potentiality and final Cause inherent in every atom is the microcosmic equivalent of Spirit. The interaction of the two produces both his body and his soul or, in other words, grows his mind which includes will or conation, emotion or affect, intellect or cognition. If we work according to the law then we shall have to provide an environment containing elements that will stimulate the inner spirit to respond and thereby grow the healthy soul or the sound mind in the sound body. Now the lines along which the necessary stimuli have to pass are the Senses and a mere superficial glance at facts will show how far we are from having a proper environment for the awakening of all the latent capacities of the child. What exercise of the senses, for example, has the

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average Indian child in its ordinary school environment? It gets nothing but white paper and black ink or slates, white walls or dull stone. Colour, sound, refinement of touch, taste or smell are almost eliminated. And is it in the name of true knowledge or of simplicity which is the highest form of art? If knowledge is based on experiences gained through the senses then real knowledge has very little foundation in the ordinary Indian child's mind. And as for Art nothing need be said.

This illustration will perhaps be sufficient to give an idea of the line of enquiry and experiment which the new education takes. It is indeed revolutionary but will lead if wisely and patiently followed to wonderful results, as even the small beginnings to-day are already showing. The subject is an enormous one and problems face us from whatever point of view we look, whether psychologically or practically or artistically or spiritually, and will require the patient efforts of every sincere and unbiassed individual to help to study and to solve; and it is high time we woke up to the facts and the pressing needs of the moment in education—and acted.

THE STAR

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

Friends: You have, of course, noticed that this month our magazine has a new feature—Art Illustrations.

Some illustrations, in colour or in black and white, of Modern Art, eastern and western, will appear, for the present, quarterly. This has been made possible by the special subscriptions of a few friends. The very moderate price of the magazine cannot cover the expenses involved.

We should like to have illustrations every month, and other changes from time to time. Changes are stimulating. New cover designs every month, for instance, would be, in Krishnaji's own words, "great fun".

We ask for your enthusiastic collaboration in making the production of THE STAR, of outstanding excellence.

Send 'new' ideas, Indian ideas, original designs for covers, lettering, finals—all Indian, articles by prominent men; from every province send them. Be identified with the progress of the magazine. Make its success your special interest. Make it your-our magazine. Give your individual *push* to it.

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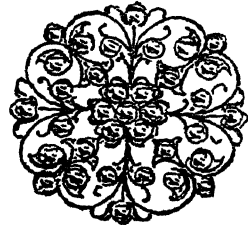


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THE STAR

APRIL 1928

VOL. I. NO. 4



PRICE EIGHT ANNAS

ORDER OF THE STAR

J. KRISHNAMURTI

Head of the Order

OBJECTS

1. To draw together all those who believe in the presence of the World-Teacher in the world.
 2. To work with Him for the establishment of His ideals.
-

Membership in the Order is open to all who subscribe to its Objects. There are no fees for membership in the Order. Certain National Sections have found it convenient to fix a regular subscription, but this practice is not in any way binding on the Order as a whole.

There is a Chief Organizer for all International work. The Headquarters of the Order is established at Eerde, Ommen, Holland. The Order exists now in forty-five countries with a National Organizer in each country.

The Badge of the Order is a five-pointed silver star.

The Order publishes its Magazine, THE STAR, in several countries simultaneously. A News Bulletin is also issued from the Headquarters at Eerde, Ommen, Holland.

THE STAR

VOL. I

APRIL, 1928

No. 4

THE STAR is the official organ of the *Order of the Star*, and is published in English, French, German, Spanish, Dutch, Swedish, Norwegian, Polish, Finnish, Russian, Italian, Danish, Icelandic.

The Magazine consists of two sections: The International section, matter for which is prepared by the International Editorial Board and distributed from Eerde, Ommen, Holland, and the National Section, matter for which is collected and prepared by the National Editorial Board.

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The annual subscription of this Magazine is Rs. 4-8, post free, single copies for eight annas. All cheques and Money Orders to be made payable to the Manager, THE STAR, Adyar, Madras, S.

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*WALK BY THE LIGHT OF MY
LOVE AND THOU SHALT CAST NO SHADOW**

J. KRISHNAMURTI

MY well-Beloved and I
Hold thee, O friend,
In our heart.
I speak to thee
From the depth of my heart.
I am united with my well-Beloved.
I am as the petal to the rose ;
I am as the scent to the jasmin.
My well-Beloved and I
Are inseparable, indivisible.
As the moon reflects the glory of the sun,
So do I reflect the glory of my well-Beloved.

As soft as the shade
Of the moonlit night,
So is my love for thee,
O friend.
As the whirlwinds that sweep
O'er the lands,
So is my love
That shall wipe out the darkness about thee.

* This poem must not be reprinted in any magazine whatever, without permission from The Star Publishing Trust, Eerde, Ommen, Holland.

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As the mountain streams
That come down with a roar
Into the valley,
So let my love enter into thee.
As the solitary tree
Amidst the great mountains
Withstands the raging winds,
So shall my love uphold thee
In times of strife and affliction.
As the sea putteth forth mighty waves
And conquereth all things
So shall my love vanquish
The travail of thy life.

Yea,
O friend,
Passing exceeding great
Is my love for thee.
Drink of it, thou shalt be no more thirsty.
Eat of it, thou shalt know of no hunger.
Bind it to thy heart, thou shalt not taste of sorrow.
Write it down in the table of thy mind,
Thou shalt be the son of wisdom and understanding.
Walk by the light of my love,
Thou shalt cast no shadow.

O friend,
Come unto me,
I will show thee the way of love.
Turn not thy head,
Close not up thine ears,
Seal not up thy heart,
But come after me,

WALK BY THE LIGHT OF MY LOVE

I will lead thee
To the abode of love.
Oh ! My heart acheth for thee,
For thou dost not listen
To the voice of my love.
Why dost thou not answer to my call ?
Why dost thou walk away from me ?
Why dost thou hide thy face among the shadows ?
Why dost thou pursue the fleeting
That engendereth in thee sorrow ?
Why dost thou hold thyself against me ?
Why art thou blind to my love ?
Why dost thou eat out of the hand of affliction ?
Ah ! Answer me,
For I am heavy with love.
The love that begetteth sorrow,
The love that killeth the smile on the open face,
The love that changeth from moment to moment,
The love that's lonely in its solitude,
The love that's haughty and oppressive,
The love that destroyeth the love for others,
The love that binds and places a limitation,
The love that's consumed with the fires of self,
These thou shalt not taste of
If thou walkest with me.

O friend,
What dost thou pursue ?
What's the purpose that leadeth thee on ?
What shadows entice thee on ?
What murmurings urge thee on ?
Whither goest thou ?

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O friend,
The divisions of people,
The oppression of the poor,
The wars of nations,
The exploitation of the ignorant,
The hatred of class against class,
The strife after wealth and the sorrow thereof,
The intricacy of governments,
The portioning of lands,
All these cease to be
In the clothing of love.

Doth not the man of the fields,
After the labors of the day,
Seek the shelter of love?
Doth not the man of multitudes of things
Grow weary of his possessions
And seek the shelter of love?
Doth not the ruler of many peoples
Suffer the loneliness of his ambitions
And seek the shelter of love?
Doth not the man of the temple,
Caught up in the exhaustion of his worship,
Seek the shelter of love?

Yea,
All are in search of that abode
That giveth them the glory of love.

But why dost thou contest,
O friend,
One against another
In the pursuit of love?

WALK BY THE LIGHT OF MY LOVE

Why this setting aside of joy
In the hatred of one against another?
Why this consuming envy
That setteth up one against another,
And destroyeth utterly thy happiness?

Oh! My heart aches for thee,
O friend.
Keep open wide thy heart,
And let no dark shadows creep therein,
For without love there shall be
Desolation and a strife without an end.
Keep pure thy heart,
For with impurity
There shall be affliction and travail.

I tell thee
That wherever thou art,
Whatever be thy sorrow,
Whatever be thy rejoicing,
The way to the heart of the Beloved
Is the way of love.
For it leadeth thee to simplicity,
And to the faith that conquereth.
Understanding cometh by the way
Of love,
And knowledge therefrom.
Yea,
Love all and therein lose thyself.

My well-Beloved and I
Hold thee, O friend,
In our heart.

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I speak to thee
From the depth of my love.
I am as the petal to the rose,
I am as the scent to the jasmin.
I am united with my well-Beloved.
Come unto me :
I am the heart of love.

THE NEW KRISHNAJI

A NOTE

E. A. WODEHOUSE

BY the new Krishnaji, I mean the Krishnaji who arrived at Adyar on 31 October, 1927. I had last seen the old Krishnaji at Ootacamund in April of the previous year; and although changes were even then going on, and although there were occasional hints of what was to come, the difference between then and now was the difference between being on the point of breaking through a wall, and having broken through and emerged on the other side.

The Krishnaji of to-day is the Krishnaji of the other side of the wall. We may interpret the significance of this as we please; for I do not think that our interpretation of it much matters. Indeed, if one is to go by certain talks with Krishnaji himself, the less we allow it to matter, the better he will be pleased—for it is of things unessential. The fact, however, matters greatly; for it is upon this fact that he avowedly bases his right to teach. And it is fortunate, therefore, that the change itself is one which cannot but be palpable to any one of even moderate sensitiveness of perception. But I think that one must see him and be with him in order to perceive it. The writings do not yet reveal it; it is possible that they never may. But the personal affluence, the magnetic effusion, is so

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extraordinary, that I defy any one not to surrender to it, unless he has hardened his mind and heart in advance ; just as I defy anyone to feel it and to remain unchanged.

My testimony on this point is not devised by value, since, to speak frankly, I had gone down to Adyar half-expecting—or perhaps, I should say, half-fearing—that I might be disappointed. One had heard, of course, of a new Krishnaji. News had come from Ommen and elsewhere. But I had known Krishnaji so long and so intimately, and was so well aware of his own natural charm and of the wonderful beauty of his general make-up, that I thought it by no means impossible that an extra year's development, along his own lines, might of itself have produced changes so striking, that it would be quite pardonable for people to interpret them as something very much more significant than they really were. My immediate practical interest in the matter was, of course, that I had to decide whether, or not, I could apply for re-admission into the Star Order. This, in my opinion, would be not only a meaningless, but a dishonest act, unless it could be done from absolute, personal conviction, and with the fullest realisation of all that the necessary affirmation implied. Consequently, the first thing was to get into personal touch with Krishnaji and to judge for oneself. Finding, therefore, that my autumn vacation would enable me to get about a week with him, if I spent it at Adyar, I resolved to go down there, and to hold over my decision until I had had the opportunity of seeing him for myself. I reached Adyar on October the 10th, and had thus been there for three weeks when he arrived.

As things turned out of course, I need not have worried. But it was not till the day after his arrival that I realised this, in a way sufficiently convincing to banish my doubts. All that I

saw of Krishnaji, on the first day, was at the crowded ceremony of welcome to the President and himself, which took place in the Headquarters Hall—a ceremony, which, I should mention, was about the fifth, or sixth, function which had punctuated the seven-mile drive that morning from Madras. At the conclusion of the proceedings, he made a short speech in reply to the various addresses. But it was disappointing. He was not eloquent, and his words aroused no thrill; while he had the further disadvantage of speaking immediately after the President, who really had been both eloquent and moving. One gathered that the large and somewhat wrought-up audience had expected something more from him, seeing that this was his first appearance at Adyar after the rumoured Change. One learnt afterwards that he was unwell. He had caught a chill in the train from Bombay, and was tired out by all the addresses and *tamasha* of the morning. He ought not to have spoken at all.

The following day, however, I was able to have an hour's talk with him in his room. Then, all was different. There it was that I saw and recognized, for the first time, the new Krishnaji. I do not propose to attempt any expression of what or how I felt on this occasion. I need only say that everything has become changed for me since. Something I had dreamed of, half-unconsciously, all my life, had at last come true.

* * * * *

The student of occultism, accustomed—as most of us have been—to talk in terms of ‘forces’ and ‘vibrations,’ will, I think, find himself confronted with something new and rather puzzling, when he comes into contact with Krishnaji, as he now is. The noble force, for instance, which comes so often through our

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President, and which we have all many times felt when she is speaking, interprets itself very easily in terms of vibrations. We can, as it were, feel it beating upon vehicles. But what comes from Krishnaji is something very different. It seems too gentle to speak of as a 'force'; and the effect of it is as of something smooth and vibrationless. It seems, too, to act, as it were, not on the vehicles at all, but directly on the life. Indeed, so absolutely free is it from any element of the striking, or dramatic, that one is perhaps conscious of it only after the magic has been accomplished. One is aware of the effects, but not of the process which produced them.

That, at all events, has been my experience—confirmed, whenever I have been with him. What struck me most of all was the *quality* of this affluence. To speak of its purity and depth is to use well-worn words which, for that reason, do it imperfect justice. But what I mean by the words is that the life, which comes from him, gives the impression of having welled up from somewhere very deep in the heart of things, and of having remained absolutely unmixed with any taint of individuality, or personality, in passage. It is thus, in the oldest sense of the word, simple, and because of its simplicity, universal. Warmth without colour, is the only way I can think of, at the moment, to express a purity which is, at the same time, full, sustaining, and charged with a great joy. But the language which I am using about it is altogether too heavy, because it suggests something grave and solemn and full of spiritual portentousness. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Outwardly the new Krishnaji is the old Krishnaji. The same eager boyishness, the same affectionateness, the same spontaneous and unself-conscious charm is there; and the

change which has happened to him has not changed these. He does not seem to me older; on the contrary he seems to be younger than when I saw him last at Ooty, at a time when he was far from well. Nor has he grown solemn; I found him, at Adyar, just as fond of a good joke as he had ever been. And the charm and the affectionateness are just what they used to be, only that they are now far more winning. What has happened, to me, has not altered him in the least, so far as his own natural characteristics are concerned. All that it has done is to have suffused these with a certain magical grace, which they did not possess before, and which is so compelling that it is the one thing of which one is conscious when one is with him. Krishnaji to-day, if I may use a metaphor, is like a musical chord, of which the harmonies, or overtones, are far more resonant than the notes themselves. It is the Oversoul that one feels, rather than the personality. Yet this overshadowing influence is not a weight which bears heavily upon him. I see no signs of its pressing upon, or constraining, the free play of his personal life. On the contrary, it seems to have, as it were, lightened and lifted all this. Its effect has been rather that of release than of constraint. And the consequence is that one can meet the new Krishnaji on just the same frank and friendly footing as one could the old. More—I would say that the feeling of easiness and freedom is now greater than ever. His personality invites confidence and naturalness even more readily; and in all such personal relations there is a feeling of absolute equality. Anything more unlike the popular conception of a spiritual teacher could not be imagined. There is nothing *ex cathedra*, nothing pontifical about him. The last thing, indeed, that one is conscious of, is of being taught at all.

And yet . . .

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I do not know quite how to complete the unfinished sentence without spoiling all that I have been saying. But if I say that one cannot leave the presence of the new Krishnaji without the feeling of having had the most cleansing of spiritual baths, made fragrant with the most delicious of spiritual bath-salts, perhaps the reader will gather what I mean. And I have purposely chosen an almost flippant metaphor, because I want, more than anything, to preserve the impression of the easiness, the lightness and the naturalness of it all. But this does not prevent one from recognising, at the same time, that the experience has been a transcendent one, and that one has found a new meaning for the word 'holy'. Why is it that holy things are nearly always thought of as solemn things? I suppose one can think of reasons for this. But it is none the less a revelation when one discovers for the first time, that the true essence of holiness is far more of the blue sky than of the thundercloud, and that the authentic odour of sanctity is less that of incense than it is the scent of wild flowers in the hedgerow and the breath of early spring. A blue-bell or a daffodil, rejoicing in its life, is the typically holy thing. The fawn playing in the forest, the mountain torrent leaping in glee from crag to crag, are apt emblems of things spiritual. The voice of the spiritual life is not a sermon but a song.

So much have I learnt from the new Krishnaji. And I wish to follow up the idea in this brief Note, because it seems to me that it has something to tell us, of no little interest and importance, about Krishnaji himself.

I have said something about the quality of the life which flows through him. But I have not yet mentioned one characteristic of it, which captivated me most of all, and, in a way,

meant most to me. This I can only describe as its 'lyrical' quality. Here it seemed to me—felt as a living influence—was the very Poetry of the spiritual life. And I welcomed it the more eagerly since it was something which (probably through my own fault) I had missed, and been half-unconsciously thirsting for, for many years. But the important thing about it, in the present connection is that this lyrical quality belongs not only to the new Krishnaji but to the old Krishnaji as well. I have helped to teach him as a boy, and I know. At the very roots of his nature was always the impulse of poetry. At the core of him, no matter how muffled and inarticulate, was ever the singer and the Artist. And it is this, above all else, that the change in him has released. For in this respect the new life and the old are at one. The new life comes, as it were, straight from that world of Platonic Beauty, which is the archetype and reality of all beautiful things on our earth; and it comes with a song on its lips. And at the touch of it, all the latent poetry and love of beauty in the old Krishnaji has been lit into a devouring flame. I myself have seen the reams of poems which, in the conversational phrase, are 'in his desk,' and have not yet found their way into print—if ever they are destined to get there. These were not written for printing. They were written to 'purge the stuffed bosom'. They are the outward sign and token of a truth which it is easy, for one who knows him, to divine—namely, that the new Krishnaji is afire with poetry, and that this is indeed his earliest and most ardent reaction upon the great change.

The lyrical quality of the new life is working mightily within him; and the almost desperate impulsion of his being, at the moment, is to give rein to this quality by turning the whole of life into a song.

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Now, I mention this, not merely as an interesting fact about him, but in order (if I may be so greatly daring) to make a suggestion to some of those who love him and who want to fit in with his work. It is, that they should recognise this quality in him, and should, so to speak, make allowances for it, in considering what he says and does. For it is my belief that those will hold the readiest passport into his inner mind and heart, who will remember to think of him, primarily, as Poet and Beauty-lover—who will, as it were, look for the Orpheus in him, rather than for the Shankaracharya. And particularly, when there is something, in his outlook or his utterances, which seems new and strange to them and which conflicts with some of their own ideas, let them not hastily assume that he is against them—for Krishnaji is against nothing, on the virtuous side of life, except solemn affection—nor that the difference is some tremendous one of theory or doctrine. Let them rather ask themselves whether the secret of the whole thing may not be simply the revolt of the poet-soul against the shackles of their prose—the refusal of a Shelley to speak in the language of Hume or Darwin. And if the antithesis of ‘poetry’ and ‘prose’ seem to them hardly flattering to their own special interests, let them remember—out of simple fellow-feeling, if of nothing else—that in the lyric tumult of that new life, which is in Krishnaji, everything almost must appear prose, which is not of the very inmost essence of the ineffable Song of Things.

To point my meaning, let me give an example from the experience of those of us who are Theosophists.

For many years past, by far the most notable part of our Theosophical literature has been written in the language of science. Materialised down to their physical-plane equivalents, the themes treated in our text-books have been the Anatomy,

the Physiology, the Geography, the Ethnology, the Dynamics, and the Irrigation Systems of the superphysical worlds—to mention only a few items out of their wide variety of subject-matter. All this, of course, has been both admirable and necessary. The technical information, thus given, was essential to the larger scientific understanding of life. It supplied the occult explanations of things, and told us a great deal about the *modus operandi* of spiritual forces. But it should not be forgotten that, however complete and detailed such information may be, it can never tell the whole story. Such facts are merely the bony structure of the life spiritual; and the bones, in order to fill their place and function in a living organism, must be clothed with flesh. Moreover, it is only then—when flesh and bone have become parts of a living synthesis—that the specifically human values begin. For then we can begin to speak of grace and beauty and charm and health, and whatever else is, as it were, the flowering and fragrance of incarnate vitality. Further (and this is the main point), for the Poet and Artist, the interest is born only with these. It is these values, and others of ranges above these, which are his special province. It is in terms of these that he builds his interpretation of life.

But this does not mean that he is, thereby, the enemy of those who are concerned primarily with scientific fact, or that he despises or dislikes their labours. Wordsworth was not an anti-botanist when he wrote :

To me the meanest flow'r that blows can give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Nor need we attribute to the Nature-lover any hostility to agricultural progress, if he find no emotional appeal in an irrigation-canal? The reason is, of course, that his interest in the world about him is fundamentally æsthetic, while the

interest of an irrigation-system is practical and utilitarian. And if we remember that Practical Occultism, despite the nobility of its ultimate aim, is yet a matter of scientific technique, and that a great part of it has to do with just the specialization and distribution of forces, we shall see that it thereby falls automatically outside the province of Art and Poetry. And the same remark holds good of those branches of applied occult science, which have to do with the generation and distribution of spiritual currents, by means of the disciplined and quasi-mechanical co-ordination of large groups of people—as, for example, in collective rituals. These things have their appointed place in the polity of the life spiritual, and they need their experts and technicians. But they belong specifically to the science, and so to the prose—not to the art and poetry—of that life. Consequently, we must be prepared to find them possessing little natural appeal for the Poet and the Artist of the higher life. It is not in these things that such natures will find their inspiration or their themes. Nor is it to be claimed of them that they should do so.

And if, perchance, it should here be objected that, for a spiritual teacher of authentic magnitude, there should be an appeal in everything which makes for the uplifting of humanity, the reply would be that this is true—but that, even so, he, like any other, has his special task to perform, and brings to the doing of it the machinery best adapted to that task. No teacher, however great, comes to give the whole of Truth, but only that part of it, or that aspect of it, which is demanded by the deepest need of the world. And though all good work may claim his sympathy this alone will claim his practical interest. For his time is short, and there is much to be done. Moreover, it is for the many that he comes, and not for the few. And there is one further thought—and that is, that he comes

THE NEW KRISHNAJI

primarily to give life; and that if, in so doing, he seems to neglect the forms of to-day, those forms, if they are destined to survive, will feel his life to-morrow. It is enough that the channels should be ready; the life-stream will find them of itself, when the appointed time shall come.

And so, in considering the question which we are now discussing let us think primarily of the need of the world. The science of the spiritual life may be for the comparatively few only—for those who either are, or are training to be, the technical experts of that life, corresponding to the surgeons and physicians, the electricians and the engineers of our lower world. And these already have their teachings, and are doing their own special work. But, for the world at large, there may be another need. It may be that what it craves is just that restoration and rejuvenation of the beauty and the magic and the sweet healing of the Life of the Spirit, that only the Poet-Teacher can give it; that the message it is waiting for is a Song, and not a Treatise; and that the home, to which it would be led, is not the lecture-room or the laboratory, but among the green pastures and under the open sky. And so the Helper, for whom it is calling, will not be the botanist—to show it how plants are made—but the Poet and the Nature-lover, to take it by the hand and show it the violet hiding under cool leaves, and the dells where the cowslips grow; not the irrigation expert, but the Artist—to lead it along the banks of ‘sedgy brooks’ and by the side of

*Shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.*

* * * *

Some such reflections, I feel, will be helpful to all who would understand the new Krishnaji and come to terms with

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his special temperament and outlook on life. For if the need of the world be what has been suggested, and if it be the task of the new Krishnaji to help to supply that need, then it is not difficult to see why such a nature as his should have been selected for the purpose, or why through every fibre of his being, to-day, thrills the lyric note. Let us, then, as I have said before, look for the Singer in him, and not for the Scientist or Philosopher. And finding it, let us be content. Nay, let us rather be thankful. For if the true Poet be a rarity in our mundane life, the Poet of the life spiritual is rarer still. We have read much in the Philosophy of the Spirit; we have learnt something of Spiritual Science. Let us now, in the few years that are before us, learn of the Poetry and the Beauty, and open our inner ears to its Song.

E. A. Wodehouse

INTELLIGENT REVOLT

J. KRISHNAMURTI

[Month by month we shall publish in *THE STAR* the talks given by Krishnaji to the group of students assembled at Castle Eerde last summer. They have not been revised by Krishnaji himself, as to enable him to do this would have meant a delay of many months in their publication. They have been carefully read, however, by several of those who were present at the delivery of the talks and who believe them to be a correct and verbatim report of what Krishnaji said. The rather personal note—inevitable when speaking to a group of friends—represents accurately the form in which the talks were delivered.]

I HAVE been saying how liberation and the opening of the gate into the Kingdom of Happiness is for all, and not for the select and the chosen few, and the attainment and fulfilment of liberation only comes when there is absolute cessation of all creation of karma. For karma forces everyone to inhabit the house of flesh life after life, and karma is the wheel upon which a human being is bound life after life, the wheel which is kept spinning with the energy of his own volition and of his own desire. So he who desires to attain liberation must first consider his position with regard to that invisible turning of that eternal wheel which we call life and death. In order that we may not embrace that wheel, not kiss those spokes which are agony and anxiety and sorrow, we must learn that the creation of karma lies within our own power, our own hands, as also the stopping of that wheel. While that invisible wheel turns there is no peace, there is no pause, there is no stopping place; it is one continual rush and anxiety, it is one continual creation of

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karma and a struggle life after life. In one life a man may be a beggar, but by his good actions, by his noble life, by his fervent devotion to his great ideals, he may be reborn in the palace of kings, abiding in comfort, robed in perfection and surrounded by affection. For he who climbs may fall—the wheel of life and death has no favourites—and he who falls may climb. Unceasing is this wheel of life and death. It only stops for those who have realised what is liberation and who have opened the gates that lead into that Kingdom of Happiness.

As long as a human being does not kill out, does not annihilate, the self, there is karma—for the self is the cause of karma—but if you destroy that self, the self that says to you: I am, I was, or I shall be, then the wheel of life and death, whose spokes are anxiety, sorrow and pain and passing joys, stops, and you become the Master, the one who has attained liberation, who has attained the Kingdom of Happiness. Until you have attained that liberation, until you have destroyed the self, you are like the man that sows his grain, whether it be sesame, wheat, or any other grain; he sows it and reaps it the following season. What he sows he reaps and that which he has not sown he shall not reap. So is the person who creates karma; for what he sows he reaps—his ignorant thoughts, his foolish feelings and his foolish actions create the weeds amidst the grain. Whatever his thoughts, whatever his feelings, whatever his actions, the results will correspond. And so he that would attain liberation must not only destroy that self but must labour rightly; for right action, right feeling and right thought produce the tree that shall protect, that shall give shelter to many others on the road, on the path that leads to peace.

When that self is destroyed, then there is liberation and the gates of that Kingdom of Happiness are open. For that

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kingdom is Kailas, is Nirvana and is Happiness, and he who says there is life in that kingdom doth err, and he who says there is no life also errs; for it is as a flame out of which spring up sparks, and each one of you is a spark, and the moment you destroy that self you enter into that kingdom and you lose your separate being in the flame. That is the highest goal of attainment, that is Liberation, that is the Kingdom of Happiness. If you realise that, then you will see that this power to attain, to conquer, to fling open those gates, lies in your own hands. For I cannot stop, I cannot for a moment hold that wheel that spins round and round, inevitable and uncontrollable. But the moment you recognise that there is this immense flame that is beyond this world, beyond every world of being, sentient and moving, then that wheel of karma begins to slow down and its power begins to decrease, and as the flame grows immense with the adding of more wood, so the more sparks that enter into that flame the greater the glory and the warmth of that flame. And those who, like myself, have attained liberation, are part of that flame; they have destroyed the self, they have entered the flame—where there is no life and yet there is life, where there is no cessation and yet there is cessation—and seen the Truth. This is the goal of all evolution, of all thought and feeling, of all humanity.

So, friends, you must realise this truth which is eternal, which is everlasting: that the killing of the self is the destruction of the wall which keeps you outside that garden, it is the destruction of the barrier which keeps you outside that Kingdom of Happiness—this is the realisation of liberation.

But in order to behold the Truth, or to see the Beloved, or to attain liberation and to open the portals of happiness, it is necessary for those who seek to become like the crystal, pure,

even and serene. They must be free from the entanglements of the wheel of birth and death, and above all they must be pure as the mountain stream that is the outcome of the whole winter's snow, clear as the summer skies without a cloud, without a smirch, pure and serene.

In order to help you to attain this state of well-being, mentally, emotionally and physically, from to-day, I am going to try to explain the way and the means of approaching that gate that leads to peace and liberation. For me there is no goal other than that of liberation, and I have attained liberation; for me there is no truth other than that truth which is the destruction of self, which eventually leads to peace, and I hold that truth; because my Beloved dwells in me, and I have become the Beloved, I would like to make you as myself. In order to make you into His image; into the image of the Beloved and into the image of the Truth, I would multiply your strength, the strength that you have accumulated, nourished and cherished through lives, the strength that you have gathered through experience. And I would strengthen your purpose which has grown, not only in a few moments in the perception of that liberation, but during the course of many aeons of lives, during the structure of that edifice which we call experience and life; and I would guide your determination so as to fortify you with your own desires, so as to strengthen you against your own weaknesses and increase your love, which must be the one outstanding feature, the one clear pool which shall reflect the skies. I would also ennoble your desires so that your building shall be complete, strong and well fortified. I would like to purify your minds and your hearts, for without crystal-like purity and great clearness you cannot perceive that goal of liberation, that truth in all its pure nakedness and in all its greatness. Above all, I

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would make you simple, simple as the leaf that has many winters, many springs, and many seasons behind it, for simplicity is the product of great experience, of great knowledge, of great purpose and noble desires. And that is the purpose for which I am here, that is the purpose for which you are gathered here.

Look at the secluded pond of a peaceful wood. You will find that there is a green scum on its surface, so that no animal lives inside the waters, because to live in it means death, and no animal approaches to drink of it, because its waters are poisonous and do not quench its thirst. Nor does that pool, though it be secluded in magnificent forests, reflect the trees, the skies above, nor does it reflect the light through the leaves, nor the stars of night. That pool is still and hence it stagnates, hence putrefaction sets in, hence there is no motion, no life; there is stagnation, and the breath of life does not stir it, and the pond awaits the following season for the rains, for the winds and storms that shall tear away its green scum, that shall destroy its stagnant tranquillity, its peaceful putrefaction. When there are rains and storms and breezes from the skies, then the waters dance anew with life and joy. Such is the evolution of man. From stagnation to life and from life to stagnation, till he has learned that in himself dwells the power to create the storm that shall cleanse the scum off the face of the pond that defaces its beauty, till he learns that in him alone lies the power to feed the animals that come to its borders to quench their thirst, that in him alone lies the capacity to reflect the trees and the stars and everything that passes by. And as the pond that is stirred to life through storms, through breezes, so is the evolution of man. For evolution is a process of continual change from one state to another, from one opinion to another, from one point of view to another, from one satisfaction to another, from one desire to another.

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Evolution is a state of constant revolt. Though we may be satisfied, like the pond, for one season, or it may be for many seasons, and as the winds and the storms come and sweep the scum off its face, so by constant revolt, constant change, constant turmoil, do we cleanse ourselves of all diseases, desires, accumulations, loves, and affections, undergoing constant change and alteration. Evolution is intelligent revolt. The wrong kind of revolt leads to unintelligent chaos which would kill evolution.

Revolt is unintelligent when there is no thought, no purpose behind it nor the goal established; and unintelligent revolt, though it dwells in each one, though it is part of everyone, is against the law of Nature. For it does not create, it does not destroy that barrier which separates you from the truth, but on the contrary, unintelligent revolt creates more barriers, greater fortresses, greater divisions between you and your truth. Unintelligent revolt is like the child which is cruel, thoughtless and purposeless; and unintelligent revolt is intolerant because it has no purpose, because it is not directed with a tranquil mind, it is not inspired by a pure heart.

On the other hand, there is the right kind of revolt—the intelligent revolt—which is the true meaning of evolution, and that intelligent revolt is divine discontent out of which each one shall give birth to the dancing star; so that out of that revolt, out of that thoughtful. intelligent revolution, we shall build a new edifice, we shall build a new structure which will free us, which will carry us nearer to our goal. The right kind of intelligent revolt is against satisfaction and hence stagnation, for until you have reached the absolute truth, until the Beloved dwells in you, until you have reached that stage of liberation which is the outcome of the renunciation of all things, there

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must be no satisfaction; for, the moment there is satisfaction there is stagnation, and hence you will not be able to reflect the pure heavens, you will not be like the mirror which reflects the truth, which shows you your errors, your mistakes, your wrongs. Intelligent revolt must be against that narrowness of spirit which is the spirit of the bourgeois. Narrowness breeds the spirit of intolerance, the spirit which desires to convert others, the spirit of interference, the spirit which destroys beauty, friendliness and affection. True revolt of the intelligent kind must be against prejudice, for that binds, limits and stifles. When you look at the face of the mountain and there is no cloud in the sky, how beautiful it is, how calm, how serene, and the moment a cloud appears between the sun and the mountain, the face of the mountain is altered, it becomes dark, loses its beauty, its dancing ecstasy, its strength. Prejudice is as that cloud. And intelligent revolt must be against oppression that makes crooked, that warps the mind, the soul and the heart, and it must be against domination, whether it be of the wise or of the foolish, for domination breeds intolerance, the desire to convert and alter the souls of other people. Again, that spirit of intelligent revolt must be directed against dislike, hate and self-satisfaction, for all these barriers bring about the sorrow and the suffering which are the outcome of clinging to the wheel of birth and death. Above all, if you have that intelligent revolt within you, it gives you creative energy, it gives you purpose, it gives you determination to carry out your own desires, your own ecstasies, till you have attained liberation. So evolution is intelligent revolt, and intelligent revolt, if wisely employed and used, will set you free from that wheel of life and death.

The other day I went out for a walk in the fields, and the skies were clear and there was a smile on the face of the land. It was a cloudless day and suddenly across the skies there came

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a big cloud chased by a strong wind, and a pigeon flew out from the trees, fighting the winds, crying, shouting for joy, flying away from the clouds. So is the liberated man ; like the pigeon he is free, uncontrolled by life and death ; and he is beyond the dreams of the gods themselves, because even the gods are in the clutches of life and death. And the cloud is like the unliberated man who is pushed, chased and harassed by the wheel of life and death, by that invisible wheel which goes round and round, creating sorrow and pain. Like the cloud is the unliberated—the thoughtless, the inexperienced, the ignorant and the weak—because he has not established his goal, he is uncertain of his desire, he is unsettled in his longings, and doubting the very end. As I sat down under the tree I felt like the pigeon, liberated, free and out of the clutches of the wind ; and of that freedom I am certain, because, when once you have entered into that kingdom, opened those gates which lead to that peace which is liberation, there is no longer any doubt of the goal, no longer any doubt of your own strength, of your own creative energies, of your own fulfilment.

Since I have attained—I say this not to convince you, not to bias you, not to make you change your opinions or to alter your attitude—since I have entered this liberation, since I have drunk of that fountain of delight, I would naturally make you enjoy the freshness, the clearness and the beauty of this vision, as the bird freed from the cage enjoys the open sky. I would destroy, if I could, your karma, for you are bound by karma as a bird caught in a net and transported and held in a cage. My desire is not to force you in any one particular direction, for liberation is the end for all, whether he be of one type or temperament or another, of one sect or another, of one class or another, superior or inferior, whether he be born white or of any other colour. Liberation from all things—from all

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passing joys, from all fleeting pleasures, from all small feeling—liberation which is certain, which is eternal. I would desire to give you that happiness and to help you in stopping that wheel for yourselves; but as I have said before, I cannot stop your wheel of life and death, but only in yourselves must be born the determination to stop those spokes which are like fierce arrows creating pain and pleasure. Because the little 'I' that existed in me for so many lives, for so many generations, because that little self has been consumed by the fire and the love of my Beloved, I would share with you, I would give you that love so that it shall be established in each one of you, so that no passing winds shall chase you in a direction you do not desire to go. The world with its unhappiness, its fierce anxieties, great agonies, its love and hate, is bound to the wheel, like every one of you. Unless you have attained that liberation, you are not different from others, though you may have a bigger vision. You, like the rest of the world, are caught in a net, and I would destroy that net. It is my purpose, not to make you drink at the fountain of another, not to make you delight in the particular garden of my creation, but to make you certain of your own end, the end which is mine and which also belongs to everyone else. As my Beloved holds me—of that I am certain—so, if you would attain that liberation, you must hold me in your heart, you must keep that liberation ever bright, ever enticing, ever strong in your heart, for there is no other Teacher, no other goal, no other end. He who has attained that end becomes the Teacher, like myself. And because of that certainty which I feel, because of that delight which I feel, because of that love which I bear, I would give to you who are still hesitating, who are still uncertain, still groping in the dark, that certainty, that light which shall free you. That is the purpose of any Teacher, that is the purpose of the Greatest of Teachers.

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My purpose then is to destroy the barrier which separates, which divides all people from their goal, from their desire, from their uncertainty, that barrier which is the result of ignorance, of narrowness and prejudice. To understand this and to destroy this barrier which exists between you and your goal, between you and your happiness, you need no mediators, no interpreters between you and myself, you need no gods, you need no temples. All those are external things, and when once you have the real desire born within you, as the scent is born in the flower, there is no doubt, no question, no shadow to darken your vision. And in order to awaken that beauty in you, to enkindle that fire which shall never be quenched by a passing interpreter, by a passing mediator, by passing clouds across the face of the sky, I would establish, I would awaken that desire, that truth in each one of you, so that you in your turn may become the liberator, become the Teacher, so that the world shall be made happy. That is the purpose of being liberated, that is the purpose of attainment.

I am here to build the bridge which shall bring you to the goal, so that with your own strength, with your own determination, with your own longing, with your own experience, and with your own anxiety to attain liberation, you, in your turn, shall work to build. You must have this desire to attain liberation and perfection, to escape from the wheel of life and death ; but it must be your own desire, your own longing and not that of another ; for if it is of another you will be like the thoughtless, the inexperienced, the unintelligent, you will be swayed by the pangs and joys of another. So, to annihilate the narrowness and limitations and the barriers that exist between you and the truth of liberation, you must look to the causes, you must find out not the mere surface reasons, not the mere superficial doubts and questions, but you must go to the very source, to the very

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root of sorrow, which is the self. It is the self which keeps every one from liberation, it is the self which acts as a barrier, which binds and limits him and hides the glory of liberation. Unless this self is destroyed, unless it is annihilated utterly, it remains as the cause of karma. The destruction of karma and the destruction of the self free you from the wheel of birth and death, from sorrow and pain, from passing joys and pleasures, from continual change, from eternal restlessness. It is the self which keeps you wandering on the face of the earth life after life, like the beggar from house to house, crying, longing for that liberation which shall set you free.

As I explained before, revolt when properly used, when intelligently carried out, helps to destroy narrowness, limitation, restrictions, and one-sided development. Intelligent revolt is necessary in order to destroy karma. In every human being there is revolt against something, but in the majority of cases it is misguided, it is uncontrolled, and then it becomes stereotyped. If you go to any school where there are young people gathered together, there is always revolt against the existing order of things, but their revolt is blind and without purpose. A river that comes from the mountains, bounding over every rock, unless it is controlled, unless it is guided, will not help to make man happy ; but the moment it is controlled, the moment it is guided, and the moment dams are built for the welfare of man, then that river becomes useful. Likewise with revolt, intelligent and unintelligent. Intelligence is the outcome of the experience you have gathered life after life, it is the outcome of your past sorrows, pains, struggles and joys, and the residue of all experience. So when you combine intelligence with revolt, you begin to stir up and destroy all those little places where the self is hidden, as when the pond is stirred constantly it throws up its impurities to the surface and they

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are burned away by the sun, by the passing wind. By revolt you stir up your self and expose it to your intelligence and thus begin to destroy it. Some must go on acquiring experience life after life, others perceive the end and are consumed by the goal ; but wherever you are, you cannot attain liberation without going through experience. You cannot enter the flame and be consumed by that flame, which is the essence of intelligence, which is the essence of liberation, until you are rich in experience. As I have entered into that flame, as I have become part of it by the destruction of the self, so everyone who desires to attain liberation must have that immense longing to destroy the self, and this can only be done by constant examination, constant exposure to the sun and the wind. It is in perceiving the end that your desire grows so strong that you become the very end itself, you become part of the flame, and hence can kindle in everyone the light and so destroy their little selves.

J. Krishnamurti

CHRIST INCARNATE IN THE OUTER WORLD

DUNCAN GREENLEES, M.A. (OXON.)

Behold, I make all things new, saith the Lord, for the former things are passed away.

THE Lord comes not only to a few but to all the world, human and non-human. The Lord comes not only in one human body but in all human bodies, yea, in all the flowers and birds and sunsets as well. His Coming is in the Universal Body of Mankind whereof each individual man is but a tiny cell yet shares the life of all. And that Coming has been heralded by the aspiring consciousness of Mankind itself as in the mind and heart of every individual man.

Not alone the Order of the Star has proclaimed His Teaching to the expectant world, not alone the Order of the Star has heralded the happy Gospel of His Advent, but all the movements of Man's thought to-day have prepared His Coming. As a maiden eagerly awaiting the vision of her perfect Friend and Lover, as a flower conscious of the hovering bee, so has the world dreamed and known of its brooding Teacher. As a mother cradles in her soul sweet dreams and ambitions for her unborn child, so has the world longed for and visioned its Coming Lord of Love, the Fulfilment of all its dreams.

The very spirit of the age is permeated with this hope, the efforts to world-peace and understanding have sounded it,

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the sciences of Health and Eugenics have proclaimed it, the feelings after new forms and inspirations in all the arts have declared Man's faith in it, his aspirations towards world-culture and world-religion have foreshadowed it, and his longing to purify the world from social wrongs and jealousies and many sufferings has prepared the way for it.

The great war we have lately seen has been the storm to dissolve black clouds that hid the blue of heaven, and now the unveiled Sun smiles brightly on us. The fierce breath of Man's revolt against oppression has swept on like the flames of Shiva's dancing-ground and burned away the chains of centuries, so that Man may once again be free to hear the music of His Voice as He speaks in the heart of Man Universal. The whirlwind of the newer arts has blown away the cobwebs of tradition and scattered the dead leaves of old convention, leaving Man free to be happy through the creation of new beauties in life and form. The daring plunge of Science into the void beyond the Atom, where there is Life but Form is not and where all elements resolve in perfect unity, has liberated Man from the bondage of his body and of Matter and opened his wondering eyes to unending vistas of new worlds to conquer. The widening arena of History has freed him from the narrowness of six thousand years and outlined before him God's mighty Plan of Evolution through myriads of ages in many worlds. Through Astronomy he has dreamed of companions on other stars and of a mighty brotherhood of all Creation that embraces the infinite Universe in its arms. In the poets and seers he has beheld the unity of Man and all things and has glimpsed the coming 'Federation of the World,' the 'Crowning Race of Humankind'. The doors of Death have opened somewhat and he has seen and known the dead are truly living and happy in their world, and Love survives the grave that seemed to smother it.

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Everywhere in this mighty earthquake that has shaken the world of Man old prison walls have fallen, shattered into dust. And though his eyes are dim awhile with the wrecking of his limitations, suddenly he knows that he is free from the bondage of many centuries. Gladly he stretches his limbs, raising arms in worship to the conquering Sun, rejoicing in his strength and freedom in the new day that is his.

What matter if in the bursting joy of liberation and new birth he play as a child with toys and break some of them? What matter if at first his art be crude and ugly, if his social and political forms be rough, experimental, if his science revel in its newfound freedom from materialism and credal theology, if cherished religious forms be flung to the winds by the overflowing life of true and universal Religion? He is free and in his happiness can now create new forms of greater beauty than the old.

For before Man can create he must be free—free from the bondage of his earlier creations, free from the grooves of his earlier thoughts, free from the conventions and moralities of his childhood years. When all these chains are burst asunder, when his eyes are lifted to the Sunrise of his hopes and the slavery of his infancy is ended, when his heart soars in joy as a bird on the wing in the sunny dawn towards new dreams of even greater freedom—then in that happiness born of his liberation he can create indeed.

That is the Message of the mighty Teacher of the World, proclaimed alike in His lesser Vehicle the body of Krishnaji and in His greater Vehicle the body of Mankind. First *Happiness* as the Ideal inspiring to effort and to constant struggle and revolt, then *Liberation* as the Road to Happiness

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—for to be happy Man must be truly free as are the Gods his Kin—and lastly *Creation* as the destiny of Gods and Men—creation of all that is beauty and rhythmic power, creation that is the very life of Him the Spirit of us all, creation the way for which may be prepared by destruction alone. For Shiva is the Brother of the Creating Lord, and the dead forms of Life must be destroyed that new and fairer forms may come to birth.

Duncan Greenlees

THE OUTLOOK OF AN ARTIST

M. S. SUNDARA SARMA

THE evolution of Humanity is a huge clock-work wherein each race and each nation is but a wheel transmitting successively the energy of the main wheel. Humanity needs periodic windings as much as a clock. Such windings in the past took place when the World Teacher, who is a fount of perennial power, manifested himself in the physical world for the benefit of all. Each time He came, tremendous forces were set free which in the process of time were felt by the whole world. We are fortunate at present to have His presence in the world.

On every such occasion it is to be noted that what we call art had a fresh impulse given to it. That is so because all intelligent work lovingly done is really art and the presence of the Teacher always makes people intelligent and loving, giving them a fresh impetus to work. Since the beginnings of all art can be clearly traced to such manifestations, a fresh impulse may be expected this time also.

Hitherto such manifestations were in a way limited because of the world conditions then existing. The world to-day is very different. One may see and hear the whole world from where one is. The World Teacher cannot now be confined to a corner of the Earth as on the previous occasions we are acquainted with. Go where He will, the attention of the whole world is directed towards Him; so that this time He is really a *World Teacher*. Whatever fresh impetus is given, will be felt by the whole world immediately.

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Here, in India, we have a very great responsibility for He has chosen as his vehicle this time one from among us. He is already urging us in forceful but loving accents how and why we must simplify and purify our surroundings. False notions of other worldliness have led us astray, led us to the neglect of material conditions. We have forgotten that matter is really materialised spirit and that the lowest is truly but a reflection of the highest. God made the world simple and beautiful but we have made it complicated and ugly. Most of us have turned barbers and washermen because we think that without a smooth cheek and starched costume we are not cultured enough! Yet others of us allow 'moth and rust' of years to accumulate hoping thereby to be nearer divinity!

In short, the wheels of the Human clock-work have become clogged and in some cases have broken down. They have no power to transmit because the main wheel has no power to give. But now, when the main wheel is given a fresh winding by the presence of our Teacher, we, as every other nation that has not broken down, ought to feel the force and do our best to radiate the same to our neighbours.

Let us then by simple well-ordered life purify physical conditions, let us have tremendous but controlled feelings, loving our neighbours as ourselves and, more than all, let us think, think for ourselves. In the immediate past the world was living upon the thoughts and food of others causing thereby all the havoc in the physical world which culminated in the wholesale slaughter of our fellow beings on the battle-fields of central Europe. The world needed a re-orientation and the Star in the East has come. And it remains with us. How far are we going to take advantage of this?

The religion of a country is the sum total of its knowledge. Knowledge has ever found expression either in art or literature. In India, especially, art had ever a pre-eminent place, having

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run a parallel course, dramatising outwardly the inward feelings and emotions that surged through the minds of her great men and women of the past. Indian art is unique because it has ever been a direct expression of the creative faculties of the people instead of being, as sometimes in other lands, mere illustration of the ideas of other people. Further, in this land, a vast literature has grown out of its art wherein authors have vied with each other in their interpretation of works of art. If it be true that there can really be no great future for a country unless that future is well and truly founded upon its past, it is essential that we should discard blind tradition and reject the mere shells of reality. The periodical rising of the sap renews the life of the tree and makes for new and healthy growth and the putting forth of bud and blossom for the delight of the world. So must it be with our national life.

The first important step, the step that really counts, has been made for us by our Teacher. We have now simply to make up our minds to follow in his steps. The Kingdom of Happiness wherein he lives is as much for us as for Him. Shall we be benefited by His example or shall we still continue in the old ruts? Whether we ourselves or some future generation will gain by His wonderful presence in our midst depends on the answer each one of us gives by example and by life to that question.

In this world we are bound by time and each moment brings nearer the end of our present incarnation; so we must "make hay while the sun shines". Let us remove the cobwebs that enmesh us; let us throw off the dead weight of the outgrown traditions of the past, that we may soar into those higher planes where our Teacher would lead us.

M. S. Sundara Sarma

PEACE AND RELIGION

M. V. VARADA RAJAM

IN all quarters of the globe world-peace is sought. India is the country above all others where people of every nationality and religion can live in peace and brotherhood. People of all religions born in India, living side by side, being true sons of India are verily brothers. All worship the same Almighty God. It matters little by what name He is called. Then why fight in His Worship?

Mother India, though not yet free within her own shores, has a great message to give to the world. All religionists—Hindu, Muhammadan, Christian, Parsi or Buddhist—must show respect at all shrines where, truly, all devotees worship the same God, the One without a second (*Ekameva Advitiam*). It is profane to disturb the peace that should prevail in every place where worship of God takes place. Let us respect each other.

However old a custom may be, if it is on a wrong basis and if it stands in the way of what other good people do, it becomes a superstition. The Law of God cannot be superceded. Do not stand on custom. Much harm results necessarily from it. We all pray for the love of God as he is an embodiment of Love. Better results are obtained if we show love in all our deeds. Love your neighbour as you love yourself is an immutable Law and should not be transgressed. Without love nothing can stand before God. Hatred is evil in its origin. War is profane whether it is for earthly power or religious superiority. We

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know and believe that there is one God and all our prayers and meditations are directed towards that one God. Therein lies the unity of the world, and the secret of peace. If you love your neighbour as a brother, differences cease and there will be no war. The love of power ceases to exist and war becomes an impossibility. Living in God, you live in peace.

To make perfect the hours of meditation and prayer in your homes, you try to avoid all disturbance and to have complete calm, as far as possible. The same should hold good in the case of congregational Worship. The purpose of the latter is to bring about the world's peace and happiness, and it brings about results whether we are conscious of it or not. Peace and evolution are the inevitable results.

A bad thought, word or deed causes much harm to ourselves as well as to our surroundings and is especially hurtful to the little ones, their bodies being very sensitive. A child is painfully distressed when you fight with any person near and dear to it. Thoughts are very powerful in the Cosmos. Worry, from whatever cause, is the worst sin. It drives us several steps downward in evolution and our march Godward is much impeded. We know that this is quite true though we cannot see it, but have not really strong faith in it. That speaks much of our cowardice. Let us be brave and valiant in bringing peace to ourselves, to our families, to our neighbours, to our village communities, to the country, nay, to the whole world and to the Cosmos.

Do not think for a moment of the hurt to the personality. We do all pray to one God and where is the personality unless we are selfish and superstitious about it. All superstition should be completely avoided. Therein lies the great work before us. We must differentiate between the essential and the non-essential and carefully avoid the non-essential without causing the least uneasiness to the ignorant. The ignorant try to bring in some agitation for one thing or

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another. Sometimes personal, sentimental aberrations take a strong hold on ignorant people and others follow. There is much rioting and bloodshed in consequence. The wise should guide the ignorant. Mutual love should prevail. Toleration is the best remedy. It is the attribute of God and you live in God in practising toleration. The sacred truth of the Unity of all religions should be the guiding angel. It does not cost us anything to respect each other; on the other hand, if we do, complete harmony and peace will prevail.

We want freedom in all things concerning ourselves at home, in religion and in politics. Then let us not refuse to others what we prize most ourselves. All desire the same freedom for themselves. Let all religions have the same freedom. Do not under any circumstances disturb the tranquillity that should exist round all shrines, of whatever religion. All barbarous noises near places of worship should be scrupulously avoided. Calm and quiet music at intervals will bring in a very fine spiritual atmosphere, but let it be under the management of each individual temple. These shrines of God are like beacon-lights calling people to devotion. That is why they generally have tall spires, and tower far above the tops of the houses and the tree tops.

Congregational prayer, meditation and worship are the most powerful agencies bestowed upon man for the evolution of the world. Devotion to God costs nothing and the poorest man has equal rights and opportunities with the richest. The wealthy can undertake and accomplish great works of charity. The wise can achieve better results by their devotion. The Good thoughts, words and deeds of the humblest may be very powerful factors in bringing about the peace of the world. To realise the good in every thing is the wise man's business. Let there be peace for all. The most important thing in life is to spread peace and love which are Divine attributes. Our own position in life

PEACE AND RELIGION

matters very little. Each has to formulate the best path for himself in whatever situation he may have been placed. No one else can do it for him.

If he wants to grow strong he must eat good and harmless food and assimilate it. Scientists will tell you what foodstuffs are harmful after they have examined them. The naked eye cannot discern the minute dangerous germs the microscope reveals. It is superstitious to think that you can grow strong by eating homicidal foods. Long established custom, unless set aside, cuts the thread of life mercilessly. It is said in Holy Bible "Thou shalt not kill—herbs are made for man and beast." The Holy Lord Muhammad did not want even to disturb the cat lying on his long sherwani when he was sleeping at a wayside inn. The Egyptians worshipped the cat. The Hindus worship the cow. My Moslem brothers will quote passages from the Holy Koran parallel to *Ahimsa Paramo Dharmah*. "O God, when will the whole world live on herbs alone according to Thy great Commandment!"

There is a heavy burden on the wise men. Let them work with the laws of God and then all people will follow their lead. Let us learn from the tree how serviceable and useful we should be to others. The wise should guide the ignorant and the poor fanatic. Those who understand the unity of all religions are wise men. They must reform all congregational worship. The world is undergoing change every second and unless we keep pace with it, our evolution is retarded and grave results follow. It is of no use making rules regarding the conduct of processions in public before Holy shrines of worship. The one golden rule is that there should be no disturbance before any place of Worship, and that deep and profound respect should be shown by all religionists to one another.

The country is in a state of utter confusion created by us. The suffering is very great. Floods, strikes, discontentment of

THE STAR

the unemployed, the Royal Commission—these are the causes of suffering and unrest. Most beneficial and peaceful fruits must always result from suffering. It cannot be otherwise now. That is the Divine Law. But unless a united effort is made no progress is possible. We are wantonly causing much disruption in India. “United we stand and divided we fall,” is a truth that we should all be conscious of. We must remove these unwholesome causes of trouble, unite in the service of our motherland, forgetting all differences, nay discarding them, and live a united and spiritual life. Let us trust in God and work for India’s freedom, Universal Brotherhood and World-peace.

M. V. Varada Rajam

URDU PUBLICATIONS BOARD

H. C. KUMAR

DURING the Star Camp Week in Benares, it was resolved to form an Urdu Publication Board for translating and publishing Krishnaji's writings and speeches in Urdu. The Board is as follows :

President : Pandit Iqbal Narain Gurtu, M.A., LL.B., Benares.

Secretary : Prof. H. C. Kumar, B.A., Bandhu Ashrama,
Hyderabad, S.

Members with power to co-opt :

Prof. M. H. Syed, Allahabad.

„ G. R. Saxena, B.A., Cawnpur.

L. Krishnajas Rai, B.A., Alwar.

L. Kanti Prasad Varma, Meerut.

2. The following items were brought to the notice of the meeting :

(a) *The Path* had been translated in Urdu and the first instalment had appeared in *The Zamana* of Cawnpore. Pandit Iqbal Narain undertook to see it published in a book form at early date.

(b) *At the Feet of the Master* had been translated in Punjabi and was about to come out of the Press.

(c) The Urdu version of *Who Brings the Truth* had just been published and was being offered for sale at 20 copies for a rupee.

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Prof. Saxena was entrusted with the translation of *Temple Talks* and M. H. Syed with that of *The Pool of Wisdom*.

The following donations were promised on the spot, and it was resolved that an appeal be made so as to afford all brothers an opportunity of helping in this laudable work.

		Rs.
Pandit Iqbal Narain Gurtu	...	100
K. D. Shahani, Hyderabad, S.	...	100
Natha Singh, Khairpur, S.	...	50
G. R. Saxena, Cawnpur	...	50
M. H. Syed, Allahabad	..	25
Nanwa Mal, Lahore	25
Pt. Suraj Narain Sharma, Ajmer	...	20
P. Ajodhia Prasad, Gorakpur	...	50

3. Further donations are hereby invited, and will be thankfully received by Prof. G. R. Saxena, B.A., Nawabganj, Cawnpur.

4. Any brother wishing to translate any of Krishnaji's writings into Urdu, will kindly inform, Prof. H. C. Kumar. Pandit Nirmal Chandra, Editor of *The Vigyan*, has kindly offered to submit a translation of *By What Authority*.

H. C. Kumar

OMMEN STAR CAMP, 1928

*Seventh International Congress of the Order of the Star,
Ommen (O.), Holland, August 2 to 10, 1928*

- NOTE 1. *All correspondence must be sent to National Organizers only.* (Letters addressed direct to the Camp Management will not be acknowledged.)
- NOTE 2. No applications for registration should be sent before March 1.
- NOTE 3. Except for children under 14 years, only members of the Order of the Star can be registered for Camp (See clauses 7 and 14).

PRELIMINARY PROGRAMME:

The Ommen Star Camp Congress will be held on the Estate of Eerde from Thursday, August 2 to Friday, August 10, 1928.

Thursday, August 2: Arrivals. (No arrivals will be admitted to Camp after 20 o'clock.) Dinner 18 o'clock.

Other Days: Mornings, lectures.	} (Final Camp Programme to be had on arrival at Camp.)
Afternoons, free.	
Evenings, Camp-Fire.	

Friday, August 10; Departures.

Official Opening of the Camp—Saturday, August 4.

There will be no Star meetings on Monday, August 6, except for the evening Camp-Fire.

I. REGISTRATION

1. All registrations should be made through the local National Organizer.

THE STAR

2. *Registration Fee*: Fl. 30. This includes the registration fee, board for eight days (with dinner on day of arrival and lunch on day of departure), lodging in tent, camp-bed and thin mattress. The National Organizer may also charge an extra fee not exceeding Fl. 1.50 (about 2s. 6d.) for local office expenses.

3. *Registration Date*: The date on which full payment for registration is received by the National Organizer is considered as the date of registration. No applications for registration will be accepted before March 1. Applications received by the National Organizer after July 1 cannot be accepted. No exceptions can be made.

4. *Extra Registration Fees*: For registration after June 1 until July 1, Fl. 5 extra will be charged.

5. *Cancellations*: Fl. 25 will be refunded to those cancelling their registrations before June 1.

Fl. 20 will be refunded to those cancelling after June 1, but before July 1. No refunds to those cancelling after July 1.

6. *Conditional Registrations*: No guarantee can be given regarding special location of tents, and such conditional applications cannot be accepted.

7. *Children*: (also see section III, Own Menage Camp). No babies and children below the age of 7 can be admitted to the Camp, except to the Own Menage Camp if parents register for Own Menage Camp. Children above the age of 7, but below 14, even though they be not members of the Order, may accompany their parents to the Camp.

If parents come with one child, full registration fee of Fl. 30 must be paid. If more than one child accompany the parents the charge for the second and further children is Fl. 20 each.

All extra charges have also to be paid.

II. SPECIAL ACCOMMODATION

8. *Hotels*: Rooms in hotels may be reserved *direct* through the American Express Company, Beursplein, Rotterdam, Holland,

OMMEN STAR CAMP, 1928

but *not* through the National Organizer. Such reservations, however, should be indicated in the application for Camp registration to be sent to the National Organizer. Each duly registered member living in hotels or outside the Camp grounds will, however, be entitled to a camp-bed in an ordinary tent in the Camp. The full registration fee of Fl. 30 must be sent to the National Organizer and receipt obtained before hotel reservations are made. This receipt number must be communicated to the American Express Company, when application is made for hotel accommodation. The registration fee entitles the applicant to a camp-bed in an ordinary tent in the Camp, but does not include the hotel expenses. The hotel charges should be sent to the American Express Company and *not* to National Organizers.

9. *Own Tents*: Members who intend to bring their own tents must inform the National Organizer when applying for Camp registration. If tents are sent in advance, they should reach Ommen not later than July 15.

As more than the ordinary space is required for pitching "own tents" there will be an extra charge of Fl. 6 payable by the owner. "Own tents" must be pitched by the owners themselves. Camp-bed and mattress will be provided by the Camp Management.

10. *Special Tents*: Special tents may be reserved on payment of the extra charges indicated below. Exact requirements should be stated in the application for registration.

LARGE TENTS

Single: Fl. 6 each person per day.

Double: „ 4 „ „ „ „

For 3 or 4: Fl. 3 each person per day.

SMALL TENTS

Fl. 3.—each person per day.

„ 2'50 „ „ „ „

11. *Payment of Extra Charges*: The money in payment of extra charges (for special tents, etc.), must be sent with the Camp registration fee to the National Organizer.

12. *Camp Huts*: No more than twelve huts will be built this year. The Camp Management announces that applications for huts must be sent in direct to Mr. A. Folkersma, Ommen (O.), Holland, before March 31.

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Prices : 1st Grade: Fl. 1,400. Complete with electric light, shower (hot and cold), modern sanitary arrangements and Camp furniture.

2nd „ „ 900.—Electric light and camp furniture.

For full particulars apply to Mr. A. Folkersma, Camp Management, Ommen.

Applications for Camp huts for 1928 will be registered in the order of their receipt.

III. OWN MENAGE CAMP

13. *Own Menage Camp*: This part of the Camp is only for those who bring their own tents and do their own cooking. The Camp registration fee in their case is Fl. 15.—. There will be an extra charge of Fl. 5 for registration after June 1, but before July 1.

No applications will be accepted after July 1.

14. *Children in Own Menage Camp*: Although children under 7 years are not permitted in the Camp proper, it is allowed to bring children under 7 to the Own Menage Camp *free of charge*, provided they are children of members in the Own Menage Camp. These children themselves need not be members of the Order, but their names and ages should be stated in the application for registration.

IV. CAMP NECESSITIES

15. *Camp Outfit*: Cup, plate, spoon, fork, knife, electric torch, sheets, blankets, pillowcase, soap, towels, etc. Any of these articles may be bought at the Camp Shop. Nights may be cold even in August.

16. *Blankets*: Blankets can be hired *only in exceptional cases* and will cost Fl. 1'50 for the eight days of the Camp.

V. ARRIVAL AT CAMP

17. *Train Arrivals*: To prevent congestion members arriving at Ommen station by special trains are requested kindly to remain

OMMEN STAR CAMP, 1928

in their seats with their luggage until they are asked to leave the carriage. Special coaches bringing travellers to the Camp remain at Ommen and will be emptied one by one in order to prevent congestion on the small platforms.

18. *Luggage*: All registered luggage should be marked "OMMEN (O.)" and labelled with name of owner and registration-receipt number.

Personal (hand) luggage should also be labelled.

Luggage sent in advance must arrive in Ommen before July 15 and should be marked "FRANCO BESTELGOED, STAR CAMP, OMMEN (O.), HOLLAND" with owner's name and registration-receipt number clearly marked.

19. *Hotel Registrations*: Those staying in hotels must register for Camp at a registration office near Ommen station (enquire on arrival). They should register immediately after arrival and before proceeding to their hotels or to Camp.

20. *Own Menage Registrations*: Registration for Own Menage Camp will be in the General Registration Tent this year, and luggage will be transported to the Own Menage Camp by motor lorries.

VI. FACILITIES IN CAMP

21. *Post and Telegraph*: There will be an official village Post Office at the Camp; but members are earnestly requested to have forwarded as few letters and papers as possible to them at Ommen during the Camp.

22. *Banking, Money-Exchange, Tourist Office*: The American Express Company will be the financial and travel agents for the Camp. No personal bank cheques will be accepted or cashed by the Camp Management, but we draw attention to the convenience of the American Express Travellers Cheques.

All complaints about rates of exchange and travel fares should be reported promptly during the Camp to the Camp Office *with full date and particulars*. No help can be guaranteed after the closing of the Camp.

THE STAR

At the Office of the American Express Company in the Camp, notice boards will be found containing rates of exchange and the 1st, 2nd and 3rd class fares to the principal cities in Europe.

VII. REQUESTS AND REGULATIONS

23. *No Animals*: No animals or pets may be brought to the Camp.

24. *Unregistered Campers*: Members found harbouring unregistered persons in their tents will be asked to leave the Camp with their guests.

25. *Illness*: Members who are seriously ill or suffering from serious diseases cannot be admitted to the Camp.

26. *Motor Cars*: Except on the day of arrival and of departure, no motor vehicles will be allowed in the Camp proper.

27. *Special Sections for Men and Women*: During Camp the Women's Section of the Camp is strictly reserved for women, and the Men's Section for men. Under no circumstances may visits from those in one section be made to those in another section. The Married Camp is provided for married couples.

VIII. FORE- AND AFTER-CAMP

28. *Fore- and After-Camp*: Only workers *invited* by the Camp-Management may attend the Fore-Camp and the After-Camp. No one without this special invitation will be admitted before August 2, or allowed to remain in Camp after August 10. This rule will be rigidly enforced.

IX. CAMP-SERVICE

29. *Camp-Service*: We feel sure that, if members realise the amount of work to be done behind the scenes in Camp, everyone will be eager to undertake some part of it. It is the faithful band of helpers who do their work thoroughly who make it possible to run the Camp.

To know in advance on whom we can rely, we ask those who really want to help kindly to select what they will do from the list of activities given below. The helpers are divided into two groups:

OMMEN STAR CAMP, 1928

A-1. Those willing to do any work at any time, as needed, and willing to miss a lecture or other Camp event. (The Camp Staff and their assistants, and many in the kitchen and technical departments, belong to this group.)

A-2. Those willing to do any work *except* at lecture times.

B. Those willing to undertake some definite task at specified hours as arranged in advance.

Perhaps not all registering for a certain task can be used, as this depends on the number who apply for it; but those who do undertake to do a specific work are kindly asked to appear promptly, at the exact time they are required. If, however, we do not get the required number of volunteers to help, in any particular department, the Camp Management may have to request members present to assist, but we feel certain that there will be no lack of volunteers.

Volunteers for Camp-Service should indicate in their application for Camp registration the work they are willing to do.

Specification of work and hours :

WORK		HOURS	REQUIRED
B. 1 :	Kitchen and dining tents .	7—10 a.m.	100
B. 2 :	" " " " .	12—3 p.m.	100
B. 3 :	" " " " .	5—8 p.m.	100
B. 4 :	Supervision during bath hours	6—8 a.m.	6
B. 5 :	" " " " " " .	8—9 a.m.	6
B. 6 :	Inspection of bathrooms and sanitary installations .	Frequent inspection during the day	3
B. 7 :	Ushers (stewards for lecture tent, etc.)	During lectures	20
B. 8 :	Transport of food	During meal hours	25
B. 9 :	Stenographers and typists in office	Morning.	2
B. 10 :	" " " " " " .	Afternoon	2
B. 11 :	Telephone " " " " .	8—10 a.m.	2
B. 12 :	" " " " " " .	10—12 a.m.	2
B. 13 :	" " " " " " .	12—2 p.m.	2
B. 14 :	" " " " " " .	2—4 p.m.	2
B. 15 :	" " " " " " .	4—6 p.m.	2
B. 16 :	" " " " " " .	6—8 p.m.	2
B. 17 :	Stenographers for lectures (only experts need apply) .	During lectures	10
B. 18 :	Nurses, Red-Cross tent . . .	Hours to be fixed by the Staff	12
B. 19 :	Office Messengers (young members)	8—11 a.m.	2
B. 20 :	" " " " " " .	11—2 p.m.	2
B. 21 :	" " " " " " .	2—5 p.m.	2
B. 22 :	" " " " " " .	5—8 p.m.	2
B. 23 :	Baggage tent (strong men) .	Every other day	10

THE STAR

WORK	HOURS	REQUIRED
B. 24: Canteen Management assistants . . .	All day except during lectures . . .	6
B. 25: Canteen Service (boys)	20
B. 26: " " (girls)	20
B. 26: Bus conductors . . .	Days of arrival and departure, all other days principally morning and evening . . .	12
B. 27: Guides . . .	Only day of arrival . . .	30
B. 28: Gate keepers . . .	Alternating, morning of one day 8 a.m.—1 p.m. and afternoon of next 1—6 p.m. . .	6
B. 29: " " . . .	Evening 6—10 p.m. every other day . . .	3
B. 30: " " . . .	Night 10 p.m.—8 a.m. May sleep; only required in case people want to enter Camp . . .	3
B. 31: Camp-police . . .	Constant watch on matters in Camp . . .	50
B. 32: Night-watch . . .	During 2 hours every other night.	30
B. 33: Emergency squad (in case of storm or fire). Only those experienced in handling emergency difficulties need apply . . .	To report as soon as emergency signal is given . . .	50
B. 34: Post-office assistants . . .	During post-office hours (not during lectures) . . .	10
B. 35: Lost and Found . . .	Afternoons . . .	4
B. 36: Technical assistants (only engineers, mechanics and technical experts need apply) . . .	A few hours each day . . .	10
B. 37: Leaders for games (only experienced game-leaders) . . .	Afternoons . . .	30
B. 38: General service (willing to do any work between certain hours) . . .	6—8 a.m.	
B. 39: " " " " . . .	8—10 " . . .	
B. 40: " " " " . . .	10—12 " . . .	
B. 41: " " " " . . .	12—2 p.m. . . .	
B. 42: " " " " . . .	2—4 " . . .	
B. 43: " " " " . . .	4—6 " . . .	
B. 44: " " " " . . .	6—8 " . . .	
B. 45: " " " " . . .	8—10 " . . .	
B. 46: Care of flags " " . . .	Morning and evening . . .	2
B. 47: Cleaning of offices " " . . .	Early morning . . .	6
B. 48: Motor service (for those owning motor cars) . . .	Any time during the day when required by Camp Management.	
B. 49: Storekeeper's Assistants . . .	Hours to be fixed later . . .	4

CAMP MANAGEMENT,
STAR CAMP OFFICE,
OMMEN (O.), HOLLAND

OMMEN STAR CAMP, 1928

(Specimen application form for registration, Ommen Star Camp, 1928)

APPLICATION FORM

OMMEN STAR CAMP, 1928

AUGUST 2 TO AUGUST 10, 1928, OMMEN (O.), HOLLAND

TO THE NATIONAL ORGANIZER FOR INDIA.....

I send Cheque, Money Order for....., the fee(s) indicated below, and apply for registration in the Ommen Star Camp, 1928.

(All cheques to be made payable to the National Organizer.)

	Rs.	A.	P.
Registration Fee.	35	0	0
Local Office Charge	1	12	0
Extra Registration Fee during June	5	13	0
Fee for one child (over 7 years age)	35	0	0
Fee for further children (over 7 years age) each	33	5	0
Extra charge, if any, for children (same as adults)			
Own Tent fee, per tent (tents must reach Ommen before July 15th)	7	0	0

Special Tent Fees: (per person) Large Single Tent, Rs. 56-0-0, Large Double Tent, Rs. 37-5-0, For 3 or 4 people, Rs. 28-0-0, Small Single Tent, Rs. 28-0-0, Small Double Tent, Rs. 33-5-0.

I shall apply direct to the American Express Company, 26-A Beursplein, Rotterdam, Holland, for hotel room reservations. Kindly send me registration receipt at your earliest convenience.

	Rs.	A.	P.
Own Menage Registration	17	8	0
Local Charge	1	12	0
Extra Registration Fee during June	*5	13	0

I undertake to help in the Camp-Service in Group A-1; A-2; or B, Nos.....
(Please cross out the Groups not selected)

Name: Mr. Mrs. Miss.....

(Please print in block letters)

Address.....

Wife's name, if tent in Married Camp is wanted :.....

Names and ages of children accompanying :.....

(Note: Children under 7 allowed in Own Menage Camp only, and no fee is charged.)

* The above prices are based on the present rate of exchange.

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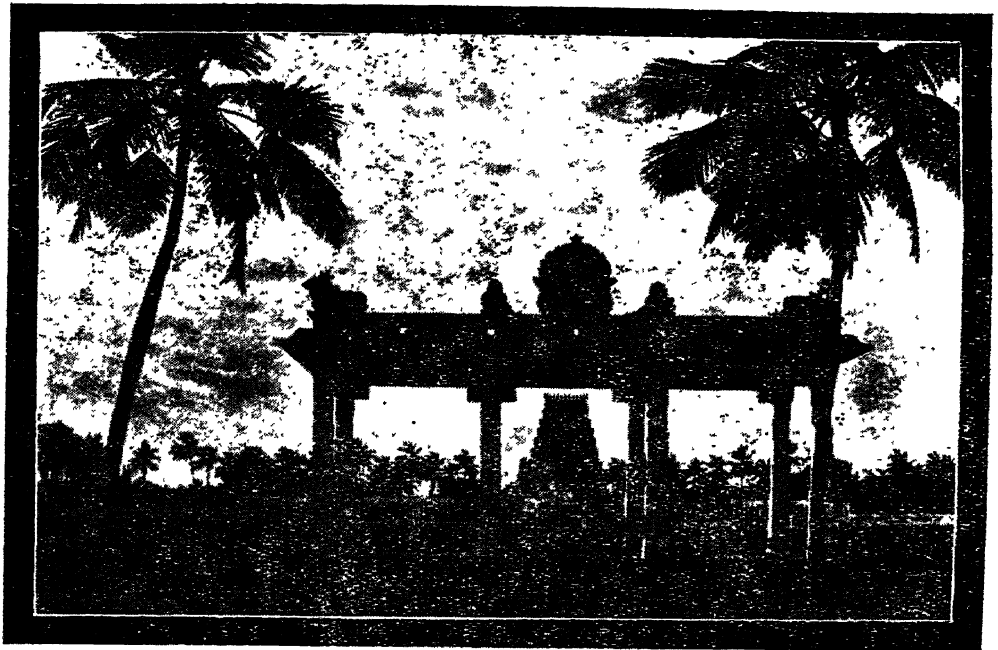
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BIRTHDAY NUMBER

MAY 1928

VOL. I NO. 5

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THE STAR

VOL. I

MAY, 1928

No. 5

THE STAR is the official organ of the *Order of the Star*, and is published in English, French, German, Spanish, Dutch, Swedish, Norwegian, Polish, Finnish, Russian, Italian, Danish, Icelandic.

The Magazine consists of two sections: The International section, matter for which is prepared by the International Editorial Board and distributed from Eerde, Ommen, Holland, and the National Section, matter for which is collected and prepared by the National Editorial Board.

Manuscripts sent to the International Editorial Board from foreign countries will not be returned unless accompanied by *sufficient international reply coupons*, as foreign postage cannot be used in Holland.

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The annual subscription of this Magazine is Rs. 4-8, post free, single copies for eight annas. All cheques and Money Orders to be made payable to the Manager, THE STAR, Adyar, Madras, S.

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ILLUSTRATIONS

The Author of "At the Feet of the Master" *Frontispiece*
The Author of "Who Brings the Truth"—At Allahabad 1928

MADURA

J. KRISHNAMURTI

AH! the symphony of that song!

The innermost shrine
Was breathless with the love of many.
The flames flickered with the thoughts of many

The scent of burnt camphor fills the air
The careless priest drones a chant
The idol sparkles, seeming to move,
Weary of such boundless adoration.

A still silence holds the air,
And on the instant
A melodious song of infinite heart
Brings untold tears to my eyes.

In a white robe
A woman sings to the heart of her love,
Of the travail that she knew not
Of the laughter of children around her breast
Of the love that died young

* This poem must not be reprinted in any magazine whatever, without permission from The Star Publishing Trust, Eerde, Ommen, Holland

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Of the sorrow in a barren home
Of the solitude in a still night
Of life fruitless amidst the flowering earth.

I cried with her.
Her heart became mine.

She left that abode of sanctity,
Eager with the joy of worship on the morrow.

I follow her through the eternity of time.

Oh ! my love
Thou and I shall wander
On the open road of true love.
Thou and I shall never part.

J. Krishnamurti

THE MOUNTAIN TOP

J. KRISHNAMURTI

[Month by month we shall publish in *THE STAR* the talks given by Krishnaji to the group of students assembled at Castle Eerde last summer. They have not been revised by Krishnaji himself, as to enable him to do this would have meant a delay of many months in their publication. They have been carefully read, however, by several of those who were present at the delivery of the talks and who believe them to be a correct and verbatim report of what Krishnaji said. The rather personal note—inevitable when speaking to a group of friends—represents accurately the form in which the talks were delivered.]

AS the scent of the flower dwells within itself, so must your quest and struggle for liberation dwell in you, it must become part of you as the scent is part of the flower. It is my longing, it is my purpose to establish firmly in each one of you the desire to labour rightly for the attainment of liberation. It must become part of you as naturally as the scent of the flower, it must become part of you as is the desire of the bee to gather honey, so that even if I go away and cease to talk, to urge, to encourage and to awaken your purpose, your strength, your determination, you will yet see that liberation for yourselves and as disciples of that liberation, go out into the world and convince those who are still struggling, who have not as yet found the light, and give to them the comfort of your knowledge, of your strength, of your determination, of your attainment.

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As the scent of the flower dwells in the flower itself, so the light of truth, the desire for attainment and the power to open the gates of happiness lie within you. My purpose is only to awaken that dormant truth within you and not to urge you in any fashion to accommodate yourselves or to translate yourselves to my particular view of life. When you have attained liberation, when you have become the end yourself, you will see that all paths, all modes of thought, all temperaments, all sects, all creeds, all philosophies, all religions end in this liberation, as they have their being there. As in the bud there is only the desire to blossom and give its scent to the world, so your determination to attain liberation must be born within you. Not because of me or of another individual must you grasp this truth, or struggle to attain this truth, but because within your own power is the desire to attain, to conquer, to be beyond the clutches of the wheel of birth and death.

Consider the plant which in order to attain its liberation, to fulfil the purpose of its existence, as the perfect flower, has passed through autumn and winter, the process of decay and death before rebirth; so are the people who are liberated. They are not the product of a single day any more than the perfect goldsmith or painter, or violinist. They are the culmination, the apotheosis of lives of struggle, lives of longing and desires, although they seem to fulfil in one moment the glory of their being.

As the stream from the very beginning of its birth seeks assiduously the shortest way to the sea, so the moment you have learned, you have perceived the goal, however far away it may be, you must assiduously and purposefully seek out your way through this turmoil, this unreality, this *maya* which

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calls you in every direction, till you enter the sea of liberation, till you have opened those gates that lead to the abode of peace. Many people have the idea that they can attain liberation, the glory of perfection, and enter the Kingdom within a few days ; but perfection comes only after lives of struggle, through constant discrimination, constant choosing, constant sacrifice, constant victories, constant setting aside of those things which create sorrow, and constant holding to those things which give permanency and strength.

My life is the product and culmination of many lives, and now I have opened the gates and entered into the Kingdom of Liberation and Happiness. I have attained that which is the outcome of many sorrows, many pleasures, many longings, the outcome of determination from the very beginning. So must in each one of you be born that determination to conquer, to arrive at the end of all things from the moment that you see the goal. I know that I have struggled as the seed under the ground struggles to see the light of the sun, but in that very process is born liberation, in that very process of rejection and acquiring, of discrimination and of gathering strength I have attained liberation. That is where lies the truth. It is in the constant, everyday struggle, everyday choosing between the right and the wrong in the light of liberation, and not in anything else that lies the achievement thereof. In that process of struggle, I always had my face turned to the mountain and hence my back to the valley. I never considered what was behind me, for the mountain top, with its eternal light, called me eagerly, and hence I went only in one direction towards the mountain top, and my back was towards the valley which is the past, though it has its lessons. But now that I have attained the mountain top, I face the world as a guide, with a longing to help, as one who knows where are the dangerous

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pitfalls, where are the entangling shrines of the way-side. And with that love which is burning in me, I would ask you to leave those narrow paths of the valley, those dark by-ways that lie hidden and come out and walk with me in the light, which is liberation. You may hear from the mountain top the voice calling, shouting a warning concerning the danger of the false step that will inevitably lead you down the precipice, but though the warning be clear, there must be correspondingly strong within you the effort to struggle out of the valley, out of the shade—though it be enticing—into the clear sunlight where there are no shadows, no false stops. In order that you should have the strength, the energy, the ecstasy of purpose which will give you determination, you must drink of that pool which is liberation, of which the gods themselves drink.

Often you say: "I desire to follow you to the gateway of peace which is liberation, but I must carry with me my friends, my desires; I must burden myself with this and with that; I must have on my back that thought, this feeling; without these I cannot accompany you; they are my supports, the fruit of my actions, of my longing." O friend, if you do that you cannot climb to the great heights where you must come absolutely naked, free from all trammels, all entanglements, so that you will be clothed anew with the garments of liberation. As the captain of a ship that is sinking knows that if the ship is to remain afloat, he must throw away the ballast, the heavy cargo, so also must you renounce all things, set aside all things, and be free of all burdens, be untrammelled and free from all thought, from all selfishness, from all desires for action and the fruits of action. When you come to the mountain top you will find that in the very process of renunciation you have been clothed in the garment of liberation.

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As the flame which dies if it is not kept alive, so the truth of liberation dies within you if it is not properly fed, if there is not the encouragement, the desire, the determination to keep that fire everlastingly burning. The spark of divinity which lies within all—whether it be within the savage or the saint, the civilized or the barbarian, the white, the brown, or the black man—that spark must be kept alive, and blown into a great flame till it becomes part of the eternal flame of Liberation. That spark you must fan by experience, till it becomes so gigantic, strong, and powerful, that it becomes part of that flame which is in the kingdom of liberation, in the kingdom of happiness. You cannot escape the evolutionary process of acquiring experience, but if you are wise you will choose, you will reject, you will discriminate that which will help from that which will hinder. The very process of going through experience leads you to the portals of liberation, but the continuance of one kind of experience of necessity creates karma. To give an example. Take a building with many stories; on each floor there are windows, as many windows as there are human beings and temperaments; and each window gives a different angle of vision. The inexperienced man desires to look out of each window, although the view out of each is the same. His progress is always horizontal from window to window, and until he has learned from each what there is to be learned, until he has seen the view from every angle, he will not mount to another floor. Life after life he passes from one window to another, from one stage to another on the same story, and he is caught and held at each stage by sorrow, pain, joy and pleasure, he is lost in the false and the unreal. On each floor there is a god and his interpreters, a shrine with its rites and its ceremonies; each floor has its demands, customs, ideas, cravings, desires, agonies and doubts. The inexperienced man goes through all those stages and acquires and rejects out of his own

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knowledge, what is right and what is wrong. For as long as he is controlled by another, as long as he obeys the authority of another, he must remain on the same floor.

There is another type, the man of passionate revolt who has beheld the open skies from the floor of the building. He has no desire to stop and glance from each particular window, for he has imagination, and uses that imagination for the purpose of evolution. Driven on by the craving for knowledge, leaving behind false gods, preachers, books, false doctrines and creeds, he passes rapidly through one stage after another, stopping but a short time at each window, gathering experience from each floor, till at last he rises to the top floor where there is liberation. The purpose of experience is to teach you the renunciation of the false, the destruction of the untrue, in order that you may cling to the truth as a shipwrecked man clings to a log—to the only everlasting and eternal truth, which is liberation. When once you have perceived it you will not stop at any of the shrines by the wayside, at any of the preachers, however eloquent they be, for they are preaching what the gods themselves crave for, that is, liberation. When once you have perceived the goal, the going through experience becomes in itself liberation.

I have tried to establish within you the desire to reach the goal, so that you, of your own accord, will struggle to attain that mountain top of liberation where there is freedom, where there is happiness. That desire and that knowledge—the knowledge that is born of experience, the wisdom that is the outcome of sorrow and of discrimination—is, I hope, well established, so that you will not be shaken from your purpose, so that your determination will not be weakened, but that your strength will be doubled. For, as I have said, liberation and

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happiness is the only shrine, is the only goal, is the only truth worth struggling for, worth attaining. It is the only truth to which all people shall come, to which all types, temperaments and sects shall attain. If you once have seen it, if you once have perceived it, you will no longer doubt, you will no longer be enticed away, no longer create barriers between yourself and the goal or require interpreters thereof. You will not stop at wayside shrines to worship the gods that pass away—for all gods are unreal and pass away. It is only the Truth which is liberation and happiness that remains, and half truths, half realities, and weak desires to attain shall be killed, shall be annihilated within you, and you will become one-pointed, you will have your direction well set, you will have your purpose well strengthened for the achieving of this desire.

Now the perception of the goal and its attainment are quite different. Most of you imagine that by the mere perception of liberation you have attained it. It is true that at any stage of evolution you can see for yourselves the end of all things, which is liberation, but the seeing and the realisation, the perception and the attainment, are wholly different. Because you have seen, do not for a moment imagine that you have attained. For instance, from the valley you can always behold the mountain top, from the plains you can see standing out clearly, in all its perfection, in all its serenity, the mountain top, but between you in the plain and in the valley and the attainment of that mountain top, there is a great distance to be travelled, many barriers to be overcome, forests to pass through, rivers which you must ford. Only the man of courage, of experience, of intense longing, whose desire to reach the summit is burning within him, will venture, will struggle, wherever he be, to attain that mountain top. So it has been my purpose to establish within your own hearts and minds the desire to

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reach the goal, to attain liberation and happiness. You have but to open your eyes to behold the glory of liberation and happiness; it is there as is the mountain top which is beholden from the valley and from the plain; it is always there—on sunlit days and on the days of many clouds, sometimes hidden and mysterious and far away, and at other times clear, open and magnificent and very near at hand. This mountain top of liberation is always there, whether the people in the valley and in the plains are asleep or awake, whether they are playing or crying, shouting with joy, fighting or at peace. It is always there, ever enticing, ever calling, ever beckoning to those people who are lost in the darkness of the valley and who are far away in the plains; it is ever inviting the people who are below to climb to the top and conquer it. So if you will use your imagination, you will understand that the kingdom of happiness and liberation is within you, as the mountain top is everlastingly above the storm, the rains and the passing clouds; but to conquer, to attain and to live there eternally, you must have suffered in the open burning plain, where there are no shadows, no comfort, no shelter, no cool streams.

Liberation is as the mountain top which is very far away and yet within reach of those who have the desire to conquer the plains and enter into the sheltered valley where there are secluded places, protection from the sun and cold. And you, like those who have had experience both of the plain and of the valley and who have no other desire except the attainment of the mountain top, must go through all these stages—the plain where there is no shelter, where the sun is strong, and the valley where there is seclusion, where there is peace and often stagnation, where there is shelter and many open spaces and dark nights. There may be some whose desire is so strong, so intense, so burning, that they will struggle to reach the mountain top of

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liberation without halting in the valley, in the stage of comfort, and shelter. But those in the sheltered valley should give comfort, should protect those of the plain, for they are nearer the mountain top, and they can see more clearly than those in the plains. If you understand rightly this simile, you will see that most people in order to reach the mountain top have to pass through the plain and through the valley, acquiring strength and experience during those stages. But there is also the man of the other type, who has in him the burning desire to attain; he can pass quickly over both the stage of the plain and that of the valley in order to arrive more quickly at the mountain top.

By my coming I shall quicken that intense desire to attain, to reach the mountain top, both in those of the valley and those of the plain, because I have reached. Time will have disappeared for those who have not yet reached, but who really understand the teaching and who hold in their hearts the embodiment of liberation and happiness. Those who have not yet perceived this happiness and this liberation shall perceive, those who have seen shall quicken their desire and their strength for the attaining thereof. It is my intention to sow the seed in the field that lies fallow; the trees that are barren shall bear fruit; they shall grow into the magnificent trees whose foliage shall give protection and shelter to the weary. Again, I say, do not imagine that because you have seen the goal, you have captured it, attained it and become part of it. The goal is like the finished picture of the artist; it is simple and yet mysterious. People who look upon a picture think that they can paint it because it is so simple, and it ravishes their hearts; but the mystery of creation which produced that picture, is great. Look at the artist while he is painting, how he produces with colour, little by little, slowly and gradually, a face; first of all, the colour of the skin, little by little the eyes and the expression,

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and he gradually puts into it the soul ; but when the picture is completed there is a simplicity of achievement. So because I have achieved, and have gained that liberation, and it has been shown to you as simple, do not imagine that you can achieve at once. You must first have the simple mind and the simple heart before you will really understand, and to have that simple mind and simple heart, you must have gone through the valley and the plain, you must have gathered experience, you must have gathered knowledge. Because there is this seed within each one of you, water it with care, protect it while the plant is young, guide it to grow straight towards the open heavens, towards the clear skies above the storm clouds. To make it grow wondrously you needs must have wisdom and intelligence which are the outcome of experience. If you are not a gardener, if you are not experienced with plants, you will destroy the plant, however wondrous the seed may be at the beginning. In you lies the power to make the tree grow beautiful, to make it grow straight and towards the open skies, but you cannot use that power rightly without experience, wisdom and intelligence. By desire alone you cannot carry all things before you and attain ; however powerful your desire may be, however strong and intense, you need wisdom, guidance and control.

When a strong man climbs the mountain top he takes the straight path, for he has prepared, cultivated and trained his muscles, he has guarded his strength, reserved his power for many a day for the struggle, so for him to walk a narrow and a dangerous path is easy. But a weak man may have to go down, descend a little the mountain path and take an easier and longer road ; but he will also come to the mountain top. So experience, if properly used, will give you knowledge and the wisdom of putting that knowledge into

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action. Because I have united the goal and the source, I would tell you that liberation is not attained by mere renunciation, but in the perfection of life, the life that is around us, which is about us, which is in each one of us. If a liberated man comes, his desire is not only to establish in those people that are around him the craving for that liberation, but also to point out to them the means of attaining that liberation and the process of acquiring that happiness. So it has been my purpose, since I started to establish within you this desire, to cultivate within you those fields that have been lying fallow and to plant the seed that shall grow into this wondrous tree. Like the gardener, I must sow the seed, but you are the soil in which the tree will grow. So you must prepare the soil, you must nourish, fertilise and guard it, so that your tree, your plant, shall grow into perfection, and then you will protect, you will give comfort to the weary.

Truth, which is the essence of liberation and happiness, does not lie in some far off realms, does not wait in some hidden corners far away, but eternally dwells in the hearts of those who have the longing to attain, to seek out truth. Those who have the desire to follow that truth, that liberation and that happiness, should cleanse themselves of all their narrowness, of all their prejudices, and delve deep into their hearts and there establish for themselves the truth, and there find for themselves liberation and happiness; for wherever there is eternal happiness there liberation is found, for without happiness—the happiness which can never be changed, which can never be altered—you can never find liberation. You only arrive at that happiness when you have cast aside all your binding, limiting qualities, when you have thrown aside the mantle of darkness that is the heritage of all human beings who are still bound to the wheel of life and death. When you have cast aside all these and have

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followed the truth into your own heart and there established it firmly, then it becomes a part of yourself, part of your eternal vision, of your eternal longing, and then intelligent revolt takes birth. In casting off those things that bind, those things that create sorrow, anxiety and the fierce aching of desire, you will find that intelligent revolt which ever cleanses, which ever acts as a means to destroy those things that are impure, those things that are not in true alignment with liberation and happiness. So, the first thing for those who desire to follow the truth, to follow me into their own hearts is to go within themselves, into their own being and there establish the truth, and there find their own happiness, their own liberation, and then they will have found my happiness and my liberation, which is the common heritage of all, the common product of all humanity.

It is of no avail to follow another blindly, or to build a temple for some passing god, for those objective things pass away, die, and leave you as naked and forlorn, as depressed and unhappy as before you found that god who passes away in the darkness of the night.

When once you have found liberation and happiness in your own heart, there you must build a temple to worship, setting aside all other gods, all other desires, all other longings, except to be united with that happiness and liberation. Then you will become the true leaders for yourselves, you will yourselves find the path of peace. If you rely on another, however beautiful be his vision, however great the love that you give to another, they are passing, they fade away and you are again left naked and alone in your solitude. Because I have climbed to the mountain top in my heart, and have found liberation and happiness, it does not mean that you should give your love and devotion to my outward form. You must

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give your devotion and your love to the truth which is liberation and happiness, for this outward form passes away, as all things pass away, except the truth. To that truth you must cling, as a shipwrecked person clings to a log; if you cling to truth it will never desert you, on the contrary, it will strengthen you, and increase your desire to hold on to truth eternally.

Those who have the desire to follow me must follow the truth, for only if the truth of happiness and liberation is well established within you, will you truly follow me, then we shall always be together, then there will be no separation and no loneliness. But the moment you establish your truth in an outward form, in an image, in an altar, in incense, in bells, in the gorgeous cloaks of some priest, then you have lost the truth, for with those forms, with that incense, with those bells, your truth vanishes. So my purpose is to establish this truth within you, in order that you may find for yourselves this happiness and this liberation. Because I have united the beginning and the end, the source and the goal, I can see how enticing, how dangerous it is to rely on others. Because I have attained liberation, because in me happiness is established, I would give that happiness and that liberation to you, I would free you from those things that are binding, that are limiting; but if the desire to find that truth, that liberation and that happiness is not established within yourselves, the moment I cease to be, the moment my physical form ceases to be, the truth of liberation and happiness will disappear.

From the very beginning of the search for truth there must be established this devotion for the truth, though it may be embodied in one person, established in one individual; but that individual is only the cloak, the outward form, the outward expression of the inner happiness and inner liberation. If once

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you have perceived truth for yourself, when once you have seen the vision of the mountain top and have lived in that garden of eternity, then you will not rely on anybody, you will not be swayed by the passing winds of doubt, of questionings, of anxieties, for all search ceases when once you have seen the goal. So that in seeking that truth which is in yourselves and not in another—although another may have the fortune of awakening that desire in you, though another may have embodied the goal—you must gain strength from the passing hurricanes, from all experience, so as to establish firmly for yourselves those things that you have realised, so that you become the true disciples, the true apostles of that truth, of that everlasting happiness and liberation.

My only desire is that you should give your love and your devotion to that truth which is within me, and not to me the outward form of your devotion and your love, so that you shall build around the truth a temple which will last forever, an altar to which the worshippers of the world will come; for that which they worship in the image, by the incense and by all the outward paraphernalia of religion, is passing, but that which is eternal, which is permanent, which is lasting, is within themselves and in unfolding and opening and establishing that truth within themselves lies the true attainment of liberation and of happiness.

J. Krishnamurti

TO THE MASTER-SINGER

E. A. WODEHOUSE

I CARE not if men hear me,
Or hearer none there be.
I close the lattice of my heart
And sing, and sing, to Thee—
Soft songs of sweet communion
And lyric secrecy.

For these, my songs, what are they ?
Rough echoes of Thy lays
Heard in the nightly walking
Of incorporeal ways,
And wrought, by day, to substance
In labour'd word and phrase.

What reck's it if, transported,
The half their wine be spill'd ?
What matter if they keep not
The high sweet note that thrill'd ?
I care not—I remember
How once this heart was fill'd.

And, when I draw my curtain
And sing to Thee alone,
My starveling lay swells out again,
The lyre renews its tone ;
And lo, the songs, that came from Thee,
Are Thine, and yet mine own !

WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS

LADY EMILY LUTYENS

DURING the course of the debate in the British House of Commons on the revised Prayer Book, a very remarkable speech was made by Sir Martin Conway, the well-known traveller and explorer. It was a speech of which little notice was taken in the public press, but the concluding portion of that speech will certainly find an echo in the hearts of all Star members. It was as follows :

Science has been advancing by giant strides in our days. The veil which hangs between the known and the unknown, which science every day endeavours to pierce, is tending here and there to become very thin. Science itself, in the examination of the constitution of matter, has led many wise and learned men, in consequence of their own researches, to realise that there must lie behind all material things a spiritual something which it is difficult to grasp and as yet impossible to define. Such a feeling is widespread amongst thoughtful people to-day. We are waiting for someone who will not overthrow the old revelation, who will not disestablish the old faith, but who will carry us into a wider field and will give us a new vision of the world that is beyond, a new vision of the unknown, of the eternal, toward which we ordinary folk can but blindly grope. My criticism of the new Prayer Book, the reason why I cannot vote for this Measure, is that it does nothing whatever to express that widely-spread aspiration towards the divine.

Thirty years ago I and my companions were standing on the shores of an Arctic Island waiting the arrival of a ship that was to carry us away. We had shot our last cartridge, eaten our last biscuit, and we were waiting for the ship that did not come. We waited and anxiously watched the horizon for a day or two. At long

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last a little puff of smoke arose, very far away. It was the herald of our deliverance. Thus we, the puzzled people of the modern world, are waiting on the shore of eternity, each one of us authentically on its very margin every day, looking out into the unknown, waiting for a message of salvation, waiting for the new message which this world longs for, but which has not yet come. We want something more than these ecclesiastical refinements and æsthetic frills, something more than a slight change in this or the other prayer or ceremony. We want a new spirit, a wider revelation. We are waiting for the man who shall come with his lips touched with the live flame from the Altar of God. He will bring not a new Prayer Book but a new message, a new revelation from Heaven of the meaning of the eternal verities, and when he comes we shall receive him gladly. As it is, our ordained shepherds know not where are the pastures, and so, 'the hungry sheep look up and are not fed.'

I am sure that Sir Martin spoke in all earnestness and sincerity. I am sure that he states a very real truth when he says that "the puzzled people of the modern world are waiting on the shore of eternity for a message of salvation." But where I might possibly disagree with Sir Martin is in his statement that when the divine messenger comes "we shall receive him gladly."

I hope I may be mistaken, but the experience of history would seem to sanction my pessimism rather than Sir Martin's optimism. The prophets of God are not as a rule welcomed with open arms. Will it be different to-day? Will the world, which is probably more unhappy than it has ever been before, be for that reason more receptive? In this Order we believe that "the man whose lips have been touched with the live flame from the Altar of God" is already in our midst. How will the world receive him?

The answer to this question, or so it seems to me, depends upon two things. In the first place, what do we know of those Great Ones who have come to us in the past, and secondly what do we expect of the Messenger who comes to-day?

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It is almost a commonplace in Christian countries to hear believing Christians and even those who are not believers in any theological sense of the word, refer to the life of the Christ as the one perfect life that has ever been lived on earth. It is obvious that this statement is based more upon a theological conception than upon a proved historical fact. Because in the first place it assumes a knowledge of every life that has ever been lived in the history of the world, an obvious impossibility, and secondly it implies that we are in the position to judge of perfection, never having seen it, and having no standards of comparison. How little can most of us judge of what constitutes perfection even in the lower kingdoms of Nature, how much less then can we judge of the higher realms of the Spirit. If we go to a horticultural or an agricultural show, for instance, we should most of us be incapable of judging of the respective merits of the various exhibits unless we had been specially trained to understand the points which constitute perfection in some given product. Yet every man considers himself qualified to judge of spiritual stature. Are we any of us really fit to judge between the spiritual attributes of the Buddha or the Christ? And what of other great Teachers who may have lived and taught without coming into the horizon of our little knowledge and experience?

Further, there is a point in connection with the life of the Christ which is seldom remembered yet is of vital importance, and that is that we have no record of his life between the ages of twelve and thirty, and that is a big gap in the life of any man. I am not for a moment suggesting that if that gap were filled it would detract in any way from the wonder of Christ's life, but I would say that we are all apt to speak with authority for which we have no justification on matters which are far beyond our ken. We judge of Christ, not by what we know,

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but by a theological tradition inculcated into our minds from infancy.

The world is waiting, that is true, but for whom and for what does it wait? For a Comforter, a Saviour, a miracle worker, a solver of riddles, or for a Teacher? Men 'as hungry sheep,' are waiting to be fed. With what? The true teacher does not take away the difficulties of learning from his pupils but he inspires them to grapple with the difficulties for themselves. He does not carry their burdens himself but gives them strength to carry their own. So the Great Teacher does not come to make life easier for us by removing all our difficulties but he comes to give us strength that we may overcome those difficulties for ourselves. He does not come to solve our problems, to disentangle the twisted skein of our lives, to do everything for us that we are too ignorant or too weak to do for ourselves. He comes rather to give us a new vision of the Truth in the light of which we shall be enabled to solve our own problems, to meet our own difficulties, to walk on our own feet.

There is a negro spiritual which runs: "Nobody knows the troubles I have seen, nobody knows but Jesus." The thought of Jesus as the burden bearer of the world has brought comfort to thousands of lonely and troubled souls, and in some measure it is 'comfort' that we all crave for, to lay the burden of our woes upon another. We have made of Jesus our burden bearer but we have not thereby added to our own strength. Our burdens are self-created, and we cannot get rid of them by trying to shift them on to some one else. No one can be hurt except by himself, no one can be saved except by himself. The Supreme Teachers of the world do not come to do things for us, but to enable us to do all things for ourselves. Jesus said that the Comforter whom he would send would be the spirit of under-

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standing. Krishnaji says to us: "You pray, naturally, for comfort, but you should pray rather for understanding. For comfort passes and understanding remains . . . and so I would ask you not to crave for comfort but for understanding." And he tells us again that the mind which desires comfort is like the stagnant pool covered with green scum, while the mind which desires understanding is like the dancing waters of the sea.

To understand fully is to become as the Teacher ; to understand even partially is to take an entirely new view of life.

Krishnaji uttered a profound truth when he said : " You can only help truly when you are beyond the need of help yourself." There is only one who is beyond the need of all help and that is the Teacher himself, but in so far as we have any of us found the Truth in that measure can we give it. We can never ultimately help others by second-hand Truth, neither can we wisely help while we are ourselves entangled in the very troubles we are trying to relieve. Only what we have really experienced and made our own is ours to give. That is why Krishnaji insists so much on the value of experience.

If we could throw our burdens upon the Teacher we should thereby overwhelm him, and make it impossible for him to help us, and we should again create fresh burdens from which we should demand to be released.

Krishnaji is liberated, not only from his own burdens but from ours, therefore, he can perfectly help each one of us. ' His affectionate detachment ' from all our entanglements means that he has reached the perfect wisdom which alone can guide.

WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS

This conception of the World-Teacher as the Truth bringer rather than the burden bearer, may at first sight seem harsh and cold, but if so it is because we do not know our own needs. When we are content to be comforted it only means that we have covered over the waters of our life with the green scum of stagnation, and a stagnant pool will never reach the ocean. But when once we have reached an understanding of the Truth, neither pain nor suffering will hold us back from the goal in which all sorrows are for ever resolved. Comfort satisfies for the moment, Truth satisfies for ever. It was stated in the doctrine of the wholly Enlightened One, the Buddha: "Yet does all life yearn for the Truth and the Truth only can cure our diseases and give peace to our understanding." And the Christ said: "Ye shall know the Truth and the Truth shall make you free."

The world is in bitter pain and desperate need to-day. Is it looking for a Comforter or a Teacher, for upon the answer to that question will depend, perhaps, its recognition of the Messenger of God who is in our midst.

Lady Emily Lutyens

THE WAY OF HAPPINESS

RAJADHARMAPRAVINA DEWAN BAHADUR

K. S. CHANDRASEKHARA AIYAR

(Retired Chief Judge of Mysore, India)

HAPPINESS is a subject of perennial interest. It is the one thing most desired in this world, the one end which all beings, consciously or unconsciously, are engaged in seeking. It is true that the pursuit meets too often with disappointment, that under each flower is too often found a serpent coiled. Continually we seek the attractions of the world, and yet somehow they do not satisfy. When finally we possess that which we have intensely desired and laboured hard to gain, that very thing loses its attraction for us, and we turn away to something else which we think will bring happiness, but with no better result. But, notwithstanding all this, and in spite of the fact that men's conceptions of what happiness really is have been varying and contradictory, the fact remains that belief in the possibility of happiness is one of the most persistent facts of life. The search has been so insistent throughout the history of mankind that it must be inferred that man is built for happiness, and that his destiny can never be fulfilled until the quest is fully realized. As has been well observed, it is a true instinct which tells us that happiness is our birthright, which causes us to shrink from sorrow and protest against suffering, to accept joy

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when it comes, without question, as something akin to our nature. An imperative instinct affirms that "The Soul of Things is sweet, The Heart of Being is celestial rest."

The very fact, then, that the yearning for happiness is so universal and deep-rooted, that it is ever the most powerful motive for life's activities, the energy latent behind all evolutionary processes in nature, shows that it must represent some ultimate reality.

The explanation is to be found in the fundamental truth taught by the Vedas that Brahman is *anandamaya*, that Bliss is an essential aspect or quality of the Supreme Self in manifestation. The Spirit of man, being one in nature with God, necessarily shares the eternal bliss of that mighty Life which is the source and support of the universe. In this world of physical activity, where the power of the Spirit is dwarfed and limited by the bodies in which it is clothed, the inherent attribute of bliss manifests itself as the longing for happiness. Man, therefore, in seeking for happiness, is in truth seeking himself, his own real being.

He is, however, unaware of this amidst the distractions of the life of forms. He has forgotten his divine origin, his essential oneness with that Great Self Whose nature is Bliss; and as long as his consciousness is limited by the vehicles through which it works, he imagines himself as identical with this limited, separated, personal self. His thought is ever of this smaller self, which dominates his attention and his activities; and he strives continually in every direction to compass whatever he thinks will bring happiness for it. This accounts for the deep-rooted desire for personal comfort which is still the impelling motive for the great majority of mankind. At first man's attraction is solely for physical comforts; then it includes emotional and intellectual enjoyments; he learns gradually to deny himself all lower joys, and finally rejoices in those of the

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spirit alone. It takes him hundreds of lives of sorrow, suffering and disappointment, to learn the lesson that an element of misery is inseparable from life in every form, and that self-seeking brings at best only temporary satisfaction.

It is when he fixes his consciousness on the spiritual level that he begins to realise the bliss of the Self, that deep abiding bliss, that sense of perfect joy and contentment, which marks the spiritual life. He then knows that "pain is in the vehicle, while the life is ever joy."

The reason why we fail to find the happiness for which our soul craves as its birthright, as its prerogative is, simply, that we are all the time absorbed in our little personal selves, instead of being identified with the Universal Self, the All. The moment we cease to think of the little self as a separate entity, but merge and identify it with the Great Self of the Universe, that moment we shall find ourselves living in the Kingdom of Happiness.

The same idea has been expressed in a somewhat different form in *The Universal Text-Book of Religion and Morals*, edited by Dr. Annie Besant. God is Love and wills the Happiness of His creatures, and that Happiness can only permanently be brought about by the harmony of their wills with His.

The Will of God points steadfastly to the highest Good, and guides His universe towards good. To work with this Will is to be in harmony with the movement of the world-system to which we belong, and thus to go with the stream of evolution; to go against it is to struggle against an overwhelming current, which dashes us against the rocks, bruises and wounds us. To do right is to be at peace with ourselves and with God, and is therefore happiness; to do wrong is to be at war with ourselves and with God, and is therefore misery. The ill-doer is ever discontented, irritable, unsatisfied, however favourable his outer circumstances may be; the well-doer is inwardly peaceful and contented, even when outer circumstances are the most unfavourable.

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In other words, when man puts himself into accord with the World-Order, which is divine, he brings his separated Will into harmony with the Universal Will, and pure Happiness is the direct and inevitable result.

However variously it may be described, the way of true happiness remains ever the same—a broad and well-marked highway rising upward over the heights of human existence to the summit of perfection, even though its occasional steepness leads men to stray away into by-paths and crooked-ways in search of easier gradients. The goal in any case can only be reached in one way, and that is by losing the sense of the separate life in the complete realisation of identity with the Universal Life, which is One and Eternal. This does not mean that we have to give up individuality altogether, to throw away the fruits of age-long experience, the qualities and powers slowly and persistently cultivated and acquired during lives of search for truth and light. But it does mean that we must realise more and more our essential oneness with the ‘Brahman Who is Bliss,’ that we should cease to be self-centred and become centred in God.

Put baldly like this, in the cold and abstract language of a formula, the idea may to many seem an uninviting and even uninteresting one. Its very simplicity, instead of serving as a clear and inspiring fingerpost, may discourage and deter the ordinary wayfarer, the average man or woman of the world. But the Way of Happiness, though a continuous spiral, is not necessarily a monotonous, painful ascent. Its immense length is broken by stages of rest, relaxation and enjoyment alternating, and indeed intermingled, with exertion and endeavour. The way passes, not at all through a bleak and dreary desert tract, but over a region full of charming prospects—hills, valleys and open plains, still lakes and rushing streams, which may fitly typify the varied circumstances of life—a region clothed

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with the verdure of experience, filled with the scent of flowers of the mind, laden with delicious fruits of wisdom. It is indeed a highway full of beauty, variety and interest, the treading of which may, if we will, be a glorious adventure, an absorbing delight from beginning to end.

Let us visualise our task—as an aid to more vivid and concrete imagining—as a journey in search of the Kingdom of Happiness (as has been done in a remarkable book by J. Krishnamurti recently published under that title), remembering that our goal is not a place or locality at all, even such a one as is *svarga* or heaven. By happiness we have in view primarily a condition of the inner self, under which we may include also its normal reactions to environment. But it may be made more vivid and tangible to the concrete mind if conceived in the likeness of a place. So conceiving it, we may describe it as a world of realities, the only world where lasting happiness obtains; at the same time, it is a realm of ideals, of great thoughts, of inspirations to heroic action. It has no barriers to shut us out, beyond the superficial wall made by our own thoughts and emotions if they be of a separative tendency. Were it not for these, we should be able to reach it easily and enter freely, recognising it as our true home; but as things are, most of us look upon this, the true Kingdom of Reality, as though it were a region of illusions, something unknown and unsubstantial, whereas it is this world of sense which is the unknown, the passing, the trivial. Indeed, no thoughtful person does really feel perfectly at home in the world around; there is about it a sense of strangeness, of exile, a want of inner harmony, which doubtless springs from the inborn conviction so finely voiced by Wordsworth in his well-known lines:

The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,

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And cometh from afar :
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.

Continuing our imagery, we may say that the attainment of the Kingdom of Happiness does not involve change of place. The Kingdom of Happiness, like the Kingdom of Heaven, is—so the great Teachers of our race have ever testified—within us ; and we begin to see that this must be so when we realise that the Self of which we are a part, a reflection, is Bliss, and that, therefore, happiness is of the very nature of our being. Happiness must be sought, not without, but within ; not in external circumstances, but in the mastery of circumstance, in the inner attitude of perfect peace and equilibrium in the face of external conditions. In other words, there is no true happiness except that which comes from within ourselves : so long as we are dependent upon what the outer world can give us, we cannot have true happiness, but at best some mere temporary satisfaction, which will sooner or later fade away and give place to disappointment and discontent. To succeed in our search, it is not required of us that we go away from this outer world into a secluded forest or hill (as was thought necessary in the olden days), nor even that we renounce our connection with its affairs. What is wanted is an alteration of our mental and moral focus so complete as well-nigh to amount to a revolutionary change in our attitude towards life. When we have set our face resolutely towards the Kingdom of Happiness, we cannot but carry with us its atmosphere and ideals, we cannot help translating the new outlook into everything that we do.

Such a change in our habitual outlook on life can only come with the realisation of our oneness with the Self which is Bliss ; a realisation which must no doubt begin as an intellectual

conviction, but must grow into an intuitive acceptance of a self-evident truth. We are all familiar with the idea of the compelling power of Conscience, a power which, if it makes a man a coward in the face of what he feels to be wrong, makes him also a hero in obedience to the innate sense of what is just and true. Now a developed Conscience means the rousing of the Voice of Intuition, that 'insistent urge of the Spirit, which gives the lower nature no peace until he is obeyed,' and which is our only true guide on the way of happiness. When we cultivate the Voice of Intuition, our whole life necessarily becomes attuned to its edicts; and one of the inevitable results of this is the sense of oneness which grows upon us, the perception of the unity which underlies all the apparent diversities. At the same time that the intuition is a compelling influence, it is also an unerring guide. As has been said, so long as we obey its Voice, we cannot err; it is in trying to follow the orders, the ideas of others, that we go wrong.

Krishnaji is indeed very emphatic as to the importance of adhering closely to our own intuitions. He condemns the tendency to become like the rest, to conform to a type, as being fatal to the development of perfect intuition. We must not be content to imitate others, but should strike out a line of our own, even if this may occasionally lead us into mistakes. We must be varied, but not exclusive, in order to be perfect: we must learn to reflect the divine originality by constant change, by constant alteration of our vision of the Truth. Each one of us has to be an artist, who creates for himself, because he has been thrilled by a glimpse of the Vision; a genius, not a mere follower, not a mere waste product of life.

To gain the impersonal attitude by which alone we can identify our self with eternal Truth, it is absolutely necessary to struggle against self-satisfaction, the sense of always remaining in the same groove or circle. The tendency to have an

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excessive conceit of oneself, to glory in one's actions and acquisitions, is an unpleasant trait, and comes really from gross ignorance, from absence of self-knowledge; and, offering as it does a serious obstruction to the use of the personality by the higher self, it is one of the greatest obstacles to spiritual progress.

If, says Krishnaji, you desire to recognize the 'Tyrant Voice' of intuition, you must have, not stagnation, but revolution; you must not kill out, but encourage, the divine discontent which gives birth to true contentment and peace, and which can be gained only through experiences of all kinds, and not merely innocence, only through great whirlpools in the mind and emotions, through great sorrows, ecstasies, devotion, adoration, and even anger, in a word, through 'a soul prepared for temptation', that is to say, trained and strengthened to resist and overcome selfishness and evil of all kinds.

Self-satisfaction must be replaced by a constant alteration of vision. "You must change every day; you must throw off all those things which clog, bind, restrain, deny you absolute freedom." "You must grow new wings every day to fly to that height," that is of perfection. Obviously, change is here enjoined, not for its own sake, or for mere excitement, but because it is a condition of growth, and also because we are so full of imperfections, so strongly bound to mere forms and illusions, that we cannot get rid of them unless we constantly strive to alter our nature, to improve the picture of ourselves which we paint on the canvas of eternity.

Constant and well-regulated change is also desirable from another point of view. We are all to a very great extent the creatures of our past. A man's character, environment and opportunities—the three factors which mainly represent his destiny—are determined by the thoughts, desires and actions habitual to him during previous lives in other bodies and in the

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earlier years of this life. Apart from this, every man has also a heavy burden of karma of a more or less undesirable kind, accumulated through past errors, misdoings, and wrong thoughts and desires; this operates as a fetter and forms a serious barrier between him and his goal. We are enjoined in that great modern scripture, *At the Feet of the Master* to remember that we are of little use to the Master until our evil karma is worked out and we are free. We have, therefore, to get rid of past karma as [quickly as possible and take care not to create fresh karma. As to this Krishnaji says:

You can only control karma by careful thought, by introspection, by examination of all the little things of life, of all your thoughts and your happiness and the pleasures of your daily life.

Needless to add, this introspection or self-recollection should be free from all trace of morbidity, and should be quite impersonal. Combined with the creative use of the imagination, it should aim at bringing about a thorough and wholesome regeneration of our individuality.

K. S. Chandrasekhara Aiyar

(*To be continued*)



KRISHNAJI'S MESSAGE TO INDIA

ANNIE BESANT, D.L.

At a meeting of the Order of the Star on Monday, 9 April, 1928, during the South Indian T.S. Conference at Adyar, Dr. Besant and Dr. Arundale made short addresses stressing the necessity to follow Krishnaji in the actions of daily life. Dr. Besant read the new invocation and then spoke.

THIS new invocation was written after the consummation of the union between the Lord Maitreya and our Krishnaji, the taking up of his consciousness into that of the Lord. So there is much of the consciousness that comes from the new invocation. The manifestation of the Lord in our lower world as in every case of such manifestations, from the highest of the Avataras to all manifestations of spiritual life, must be conditioned not only by the physical body which has been chosen as the vehicle, but also by the receptivity of the people who hear the message. That lack of receptivity is the great barrier. You may remember how at the last coming of the Lord in Palestine, how short it was, ending in a terrible tragedy, the betrayal by one of his disciples, the denial by another and all the rest of them running away when the moment of danger came.

Now it is evident that the world at the present time is in a very different condition. In the first place, there was nothing which could be called preparation on that occasion. Conditions were not favourable for that. Here we have had a long preparation really beginning from the year 1909 and going on steadily to the consummation of it in August, 1927. During

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all that time some of us have been busy with the work of preparing the way. No such preparation was possible last time excepting the short work of S. John the Baptist. You may, therefore, hope that the conditions are very much better this time and in fact it is shown by the reception which is given to him wherever he goes. I have heard, for instance, in a letter from Paris how he spoke wonderfully to the great audience there . . . We have then this enormous advantage of preparation. In fact, and quite naturally, his own best argument is himself. None of us can prepare the way as he creates the way where he is physically present.

There is one side of the work that I particularly want to speak about this morning and that is the effect of his work on India especially. You see, the whole spiritual progress of the world practically depends on the amount of power which can be sent through this ancient and sacred land. You all know, of course, the thought the World Teacher expressed with regard to it, the carelessness of the daily life, the lack in many ways of that exquisite cleanliness which used to be the universal characteristic of India. We have seen even the poorest people here, who might have a difficulty sometimes in getting any water, washing in the railway station. It is an instinct of the Indian body. Great care is taken in regard to the cleanliness of the floors of the house and so on . . . The tradition remains. That is one reason why in the conference which is just closing the question of Theosophising the home has been laid so much stress upon. We want to make all the homes beautiful when he comes back to India. They ought to be as Indian homes. That is our work. Every member of the Order of the Star has not only to keep his own house clean but he must induce other people to do the same whether they are members of the Star or not. Members of the Theosophical Society and the Order of the Star must go out as missionaries for this purpose.

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Another view of Krishnaji's work in India which we must take notice of is this. Before he left India he made a very wonderful address which you all have read. That message of his should be practically broadcasted over India, broadcasted in the sense that every member of the Star gets copies of the message and distributes it all over India. It is a message of enormous importance naturally to India as a whole. You ought to read that address with extreme care and model your own life on the message which the great Teacher has given you. Remember that that message will be the foundation of a new civilisation, amplified with many details, filled in, modified somewhat as regards the needs of each country, because the needs of countries are very different. We have to realise that the message is the same in all countries of the world, of course with necessary modifications. Now, it is for you to take the lead. Not unnaturally in the West which is proud of its civilisation, colour and all the rest of it, there is a certain pride of feeling against the idea that the World-Teacher should come through a coloured man. They quite forget that the last body he took, the body whom they worship as Jesus, was a coloured body. I have to be careful in using the word 'coloured' because it has a peculiar technical and national meaning. When I was in America I used to sometimes say that the World-Teacher has always chosen a coloured body. I was told it meant a negro body. It gave me rather a shock. I remember before Krishnaji came in any way publicly there were certain statements made about the coming of the World-Teacher through a white body. The expectations were not realised and naturally failed.

I suppose in the outer civilisation, that is, in the sense of mechanical power, invention of new machines, inventing new ideas, probably America is ahead of other nations. That is you may say that this growing up to the apex of the civilisation has shown out in the fifth sub-race, of the fifth root-race. But now

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the spiritual message to the world cannot come through that kind of instrument. It must come in the ancient, traditional way. The traditional way is an eastern body for a very simple reason. The race has been kept comparatively pure, the body is very well preserved and so we find the higher type of the body which is available at the present time is naturally chosen for the embodiment of the World-Teacher. You could not find in the world anyone more physically clean in the body than our Krishnaji. From the time the announcement was made to my brother Charles Leadbeater and myself it has always been kept in that beautiful order. Then the result is to become perfect mentally. You may remember that Nitya had a very much more brilliant and agile brain than our Krishnaji. But now Krishnaji is fully equipped as far as the world is concerned for such a condition and it is very wonderful the way he has been received. Wherever he speaks a profound impression is made. I want to ask you to read very, very carefully this last speech of his in India—the interview—his last message to his Motherland. It will be a disgrace for each one of us who are pledged to help him in establishing his ideals, if we do not to the fullest extent we can compass, make some part of his ideal a realisation, that is, in the life of India. Read it carefully and then think over it. If you would ‘brood over it,’ as my Brother George says, you will get advantage in every way. Wherever you have an opportunity, say a gentle word about it. I do not want you to take up the methods of the Salvation Army and go about the streets asking, “Do you believe in the World-Teacher?” I do ask you most earnestly to read this message sentence by sentence, think it out, brood over it, until a faint reflection of the great ideals of India is reproduced in yourself. Every one of us is bound to do this—to help him to establish his ideals. Here is his ideal in words, the divine message to his own motherland. What a farce our professions will be if we do not set to work

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to make that message a living reality in our own lives and then pass it on through the lives of all. It is the duty that lies upon every one of us. Personally I shall do my utmost to spread that ideal. All of you, I am sure, will feel how wonderful is our privilege in being followers of Krishnaji, in being represented in the Order of the Star. We must keep our promises. There is nothing so mean as breaking a promise. It is said the honour of a Scout is to be trusted. I am sure the honour of a member of the Order of the Star should be trusted. Loving Krishnaji so intensely, I follow him faithfully, striving that all his wishes may be carried out. I am sure that each one of you in proportion to your strength and your realisation of this wonderful message which is given to our world will do your very utmost. You can do much—there are so many of you—to raise India nearer the ideal which he describes and in that way do him the only service that he cares for, the spreading of his message to his world and spreading it by example even more than by words.

Annie Besant

ADDRESS BY DR. ARUNDALE

It is a matter for deep regret, my brothers, that I should have to follow our President, for she has so very beautifully spoken to us that it would have been more appropriate in my judgment to close on the note which was sounded for us. She, however, has desired me to say a word or two and I must, with regret, obey her command.

She has given you your marching orders, not that she would call her suggestions marching orders, because like every Elder Brother she does not give orders. But we can take them, if we so choose, as orders. She has given, therefore, to us our marching orders and as loyal and faithful servants of the Star

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we shall each one of us in his or her own way strive to carry them out. There is one point on which I would like to lay a little stress. It is not easy for the average individual to follow Krishnaji. It is difficult ; and when I say to 'follow' Krishnaji, I mean in the only true sense of the word 'become like.' That is the true interpretation of the word 'follow.' I am, therefore, justified in saying that it is not easy to follow Krishnaji. It is not difficult to repeat his words, it is not difficult to imitate his outer life. These things are not difficult. Any one can do that. So far as his words are concerned a gramophone record can repeat those. So far as his outer life is concerned there are many in the world, doubtless, who, from the standpoint of cleanliness of life, from the standpoint of beauty, of outer appurtenances, will be in no way inferior to him. We can copy, we can imitate, we can repeat. What we have to do is *to be* and therein lies the difficulty. It is also easy for us to look up to him, to feel full of an uplift of devotion to him. It is not difficult. A great many people are able to do that, to feel thrilled by him, to feel an ecstasy. As has been said, it is easy to be one with the saint, it is not easy to be one with the sinner. But no one is one with the saint unless he is beginning to be one with the sinner. Or to put this in another way, it is only as we turn our power outwards that we are unifying it with that which is the inner power from which all life draws its sustenance. The acid test of every member of the Order is not his subscribing to the magazine or purchasing copies of this, that or the other leaflet, of expressing himself either in writing or in words as an enthusiastic devotee. The acid test of the reality of profession is the extent to which the sense of uplift, the sense of reverence is turned outwards in compassion and understanding. If you love Krishnaji, if you really love him, you will be able to represent him, you will be able to show a little more of compassion and of understanding. If you go on

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just as you have been going on hitherto, if you are as critical as you were before, if you have the weaknesses which you had before, if there is no difference between you now and you a few years ago, of what value are your professions and your expressions of devotion? What do they really mean? I tell you what they really mean, that you are gaining personal satisfaction from Krishnaji and you stop short at that. You rejoice in him personally for yourselves. He satisfies you. You are happy in his presence. You take him to yourselves. You do not pass him to the world to which he belongs. For I venture to say that he belongs more to the world than he does to us. We are near enough to him, we can afford not to keep things for ourselves. The world needs him more than we do and we must take care we who are near to him do not stand between him and the world. If we are personally devoted to him, if we think of him more than of any other teacher, if we feel an ecstasy when we are near him, we are only accomplishing part of our work. The big part of the work is to pass on the message and show to the world that those nearest to him are most like him. We, as members of the Star nearest to him, have to be most like him. He must affect our lives so that we change, and are thus able to pass on his strength which flows through us as his channels to the outer world, so that as the Lord of Love comes to His world He brings with him many younger brethren who in some small and humble measure are by their little service that which He is to the whole world.

So my prayer to all of you is not to forget in your personal satisfaction the duty that you owe, that is a matter of honour, namely, to worship him by your lives far more than by your profession. Your professions do not much matter. It is not necessary to prostrate yourselves before Krishnaji to express to him all you feel about him. If you prostrate before him by the life that you live and if you show in the outer world the nature

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of the inspiration that he has given to you, you do not need to be near him. You do not need to assure him of your devotion. He knows it. If you reproduce in yourselves whatever you know of the Head of your Order, whatever you admire in him, you worship in him, You render him the greatest service that you can possibly render. There can be no finer service than to become like him. You do not need to be near to him, you need not even go to a Star Camp. In order to be like him you can meditate on him without any subservience to these forms as from a standpoint they are. The Star Camp is a good institution; it is good that you should subscribe to the magazine for you must be in touch with what he says from time to time. It is good that you should do what you can to get into touch with the movement. But you must realise the nature of the path you have to tread.

One point more occurs to me and that is if you can profess by your life you need not trouble about other people. Others will be affected far more by your being than by your talking. If you feel that they do not understand, if you feel that they are not treading the right pathway, the quickest means of helping them is for you more definitely to tread your pathway, because example is far better than any amount of precept. Of course, in any case, we do not know what is the nature of the pathways of our brethren. It is not our business to interfere. We do not know their difficulties, their problems, their line of growth. If we can live more intensely the life of our Teacher, that life will spread, will enter into the other individual imperceptibly and help him imperceptibly to take the right course. In a family if the parents will live righteously, the children will grow righteously. There should hardly ever be any need for a parent to correct a child. If the parent is living to the full righteousness that he knows, the atmosphere of righteousness will dominate the home and the child will be

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full of it. If we who are the elder brothers of the outer world, if we will live righteously, then there is not much doubt, considering the number of the members of the Order of the Star, that the world will accept the great Teacher so that he will be able to be with us longer than he was able to be in the world on the last occasion.

So, brethren, having the truth in some measure, go forth from this Conference and live up to it as best you can in every detail of your lives. We none of us can live up to it perfectly. We shall make mistakes. There will be imperfections here, there and elsewhere. Of course, imperfections are inevitable. But we can do the best we can. It is not enough to see the defects in other persons, because every person has his own defects. For every defect that you can perceive in another, another can perceive some kind of defect in you. Never forget that. When you are criticising X, Y, or Z, be sure that he has material with which to criticise you. We think we are immune from these destructive criticisms, whereas all other people are susceptible to them. Well, let us go forth from this Conference determined to be 'little' Krishnajs. You know what he is. Be like him. It is quite enough. On what does he lay stress? Have a little of that in your life. If you can do that, you are following him. You are making his path easy for him. He will be safe in the world. But if you merely profess that you are still devoted, devotion so soon descends into fanaticism. Fanaticism always means a sense of superiority, a sense of disapproval, and fanaticism breeds hatred. We must take care of that. We must live the life. If we do not, then we are unfaithful and dangerous.

George Arundale

INTO THE OPEN

J. KRISHNAMURTI

(Unrevised Speech delivered at Calicut)

I THINK it will be necessary for me to explain a little before I answer the various questions that you have been kind enough to put to me.

First of all, I want to reassert that I am not against anything. If anything helps anyone, as long as it is really and truly helpful and sincerely helpful, then you must follow that path, you must do those things; but I would again urge that, if you are desirous, if you want to climb a mountain, you cannot carry on your back the whole goods that you have possessed through life. If you go up any mountain side, climb up any mountain, the higher and higher you go, the less and less you must carry by force of circumstances, because the more weight you have on your shoulders, the more troublesome, the more irksome becomes the climbing. You must perforce in ordinary physical plane climbing leave behind the things that you have accumulated. So likewise I say that you must leave tradition, that you must leave this and that, if you want to climb, if you want to attain, if you want to perceive; they may help you at the beginning, but they are not the ultimate goal. After all if I am lame you cannot ask me to throw away the crutches; I must have the crutches while I am walking, but you can tell me, "You are lame, but you are going to get strong." So I say that ceremonies are absolutely unessential; even though sacred books say it, that is not a reason. I have attended various

INTO THE OPEN

ceremonies and I have not found what I sought. If you think that ceremonies are essential, if you are still bound by the wheel of limitation, by that of tradition, you must go through it. It is like this: Suppose a man comes along and says, "I have found a shorter route, a shorter road where you want to go," won't you listen to him? Suppose you want to go to the station and a friend of yours comes along and says, "I have found a simpler road, much more direct than that you have been following," won't you take it, will you not at least attempt? It does not mean that you must submit to authority. It does not mean that you must believe Krishnamurti is the World-Teacher. That is a minor detail. That is not in the least important. Put it out of your mind, whether I am what I say or not, that is not of great importance. It is of great importance to me not to you. If what I say is true, then you are bound to follow it. If what I say is wrong then you will not follow, but you will follow the truth not the individual version of another being.

Take, for instance, the question of tradition, you say, "By destroying tradition you will create chaos"; may I ask you, if there is not chaos at present? We label ourselves, as Brahmins, as untouchables, and so on. Is there not chaos, is there not misery, is there not sorrow? Because I maintain if you are unprejudiced, unbiased, you will agree with me that you have made belief so narrow, so conventional, so traditional, that life cannot come. Life is bound to be free, must be free, if it is freeborn. If you try to grow a plant, it will grow only as long as there is freedom, as long as there is sunshine, but if you begin to smother it in your desire to protect it, you will kill that plant. So, likewise if you would make your life free you must not lay on it belief after belief, tradition after tradition. It is so natural, it is so easy to understand and yet because we are bound we say all these things are necessary.

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Take, for instance, the question of child-marriage. We marry a child, a daughter, let us say, at ten or eleven and in two years' time she is a widow, in two years' time she bears a child and goes through the agony which you quite well know. And if the husband dies, she weeps. You say it is karma. What has Karma to do with it? It is your own fault. It is your own tradition that creates sorrow, and you put it on a God and you think you have solved the problem. You are trying to mould life to set ideas, to a set form, to a set belief, to a set tradition and life will not be moulded. . . .

But when you say that by tearing down tradition, tearing down beliefs, you will create chaos, in answer I will say, there is already chaos. Every one of you is in a chaotic condition, you do not know what you want. You all will become lawyers, B.A.'s., B.L.'s and Heaven knows what else, but you will have that narrow mind even though you may earn ten thousand a month, if you are bound; and that is the all-important thing. You need not believe me as the World-Teacher. That is of no importance. But follow, if you would understand, what I am saying and carry it out, translate it into your daily lives. As I said I am not against anything. But I am against stupidly following anything. (It does not matter who says it; it does not matter what tradition, books, Teachers have said, if it requires insincerity and blind following). You see the whole world at the present time is escaping from tradition. You yourselves are escaping from tradition. You may call yourselves Brahmins, Non-Brahmins, this or that. But I have seen Brahmins who are shop-keepers, clerks; they are not Brahmins of the old type. You escape from tradition, but you won't go a step beyond, because you are frightened, you don't know; and that is why I say that belief is unnecessary for the fulfilment of life, and all our system of education, system of marriage is based on belief and hence we are growing, we are allowing to grow, the same type as

INTO THE OPEN

ourselves. We do not give individual perfection. We do not encourage individual achievement. You go out of the street, the main street, you will notice chaos, disorder, the utter confusion. You say, "All that you say will bring about greater chaos." On the contrary, because I see chaos, as an artist I want to bring about, out of that chaos, orderliness and constructiveness. . . .

You need not believe in what I am supposed to believe. That only concerns myself. I say certain things because I have found, I have achieved and I have attained. You need not believe. If you make that belief as a condition of understanding you are bound. What I want is that you should not be caught in the wayside shrine, but go out into the open, where you can breathe the fresh air, where you can be a man and not a machine. I would like, if you are desirous of understanding what I am saying, that you should understand the thought behind the words and not the mere words, nor give too much interpretation to that meaning without definite understanding, because, as I said, we are still so bound by the narrow vision of our lives, by narrowness of thought, of tradition and of belief.

I will give you an example. The other day in Paris I was with a famous painter and he showed me one of his modern ultra-cubistic pictures and I said to him, "I don't like that picture." He said, "Don't say I don't like, because you are prejudiced, you are bound by other forms of pictures, in which you are used to the form, colour, proportion, etc. Come back again as often as you like and look at this picture." So I went often trying to understand his point of view and out of what seemed to be a chaotic thing, where there was no colour, no proportion, I began to see colour, form, proportion . . . There was beauty. But if I had continued to say "I don't like it," I should have never appreciated, I should have never learned.

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Life is a process of learning and not rejection. Man only rejects when he does not understand, when he is bound. But if you want to understand what is happening, you don't go with a mind to reject it. If you go with a mind eager to understand, with a mind fresh, it does not matter what it is. You will examine and then after careful examination, after pause, you will either accept or reject. No one has a right to reject without examination. Life is a process of acquisition and then rejection, and rejection and then acquisition. If anything is put in front of you, examine it. If it does not suit you, leave it aside. That is what you are all doing in life. When you go to a laboratory, you experiment. But so far it has always been traditional, along a set form of belief. And hence because you try to mould, to control the sea, which is life, the sea begins to overflow and there is chaos, there is disorder, everything is disarranged. That is why, the very first thing needed to understand truth, is that you go to it with a fresh and unprejudiced mind. If you want to see the colours of the day, of the trees, of the flowers, you do not put on coloured glasses. You take them off, to see the beauty of the day, the perfection of nature; so likewise, if you would appreciate truth. I say, "I have the truth". You need not believe. But at least you must, because you are unhappy, because there is chaos, because there is disorder, you must have a fresh mind, that comes and approaches truth and is willing to examine, willing to judge, willing to balance things. After weighing, after balancing, after thought, you can reject or accept; and that is all that is wanted. Because if you accept anything, even though I say it, or anybody else says it, it becomes a belief, around which will be formed a temple, a dogma, a creed.

J. Krishnamurti

THE STAR CAMP IN BENARES

(Impressions)

B. SANJIVA RAO M.A. (CANTAB.) I.E.S.

SIX weeks have passed by since the Star Camp was held in Benares, and sufficient time has elapsed to gain some idea of what one has learnt, of what one has understood of the message of the Teacher. We spent over three of the happiest weeks with the Teacher in our midst.

Benares gave Krishnaji a wonderful reception. I can still feel the thrill of joy with which the boys and girls and grown-up men and women welcomed him on the morning of his arrival. They lined the road leading to Shanti Kunja and flowers rained on him as he passed through, and at the entrance to Shanti Kunja he was greeted with the exquisite strains of a hymn of praise and thanksgiving that the long expected Dawn had come. That song will ever abide with me as one of the precious memories of my life, for with that song is bound up the simple and spontaneous expression of a great devotion. He came to us as our Friend and Companion and the young hearts welcomed him simply and naturally. I think that welcome has touched him deeply and he knows that he will always find a home and loving welcome here.

We worked hard to make the Camp a success. The Devas were not kind to us, for weeks of effort were rendered useless by the steady drizzle that greeted us on the occasion of the Opening

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of the Camp, and yet there brooded over us a great peace, as He, the Teacher, came amongst us and gave us His blessing. What do storm-clouds matter when in our hearts there shines the Morning Star of salvation. We worked hard to overcome the effects of the weather, and the young boys and girls learnt that hardest of all lessons to learn, that there is no failure when the heart is singing with the joy of a great Love. So everywhere there was a radiant cheerfulness and happiness.

We had set before ourselves as our motto: 'Behaviour is Righteousness,' and nobly did the boys and girls, who were mainly responsible for the execution of the plans of the Camp Management, maintain a high standard of dignity and gentleness. Cheerfully did they give up meetings in order to make room for the outside delegates whenever the inclemencies of the weather made an open-air meeting impossible. Many of them even gave up opportunities of being with Krishnaji in person. But one felt certain that all the more close was the Teacher to those who showed so noble a spirit of sacrifice.

There were the usual meetings, camp fire Talks, the same eternal questions answered again and again with infinite patience and dignity, the Truth conveyed as much by the manner and gesture as by the use of words. One even felt that the formal intellectual expounding of the Truth was but an inadequate mode of conveying Reality. One unforgettable camp fire Talk stands out in my memory. It was on the 11th of February—for we continued the camp fires even after the Camp was formally closed and the delegates had left. He told us how we can reach Him and abide with Him eternally, how we can break down the barriers between us and Him only by breaking the walls which separate us from our fellow-beings. We become callous, through familiarity with suffering, to the evils around us. We allow our hearts to become cold and hard. That is how we create our own fetters, our own barriers. He

THE STAR CAMP IN BENARES

is in all the myriad forms around us, in the blade of grass, in the tree, in the animal, in the heart of young and old, in the sinner and the Saint. When we close our hearts in indifference, in the selfish spirit of isolation, then we shut Him out also. I do not think I can give any idea of the scene—hundreds of young boys and girls listening in tense silence, with the great pyramid of flame burning steadily in the midst of the spacious area of the old tank, the moon shining overhead and the magnificent voice ringing out in the stillness of the night, awakening a responsive echo in the hearts of His hearers.

As I listened, I found my own heart laid bare before my own gaze. I saw how it had been closed by habit, by convention, by want of understanding. For many years I had striven, I had aspired, I had struggled for the Light. I had drugged myself by work and service, by the so-called sacrifices.

The Teacher revealed the Truth in a flash, and I saw the naked truth about myself without shame, without remorse for the weaknesses which I saw so clearly, for I was with Him, His friend and companion, offered the privilege of sharing in His wondrous love for all His brothers.

I may forget from time to time in the hurry and rush of life the glimpse that I have caught of the Kingdom of Happiness. But I know that I have dwelt with Him for a while and will one day—it matters little when—abide with Him eternally.

B. Sanjiva Rao

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

V. S. SRINIVASA SASTRI P. C.

Under the Caption, The Message of Christmas, the Editor of the "Natal Mercury", S. Africa, wrote :

To-morrow the Christian world celebrates anew a Birthday which changed the currents of human history. On the eve of that Anniversary the "Natal Mercury" submits itself as never before to the Spirit of Christmas. It makes full surrender of its editorial authority for this one day of the year and, with humility, sits at the feet of others. What message has Christmas got for this mechanicalised Twentieth Century? We have asked the question of three outstanding public men in Natal and invited them when answering it, each from his own individual standpoint, to write the leading article which they would like to see appearing in our editorial columns at this season. Mr. Sastri, P.C., the Agent-General of the Government of India in South Africa, writes as a philosopher-statesman from the East, which cradled civilisations far earlier than our present European civilisation.

TO a Hindu, brought up in the philosophy of the Vedanta, toleration of other faiths and other modes of worship comes easy. Toleration deepens into sympathy and understanding when one has a working faith in the brotherhood of man and allows idealism to shape one's course in life instead of regarding it as a sign of a softening brain or an old-world morality. Every form of earnest piety, every time-honoured religious observance is to him a way of approach to God, not his own it is true, but not necessarily less suitable or less sure. I own to a feeling of profound reverence when I behold a service in a

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church and am hushed into the silence of communion at the sight of a Muhammadan kneeling in prayer. The rejoicings of Christmas, consecrated to childhood and its innocence and glory, and summoning men and women to the duties of forgiveness and reconciliation, make an intimate appeal to one whose every prayer includes a thrice-repeated invocation for the blessing of peace—that perfect peace of the heart which follows when all passion has been subdued, all desire has been conquered and all regret has been left behind. At the opening of a sacred book or the beginning of a devotional exercise a pious Hindu joins his hands in supplication for the good of every fellow-creature: “May every one cross the difficult places of life, may everyone behold happiness, may everyone attain true wisdom, may every one rejoice everywhere.” To forget wrong and admit the wrongdoer to one’s love is the sublime teaching of all the great religions of the world.

On one holy day of the year all differences are laid aside, the mind dwells on our common origin and our common destiny, and we all return, if we can, to the ways of simplicity and guileless mirth. But can we? Blessed is he who can cast off the folds of sophistication that overlay his soul. By constant use the words come easily to the lips; but how hard is the reality! The true sages of our race are few. The learning of books, the performance of rituals, the mortifications of the flesh—these lead nowhere. God’s grace, according to Hindu teachings, has most often descended on the crude children of toil, on the unlettered denizens of the forest. What a rebuke to pride and pomp and power! By a supreme effort we suspend on a given day the outward manifestations of vanity and animosity, but the real chastening of the heart is not there; and the brawls and contending ambitions break out afresh on the morrow. Let us pray that the spirit of the Christmas season

animate us at all times. When a man dies his worst critics remember only his good points and overlook his foibles. How much happier both he and they would have been if they had practised a little of this magnanimity while he was alive! This world would be a different place and Heaven would be all around us if but the lesson of these rare moments could be carried into the rest of our lives. A sudden shock should not be necessary to awaken us to the realities of life . . . The realities of life! In daily language we apply this expression to the phantoms and shadows which we pursue, and we dismiss as dreams and trances the revealing flashes of wisdom which come to us when striking events happen. Well was it said of old: "The sage is awake when the world sleeps; he sleeps when the world is awake."

Another snare from which the spirit of the Christmas season should save us is to suppose that one rule governs human conduct as between individuals and another rule as between communities, nations or States. Is life one whole or a series of unconnected fragments? Could it be that God meant the law of love and compassion only for individuals and not for organised groups? Many things, forbidden in ordinary social intercourse, are supposed not only to be allowed but to be enjoined in war and in diplomacy. International and inter-communal ethic falls far short of ordinary ethic. It is seriously contended by some authorities that the precepts of Christ were intended for the simple relations of private life and must not be extended to the larger sphere of inter-State relations. As if an evil multiplied thousandfold could by some subtle alchemy be transformed into good; as if virtue was but vice on a large scale! Surely this is a disastrous blunder of thought. Christ's commands, like the commands of other great teachers and exemplars, are universal in their range; they know no limit of

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race or colour, no mere geographical or political boundary. They would discipline us into one brotherhood ; they would constrain us by the gentle bond of love and mutual helpfulness into one family. We believe in the essential dignity of every soul in God's creation. That is the essence of every religion which is called a world-religion. You cannot please God by benefiting one set of His creatures at the expense of another set of His creatures. The fact that you regard yourself as belonging to the one set and not to the other is of no consequence. Injury to a part of humanity is injury to humanity, and a violation of the purpose of God, who is all goodness and all love.

V. S. Srinivasa Sastri

REVIEWS

J. Krishnamurti—Some Impressions. By K. S. Chandrasekhara Aiyar. (Publishers: The Star Publishing Trust, Adyar, Madras, India. Price As. 2.)

There are and probably will continue to be thousands of men and women without the opportunity of coming into close contact with J. Krishnamurti. There are others just needing some slight push some small incentive, the right stimulus, to turn what is now a vague desire into an active search for that opportunity. There are still others, puzzled about this remarkable personality and his mission, not quite sure of their own impressions, to whom the opinion of someone of the mental and moral calibre of the author of the pamphlet under review will be of help in more firmly establishing their own inner conviction of truth. To all of these the pamphlet will be of value. Its author, the Retired Chief Justice of Mysore is a man of the highest repute, held in great esteem, wherever he is known throughout the South of India. His long years of legal experience have tested and proved his power to weigh evidence, to discard irrelevancies and to arrive at truth. They have also given understanding of human nature and the power to measure men.

The impressions of such a man of Mr. J. Krishnamurti must interest anyone who wishes to really understand, from any or all points of view, the latter.

The Chief Justice gives first his impressions of what one may call the outer man of this great personality, then passes to his qualities as a public speaker. Then follows a kind of review of the facts known of World Teachers in the past and Their relation to the Great Religions. He pleads the necessity and the ripeness of the times for another such phenomenon, and the need for the open-minded attitude in regard to new truths. He warns against the

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prejudices and limitations of the rationalistic mind which cannot function in the intuitional world and concludes that warning by saying that with regard to the purpose and mode of manifestation of the World Teacher, "the person best entitled to set forth his own point of view, his own knowledge of the facts, is Krishnaji himself. And this he has done very explicitly in the address 'Who Brings the Truth.'

He adds :

Obviously, such an experience is not one for demonstration, but for inner realisation; it is a matter not for the concrete, arguing mind, but for the developed intuition. The importance of rousing this inner sense, the Voice of Intuition, is, by the way, one of the points strongly insisted upon by Krishnaji in his talks as being our sole or real guide towards the goal.

This thoughtful and helpful pamphlet should have a wide sale.

MISCHA

Triveni. A Journal of the Indian Renaissance. Editor, K. Ramakotiswara Rao, B.A., B.L. Six issues a year. Published by K. Srinivasan, B.A. at Malabari House, Vepery, Madras.

A New Journal! Journals are not so common as books. Let us wish it a long life and much growth and prosperity. Here are two issues, from which to prophesy, yet—what makes a journal a success? Does any one know? We think it is a matter of sincerity and earnestness on the part of the contributors. Here the Editor comes in. Is he fooled by flashy style, or can he see the fire of genuine love of Truth?

Triveni certainly starts well. To a non-Indian the names mean nothing, only the substance can be judged. The variety is great. Can a magazine cover such a wide field without confusion? In the first issue we get Culture, Poetry, Human Rights, Ancient monumental portraits, Andhra Renaissance, Art, Swaraj, Indian Renaissance, Research in mediæval Indian History, Rural Reconstruction, Local Gods, and, thank God, a splendid one of great Modern Indian Woman. It is all most valuable, but it tends to discursiveness. Few care for kinglets or godlets nowadays. But for a large *clientèle* of men and women who want to be up to date in India, this is very good, and no one dare say he has wasted a moment on the reading.

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The Second issue, March, has just as great a variety, and some very timely topics, like the Indian Home ; we visited a model of chaste simplicity only last week. The political contributions are to the point. In both issues, the pictures are a very fine average of topic and of execution.

Here in India there is evidently a big field for a magazine for the home, for all the readers in a home, may the venture of *Triveni*, fill that want.

A. F. KNUDSEN

THE RISHI VALLEY TRUST

MEMORANDUM OF ASSOCIATION

*Registered under Act XXI of 1860 for the Registration
of Literary, Charitable and Scientific Societies*

Name and Objects :

1. The name of the Association is "The Rishi Valley Trust".
2. The objects for which the Association is established are :
 - (a) The promotion of humanitarian activities of all kinds and the provision of spiritual instruction in all practicable ways.
 - (b) The holding and management of all funds raised for the above objects.
 - (c) To acquire, hold, dispose of property of every description; to erect buildings; to lay out camps, retreats and communal residences; to establish educational institutions; to lay out streets; to allot plots of grounds conditionally or without conditions and to do all other acts whatsoever necessary or incidental to the carrying out of the above objects.

3. Governing Body :

The following shall be the first Governing Body of the Association :

1. J. KRISHNAMURTI, Author, Adyar, Madras.
2. ANNIE BESANT, D.L., Author, Adyar, Madras.

THE STAR

3. C. JINARAJADASA, M.A., Author, Adyar, Madras.
4. GEORGE S. ARUNDALE, M.A., LL.B., Author, Adyar, Madras.
5. K. S. CHANDRASEKHARA AIYAR, B.A., B.L., Retired Judge, Bangalore City.
6. A. RANGANATHA MUDALIAR, B.A., B.L., Minister to the Government of Madras, Adyar, Madras.
7. C. S. TRILOKEKAR, Principal, Theosophical College, Madanapalle.
8. YADUNANDAN PRASAD, M.A., B.Sc., Professor, Adyar, Madras.
9. G. V. SUBBA RAO, M.A., Principal, Theosophical College, Adyar, Madras.
10. N. S. RAMA RAO, M.A., National Organiser, Order of the Star, Adyar, Madras.
11. D. K. TELANG, M.A., Gentleman, Adyar, Madras.
12. B. SANJIVA RAO, M.A., Principal, Queen's College, Benares City.
13. SANKAR SARAN, B.A., Government Advocate, Krishnashram, Allahabad.
14. A. SCHWARZ, Gentleman, Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras.

We, the undersigned, subscribe to the above Memorandum.

Witnesses :

R. LAKSHMINARASIMHAN,
Theosophical College, Adyar.
22nd Feb., 1928.

B. RAJAGOPALAN,
Professor,
Theosophical College, Adyar.
22nd Feb., 1928.

J. KRISHNAMURTI
D. K. TELANG
GEORGE S. ARUNDALE
N. S. RAMA RAO
YADUNANDAN PRASAD
A. SCHWARZ
G. V. SUBBA RAO

“THE RISHI VALLEY TRUST”

Rules and Regulations for the Management of the Association named “ The Rishi Valley Trust ”

1. The members of the Association shall consist of
 - (a) the above-mentioned members of the first Governing Body,
 - (b) such other persons as either the President of the Theosophical Society or the Head of the Order of the Star may invite to be members,
 - (c) and such other members as may be provided for by Rules and Regulations.
2. The Governing Body shall consist of not less than seven and not more than twenty members of the Association.
3. The First Governing Body shall last for three years from the date of appointment; thereafter, three members not including the President shall retire in rotation in the order of the list in the Memorandum of Association and the later co-optation; members shall be eligible for re-election after every such retirement.
4. The permanent President of the Association shall be Mr. J. Krishnamurti. After the death or resignation of the permanent President, the Governing Body shall within three months, elect a President, at a meeting called for the purpose. One or more Secretaries and a Treasurer shall be appointed by the President.
5. The Governing Body shall meet periodically as determined by the President to transact business.
6. At all meetings of the Governing Body, members may vote either in person or in writing or by proxy, and the quorum at all such meetings shall be three.
7. Election of members of the Governing Body shall be by co-optation.

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8. The President shall have discretionary powers in all matters not provided for in these rules.

9. All subscription, donations, and other moneys payable to the Association shall be received by the President or the Treasurer or some one authorised by one of them ; the receipt of any one of whom shall be a sufficient discharge of the same.

10. Cheques drawn against the funds of the Association shall be signed by the Treasurer of the Association.

11. Documents and Conveyances in respect of the transfer of property belonging to the Association shall bear the signature of one of the Secretaries.

12. The Headquarters of the Association are at Adyar, Madras.

13. These rules may be changed at any meeting of the Governing Body on previous notice.

14. The President may in writing depute a member of the Governing Body to act as President in his absence.

Certified to be a correct copy of the rules.

Witnesses :

B. RAJAGOPALAN,

Theosophical College, Adyar.

22nd Feb., 1928

R. LAKSHMINARASIMHAN

22nd Feb., 1928.

A. SCHWARZ

YADUNANDAN PRASAD

G. V. SUBBA RAO

THE STAR

ORDER OF THE STAR

J. KRISHNAMURTI

Head of the Order

OBJECTS

1. To draw together all those who believe in the presence of the World-Teacher in the world.

2. To work with Him for the establishment of His ideals.

Membership in the Order is open to all who subscribe to its Objects. There are no fees for membership in the Order. Certain National Sections have found it convenient to fix a regular subscription, but this practice is not in any way binding on the Order as a whole.

There is a Chief Organizer for all International work. The Headquarters of the Order is established at Eerde, Ommen, Holland. The Order exists now in forty-five countries with a National Organizer in each country.

The Badge of the Order is a five-pointed silver star

The Order publishes its Magazine, THE STAR, in several countries simultaneously. A News Bulletin is also issued from the Headquarters at Eerde, Ommen, Holland.

THE STAR

THE ORDER OF THE STAR—INDIA

NATIONAL ORGANIZERS

N. S. RAMA RAO, M.A. (CANTAB.); YADUNANDAN PRASAD,
M.A. (CANTAB.), B.Sc. (LONDON)

DIVISIONAL SECRETARIES

ANDHRA DESA AND HYDERABAD, DECCAN

A. S. Rajagopal, Assistant Engineer, P. W. D.,
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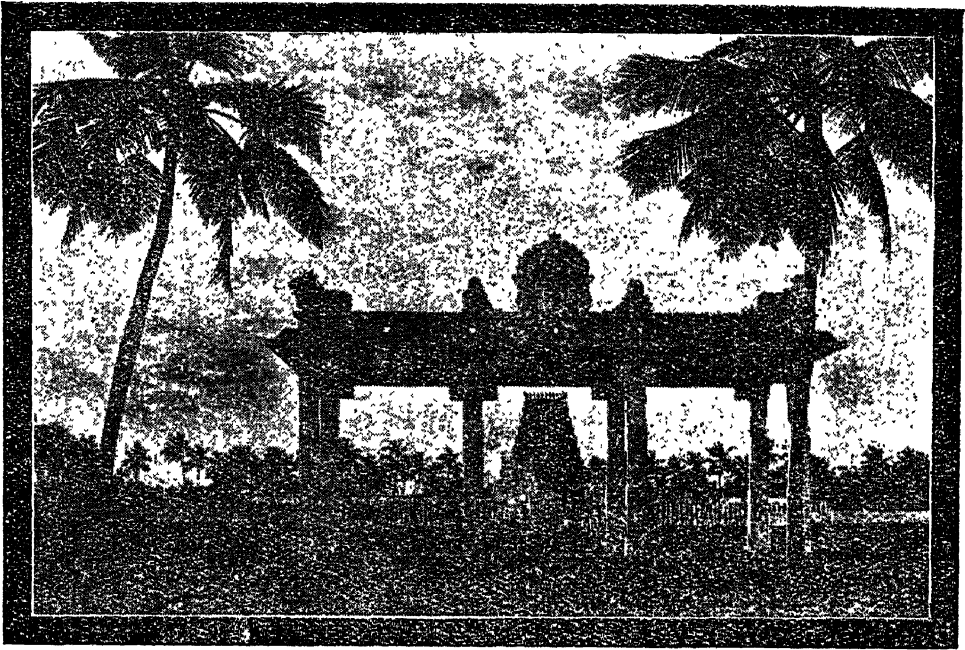
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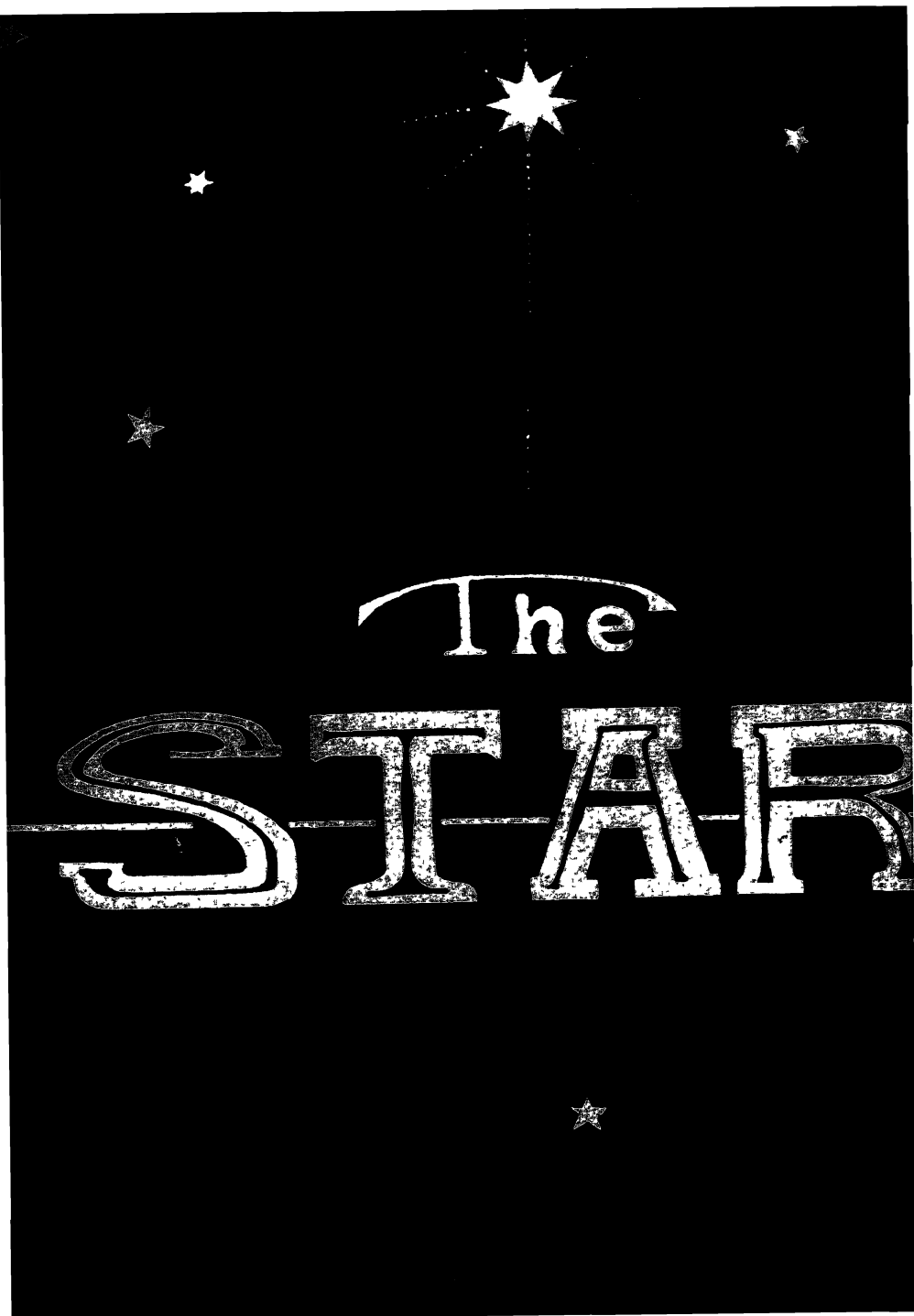
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THE STAR

VOL. I

JUNE, 1928

No. 6

THE STAR is the official organ of the *Order of the Star*, and is published in English, French, German, Spanish, Dutch, Swedish, Norwegian, Polish, Finnish, Russian, Italian, Danish, Icelandic.

The Magazine consists of two sections: The International section, matter for which is prepared by the International Editorial Board and distributed from Eerde, Ommen, Holland, and the National Section, matter for which is collected and prepared by the National Editorial Board.

Manuscripts sent to the International Editorial Board from foreign countries will not be returned unless accompanied by *sufficient international reply coupons*, as foreign postage cannot be used in Holland.

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The annual subscription of this Magazine is Rs. 4-8, post free, single copies for eight annas. All cheques and Money Orders to be made payable to the Manager, THE STAR, Adyar, Madras, S.

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Shiva and Parvati. (Modelled in clay)

*MY HEART IS HEAVY WITH THY LOVE**

J. KRISHNAMURTI

THE red, red moon arose,
Eastward, o'er the dreaming sea,
The dark palm sighs
With the coming quiet of the night.
The distant cry of a bird
On its homeward flight.
The soft ripple of cool waters
Tapping the warm shores.

A burdened heart
Of frenzied joy, near pain.

A heart of understanding is my need.

A melodious song,
Soft and plaintive,
Cometh up from the deep shadows.
Oppressive grows the quiet night air.

As the far winking light
In the dark temple tower,

* This poem must not be reprinted in any magazine whatever, without permission from The Star Publishing Trust, Eerde, Ommen, Holland.

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Above the worshippers
And their groaning prayers,
High above the silent Gods
Amidst their gloomy abodes,
So have I become,
Free from the hand that wrought me,
The conqueror of aching time
And its sorrowing ways.

O friend,
Come away from the complications of belief,
Destroy the monumental superstitions
Of thy enslaving creed.
But grow in the simplicity of thy heart,
In the shadows of thy suffering.

O Beloved,
My heart is heavy with thy love.

J. Krishnamurti

THE HARMONISING OF THE BODIES

J. KRISHNAMURTI

[Month by month we shall publish in *THE STAR* the talks given by Krishnaji to the group of students assembled at Castle Eerde last summer. They have not been revised by Krishnaji himself, as to enable him to do this would have meant a delay of many months in their publication. They have been carefully read, however, by several of those who were present at the delivery of the talks and who believe them to be a correct and verbatim report of what Krishnaji said. The rather personal note—invariably when speaking to a group of friends—represents accurately the form in which the talks were delivered.]

THERE is a very strong impression in the minds of many, that in order to attain liberation and happiness, one must destroy the world that is around us, that one must annihilate all the achievements of science, of art and of religion. The attainment of that form of liberation—which is not liberation at all—is negative and hence to be avoided. For negative things do not create and at this present stage of evolution we have to create, to produce within ourselves that creative energy, that force which will give us sufficient strength, sufficient knowledge to liberate others and to make others realise their own greatness, their own divinity. Hence that negative thought of liberation and of happiness is destructive, it produces lawlessness, and such a liberation would eventually bring about a world without law, a world which is chaotic and without any sense of true civilisation.

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Liberation is not withdrawal from the world, but detachment from all things of the world. Though you must live in the world—as all of you do—and you must put on clothes, use motor cars, use all sorts of things of the world, yet you must be detached completely from all these things; that is the true withdrawal which is necessary for liberation. Nor is liberation attained by seclusion in monasteries, in places away from the turmoil of the world, but happiness and liberation can be found wherever you may be. Nor is the attainment of liberation a mere renouncement. By renouncement—if you have nothing to renounce—you cannot attain liberation or happiness. If you have experience, if you have knowledge, and if out of these renouncement is born, then you will attain liberation. The man who has nothing to give, who has produced nothing within himself, has nothing to renounce; but a man who is full of wisdom, full of knowledge and experience, such a person, when he renounces, makes a real sacrifice in breaking those ties that bind him to the world. So the idea of negative liberation, which is the annihilation of all things around us, is not the true thought, the true purpose of liberation.

Liberation and happiness are the positive side of life, the constructive, refining and civilising energy within us, the energy which creates order out of chaos; and, above all, liberation is self-realisation, the unfoldment of oneself. If you look at it from that point of view, you will see that before you can attain the mountain top of perfection, you must have your bodies—mental, emotional and physical—in perfect condition, fully developed. In the perfection of those three bodies lies the uniting of the source and the end. Take a river that meanders through the fields before it reaches the sea; it accumulates experience, it gathers, and feeds all peoples, all trees; it delights the thirsty; but before it starts from the source it is aware that in

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order to reach the end, before it can join the sea, it must go through the process of perfecting, of accumulating, of gathering experience. In the same way, before we can realise and attain that liberation and happiness, harmony is necessary—harmony between the three bodies. We can have a perfect physical body and yet have mental and emotional bodies which are not fully developed, hence there is disharmony. We may have a perfectly developed emotional body and at the same time have physical and mental bodies not fully developed, and so on; when the three are not in perfect order there is ill-health, there is not well-being; the three bodies must synchronise, work harmoniously together, and there lies the difficulty with most people.

As a diver after pearls, whose body is controlled, whose emotions are well under guard and whose mind is well poised, in order to find the pearl in dangerous waters, so must be the man who desires to attain liberation and happiness. His mind must be well poised and balanced, his emotions well under control, his body subjugated, in order that he may be able to dive deep within himself. Those who seek liberation and happiness must train themselves to become as simple as the pearl diver, as simple as the mountaineer that climbs to the great heights.

The purpose of evolution, though it is complicated, though it involves great sorrows, pains and passing joys and sufferings, is to make man simple, not complicated, simple as the child, and yet as wise as the sage. The truly noble man who has attained liberation or who is in the process of attaining liberation and happiness, is truly simple; but the barbarian, the unevolved, the man of no vision and who has not perceived that liberation or happiness, is burdened with many things. In the passage of time, through many lives,

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he acquires desires, passions, sorrows and joys, and through that phase he has to pass before he has finished with acquisition. For evolution is a matter of discarding what one has acquired through the process of time, till one becomes again absolutely simple. The barbarian, the unevolved, the man who has not perceived, or awakened the desire to liberate himself, depends on external things for his god, his worship, his altar; for his happiness he depends on another, for his well-being, mental, emotional and physical, he is at the mercy of another, for his amusements, for his passing happiness, he depends on another, and for his affection he is also at the mercy of another—he is as the leaf that is chased by the wind wherever the wind listeth, wherever the wind carrieth it, for he is the victim of desires, he has not yet the control over those desires, those passions, those longings, that will make him simple, that will make him pure and strong. For simplicity is essential for the attainment of liberation. You cannot be complicated, you cannot be burdened with many things on your upward journey to that mountain top.

For liberation, it is essential to have great culture, noble refinement, through the process of gaining which human beings must pass in order to become simple. A child or a savage or a barbarian is very simple at the beginning of things; he is unevolved, he is still at the stage of gathering knowledge, acquiring strength, and he has not yet learned the process of discarding, the process of discriminating, so that he may climb to the mountain top of liberation. And during that process of evolution the child becomes a man. When he is at the mercy of his passions, desires, joys, sorrows, he is complicated, he is caught in his own net of desires, and through lives of sorrow, of suffering, of pains and pleasures, he begins to discard and to become simple, to climb towards that mountain top where there is

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liberation. So those who seek liberation and happiness and that unfoldment of the Self which is the destruction of the self, must unite the beginning and the end, must become simple. For that reason you must train yourselves, for though you may have seen the vision of liberation and happiness, you cannot acquire them unless you are as the mountaineer who starts from the plain burdened with many things, many desires, unnecessary goods of the world, and little by little as he climbs up, discards, sets aside all unessentials and carries on his back only those things which are essential, which will strengthen him on his upward journey. So for the attainment of liberation, you must have great simplicity born of noble refinement and great culture. Without culture and without refinement you are at the stage of acquisition; culture and refinement come only when you have begun to discard, to throw aside those things that bind you.

For the purpose of training the mind, the emotions, the body, it is necessary, first, to see the goal; then, keeping that goal in mind, you must train those three bodies which are within each one of you. You must have a mirror in front of your mind, so that it will reflect all your thoughts whether they be unnecessary or necessary, and by your desire to climb up you will be able to discriminate, to discard those things which are unnecessary for your desire. Likewise, you must have a mirror in front of your emotions, so that your emotions can be examined impartially, logically, and having thus examined them, you will be able to carry your conclusions to their logical end, so that you will gain strength, you will multiply your emotions in order to simplify. And likewise, you must have a mirror in front of your body, so that the body shall reflect the beauty of your mind and the strength of your emotions. For unless you have these three absolutely perfected, under control, made noble, you may see

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liberation and happiness, but you will not be able to attain them.

A steamer on the great sea of waters, so powerful yet simple, is the fruit of the struggles, the unceasing experiments and failures of centuries. And simple as is this ship at sea, the outcome of constant elimination of useless things, so must be those who are trying to find the path of peace which is liberation, and to open the gates which lead to the Kingdom of Happiness. They must eliminate within themselves all things which are superfluous, all things which are unnecessary, all things which are the accumulation of many centuries of struggle and failure.

And as the Teacher is now here, those who are struggling in the stages of acquisition, in the process of elimination, have a greater help in Him than they imagine. For when He is with you, time ceases, time as such disappears, for He makes all things simple to those people who are struggling, who are caught up in failures, in sorrows; for in Him all things exist, and He is the flower of many centuries, He is the elimination of all unnecessary things. The Teacher comes to all, and happy are they who understand Him, who meet with Him and who bear Him in their hearts. He comes to all, whether they be present at the moment here or away in the far realms of the world. They who bear Him in their hearts have a special opportunity, for He brings them a special gift and they will accept it if they are wise—the gift to ennoble, to simplify and purify life, to make it more understandable and harmonious. But in order to understand that gift, you must establish within you that harmony, that peace; in order to hear the voice of the Teacher, which is the voice of intuition, you must have absolute peace and great tranquillity. In order to understand the Teacher who is yourself, in

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whom all things exist, who is the culmination of all experiences, you must have within you that harmony, and to have that harmony you must guide yourselves with wisdom and with care.

Just as in a State within whose boundaries there are peoples of many temperaments, with many different ideas, different opinions—for there must be wise laws, just laws, in order to bring about harmony—so likewise within you, who are trying to hear His voice, which is your own voice of intuition, you must bring about peace and harmony within yourselves. For in each one there are three beings, three distinct, separate beings. Each individual possesses a mind, emotions and a physical body, and if they are not in harmony, there is discord, turmoil, no sense of well-being. As three horses pulling a chariot in different directions, each horse desiring to do something different from the other two, so the three bodies within each one of us are constantly fighting, each trying to create something of its own, irrespective of the others. Hence there is disorder, disharmony ; but when you can bring these three to co-operate, to work together for the final end, then you will attain liberation, and hear the voice of the Beloved, which is the voice of intuition.

Consider for a moment a gramophone. There is in it a motor, a disc and a needle ; if any one of those three did not function properly, did not work with precision, did not unite in producing harmony, there would be discord, and you would have no music. Likewise if either the mental, emotional or physical body is not in proper order, is not healthy, then there is ill-health and disharmony. When a person devotes all his time, all his energies, all his wisdom, whatever wisdom he has acquired, merely to the development of one particular body, and neglects the other two, in the very act of neglect he produces karma. You cannot develop one at the expense of another. The vast

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majority of the world cannot distinguish between the three and to them the physical body is the only power, the only authority, and so they develop that body to its fullest extent, forgetting that they have emotions and a mind which must be refined, cultivated and well-poised. So in making the body beautiful, as many men and women do, they forget to develop the other two equally well; hence there is disorder, and in the next life, or in many lives to come, they will have a mind and emotions warped, neglected and dwarfed.

So there must be an even development in those who would hear the voice of intuition, His voice, the voice of the Teacher. They must realise that the physical is a mere vehicle, a mere machine which must work happily, thoroughly, peacefully, irrespective of where the emotions or the mind are focussing their attention for the moment. It must be like a machine, like a dynamo which you start and which runs without attention all day. And to do that you must establish good habits, you must establish what are its desires, apart from the desires of the mind and of the emotions. The body does have its own desires and hence it wishes to act on its own irrespective of the other two; when it acts independently there is trouble, agony and struggle, but when it co-operates with the other two, there is peace, order is established, and the well-being of the physical body.

J. Krishnamurti

THOUGHTS ON THE ADVENT

THE RT. REV. GEORGE S. ARUNDALE, M.A., LL.B., D.LIT.

SINCE writing *The Lord is Here*, I have further pondered over the Great Event in the light of the greater clarification afforded by living in the atmosphere of Krishnaji and by hearing him speak.

I do not pretend for a moment to interpret him. To do so would be both presumptuous and foolish. The consciousness of the Lord is at levels entirely incomprehensible to us. It is cosmic in its quality and it abides in the realm of the Eternal and the True. The world, even as to its best, is but feebly groping towards the Eternal and the True. If I seek to interpret the Lord, I am endeavouring to measure the immeasurable by the standard of the limited. I am endeavouring to declare the Lord to be that which He appears to me to be in the dull light of my own extremely partial understanding. He is all things to all men, nay to all life, for He is the Eternal and the True in all things. It is the Eternal and the True that He vivifies in all, and each individual life receives the vivification appropriate to its time-period and circumstance. The Lord descends into Time and raises us therefrom a little nearer to Eternity, and at each descent the Great White Light of the Eternal assumes the colour-form appropriate both to the time of descent and to each mode of life dwelling within the particular time-period. I must

try to understand Him for myself, but let me beware how I try to interpret Him to others.

All I can venture to say to others is : Understand for yourselves, and be satisfied to take time to this end. I should very definitely advise them not to rely on the interpretation of Krishnaji by others any more than they should endeavour to interpret him to others. Let them rather read his official utterances and, if possible, hear him. And then let them seek beyond the word-forms for the life imprisoned within these. Let them grope after the Eternal which for our understanding in this outer world is assuming the forms of Time.

There are many people laying down the Law as they think Krishnaji lays down the Law. That is to say, they have caught some aspect of his teaching which happens to appeal to themselves. They will take this out of its setting and declare it to be the whole teaching, or they will present it in the light of their own particular understanding. In this way Krishnaji will become a dogma and a doctrine, and we shall have orthodoxy and heterodoxy. We shall have a definite true and a definite false. We shall have circles of the elect and then those living in outer darkness. We shall have believers and unbelievers, and the believers will be sorry in a superior way for the unbelievers and the unbelievers will be goaded into acrimony. We shall have little groups here and there gossiping about the unfortunate lapse or lack of perception of X or Y or Z, and revelling unctuously in their own keenness and rectitude.

All this is very far from the effect of the Presence of the Lord. I doubt whether even those who understand most understand much. Whatever we understand we are understanding mainly for ourselves. For others there may be, probably are, other understandings which may lead them on pathways far removed from our own. What, then, may be said with comparative

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safety? What may be said least limiting the Lord within the restrictions of our individual understanding?

I hesitate to reply to these questions. It is so difficult to see and to know absolutely and not relatively. Perhaps at our particular stage of evolution it is impossible. What then can I hazard tentatively and in the full knowledge that I may be falling into the very pit I desire to avoid? Let me put the answer in the following way.

Know for yourselves. Therefore, seek for yourselves.

Disentangle yourselves from your complexities and enter the freedom of your simplicities.

Abide in the Life and avoid slavery to the form.

Know what you are doing. Do not do without knowing.

Do not be orthodox, conventional, self-righteous. Be True.

Live to be rather than to get.

Happiness is about us, not far off.

Live with the things that live, not with the things that live and die.

Perhaps all these things may be summed up in the phrase : Stand on your own feet and walk on your own way.

Krishnaji does not dictate. He does not say to one, "You are right," and to another, "You are wrong". He does not bring new forms, a new creed. Rather does he plant discord in each one of us, that wonderful discord which dissociates that which matters from that which does not matter. We have long needed that discord, so that we may distinguish between that which for us brings happiness and that which for us brings unhappiness. In the dominance of the latter we have lost sight of the former. So the 'sword' that he brings regenerates as it destroys, frees as it kills. And it is a sword he places in our own hands, a sword which he shows us to be part of our 'armour of Light'.

This is something of Krishnaji's work among individuals. But there is other work. He has to raise the level of civilisation throughout the world. The Lord comes to make a difference. He comes to make a difference in religion, in political life, in social life, in education, in every department of life He will make things different. How? We shall see in due course. Perhaps some of us think we know. Let us not be too sure. In this case it is good to wait and see. At least we may perhaps venture to say that barriers will be broken down, that the unity of all life will be helped to triumph over the diversities of forms. Forms may not disappear but they will more and more become subordinate to Life. The Advent of the Lord will draw the world nearer to its happiness in every department of life, sooner or later according to the world's receptivity.

It occurs to me very strongly that no particular movement, no particular faith, no particular race or nation, will be able to 'claim,' if I may use the word, the World Teacher as its own. The Lord comes to the world and to teach differently from the way in which any movement or faith may teach, to give an outlook upon life different from the outlook any race or nation may give. He does not come as an institution but as the Life. He does not come to an institution, He has never come to an institution but to all life. The vehicle He has chosen as a temporary dwelling-place may happen for very sufficient reasons to be closely associated with movements and teachings, with a race and with a nation. Surroundings are inevitable up to a certain point. But the time has already come, and doubtless will come in greater measure, for the Lord to be *their* Eternal to all men, and in the process I can well conceive that He may choose to break forms which are not for Him. Mr. Krishnamurti happens to be a member of the Theosophical Society, but it would not surprise me in the least were he to resign such membership, though I have no reason so

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far to expect this. The Theosophical Society has rendered immense service to the world and has greater service to render in the future. But this fact is by no means inconsistent with the possibility of the Lord deciding to pass out from the Society so far as regards actual membership, for the better fulfilment of His mission. Some who are closely associated with Him in His work might be required to do likewise. I wonder how many of the rest of us would remain unperturbed and continue our membership as a means to the fulfilment of our own particular dharma. Let us mind our own business, taking inspiration from Him rather than copying Him in His outer actions. He exhorts us to find ourselves for ourselves, to shine and not to reflect. There can be no darkness where there is inner light.

I wish now to consider the relation both of the outer world, and of those who profess belief and understanding, to the Lord. Let us take the latter first. What does the Lord do? He gives to the world that which He has. "Having attained, I come to help you to attain." What has He attained? For the purposes of the world and of the present ministry the answer may be given in the word 'Happiness'. He comes to give happiness, the happiness He has found, the happiness He desires all to find. Those who acknowledge Him must be seeking and must be finding. Only those follow who are finding. Only those follow who share as they find, who inspire others to the discovery of the happiness they themselves have been inspired to discover in some measure. It is nothing to talk of following. It is nothing to "be as sounding brass or as tinkling cymbal". It is nothing to repeat more or less accurately the words of the Teacher. It is nothing to feel superior to those who have yet to understand. It is nothing to wish that others could see as we see. It is nothing to be apart in groups. It is nothing to be near the Teacher. It is everything to make others happier than they are. It is everything that the benediction of the Presence of

the Teacher should have the effect of making our poor presence a benediction in some small measure. It is everything that people should say: "Round Him is a happy and joyous band which spreads happiness everywhere." As He is, so must we learn to become in our own way. And the happiness is a happiness which strengthens, stirs and overflows, not a happiness which lulls and pacifies. The happiness is a happiness which makes us dissatisfied, eagerly dissatisfied, hopefully dissatisfied, strenuously dissatisfied, gloriously dissatisfied.

As for the outer world, let us have patience and understanding. Krishnaji is ill-served by those who make him a dogma and a test of orthodoxy. The fanatically minded will see insult in all that falls short of their own standard of behaviour, of what they consider to be the proper attitude. Here and there, there will be those who will pursue him malevolently. At present such hardly exist. The vast majority are simply ignorant, and are accustomed, quite naturally and rightly, to travel in ruts and on well-trodden pathways. That they will be disturbed is inevitable. The Lord comes to disturb. That they may resent and rebel is inevitable. No one can be expected lightly to labour upwards from his groove or plunge into what will seem to be a pathless darkness, until he realises that in place of outer light which must ever fail there is an inner light which dispels all darkness and never fails. Disturbance, doubt, resentment, rejection—all these are inevitable at the beginning. If we rail against those in whom these manifest, if we condemn them, outcaste them, predict for them a terrible future, we stand between the Lord and those whom He will know how to help and serve in His own good time. The fanatical will thunder denunciations against those who have yet to see, yet the time may come when those who to-day have yet to see will see with open eyes, while those who to-day think they see will have become blinded by their own

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fanaticism, and will have gone forth into an outer darkness. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

There is only one way to the Lord of Love and it is the Way of Love. Those who to-day reject will not cease their rejection because they are denounced. Those who doubt will not cease to doubt because their doubts are scorned. Those who wonder will not cease to wonder because some are impatient of their wonder. Those who try to understand will not understand the more quickly because they are told they ought to understand. Those who lack reverence will not become reverent through compulsion.

How ought we to behave towards Krishnaji? There is a minimum standard of behaviour. We should behave towards him as we should like others to behave towards us—with friendliness, kindness, goodwill, respect. Yet be it remembered that if the Lord dwells in him behaviour becomes more difficult, for from him will come a power which will stir all with whom he comes into contact to the depths of their being. In the case of not a few the result will be a temporary lack of control, possibly a roughness and crudeness, which ought not, of course, to exist, but which the wise will understand and condone. Explain gently, lovingly. Let no one be *plus royaliste que le Roi*. The surging forces of a nature aroused from its slumber and stirred to its depths, as must inevitably be the case when the Lord Himself moves among His children, must surely express themselves at the outset in all manner of ways. Some will retire within themselves, not yet ready for the sunshine. Some will oppose, and the Lords of Karma will understand. Some will at the outset ecstatically accept, their throbbing natures lifting them for the time into the Eternal. As time passes they will waver, and having begun with acceptance may end with rejection. Some will at the outset deny or doubt or question, yet having begun with these they may end in unshakeable understanding and

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devotion. Those who to-day understand, and revel and rejoice in their understanding, must be infinitely patient and understanding with the weaknesses of others. Let no one be *plus royaliste que le Roi*, but let no one be *moins royaliste que le Roi*. The nearer we are to the Lord the easier should be the right behaviour. The farther we are away the more difficult is the right behaviour. Let this be remembered by those who think themselves near.

Often in times gone by great Teachers have been ill-served by their followers and friends. The Lord of Love will find His own way to the hearts of His children. As I am able to understand Him I may bring Him to others, and when they do not understand Him as I interpret Him I may turn away haughtily and scornfully, or I may with my authority and prestige strive to compel acceptance of Him, an acceptance which can come but from the lips, it can never come from the heart. And thus those who otherwise might know Him may be turned away from Him, for it may not be given to them to know Him as I happen to know Him. Great is the responsibility of those privileged to be round Him, great are their dangers. Very near the threshold of manifestation will be their weaknesses, though the power of their qualities will, in the strength of His Presence, be able to overcome all things. Let them beware lest they seek that the Lord shall shine upon others through their own shadows, lest they seek to present Him as glorified editions of their own small selves.

The Lord walks beside each living creature on its pathway to the goal. He is as close to the unbeliever as to the believer, for He knows the essential identity of the two, and for Him, perhaps, there is neither believer nor unbeliever. He is with each Divine creature at its particular stage of growth, and inspires it to tread more rapidly its pathway. He is with the stone and the rock and the earth. He is with the tree and the

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flower and the grass. He is with the animal. He is with the denizens of the deva and the human and the superhuman kingdoms. To each He is the Way and the Goal, for He is the heart of all things. None of us can be as He is. None of us can even feebly reflect His nature. But perhaps we may, foremost through our lives and less through our preaching, open the eyes of the world to His Presence. This we are privileged to do for Him. The rest He will do as He alone can.

We have no reason to thank God that we are not as others are. We are as others are. To-day they doubt, so may we to-morrow. To-day they may reject and deny, so may we another day. To-day they are blind, but to-morrow they may see. To-day we think we see, but to-morrow we may become blind. To-day we are shocked by others. To-morrow we may shock those who stand where we have stood. We are as others are, for all are growing to the goal—some being here and some there, some learning this lesson to-day and others learning the same lesson to-morrow. And some are learning this lesson to-day and that to-morrow, while others are learning that lesson to-day and this lesson to-morrow. Doubtless there are different stages of evolution, but we need only concern ourselves with these for the purpose of understanding where each one is, so that we may help him where he is forgetting where he is. It is the helping that matters, not the place where the person is helped. We have no reason to imagine that we are specially chosen by the Lord. He has chosen all, and all are equally dear to Him.

We have no reason to be proud that we understand Him and know Him. We understand Him but little and know Him but in insignificant part. All know Him somehow though perhaps not as we may know Him; but who shall say which knowledge is the better, theirs or ours. We can know Him but to serve Him, and we can only serve Him by shining like Him,

equally upon all—upon the congenial and upon the uncongenial, upon the wise and upon the foolish, upon the defenders and upon the attackers, upon the kindly and upon the cruel, upon those who follow one pathway and upon those who follow another pathway.

Should we not remember that His teaching is as true when it does not fit as when it does? Let us beware of expecting the Lord to fit Himself to us and our universes. Inevitably we shall incur disappointment which will be the more bitter as we are the more wedded to our own particular schemes of life. Rather should we strive to expand to Him and to His universe as He discloses it to us. As He descends to us we must grow to Him. Let us remember, too, that we are listening but to the first great notes of a mighty music which shall ring throughout the world. We can know but little until we hear more, and not until later shall we be able to grasp the significance of the Message of the Lord. Only the trained few will be able to anticipate the nature of the music from the opening notes, and we are not likely to be among these.

We have no reason to imagine that our cherished pathways and teachings and beliefs will be given by the Lord the prominence they have for us. The teachings of Theosophy may be everything to us, but the needs of the world are everything to Him. Our understanding of Theosophy may be mainly form. His Theosophy is supremely Life. Our Theosophy may be connected with the Theosophical Society. His Theosophy is the Science of Life. Our Theosophy may be this, that and the other. His Theosophy is the Joy and Peace of Happiness. Our happiness may lie in ceremonial, in meetings, in study, in knowledge, in treading a path, in taking a step. His happiness lies in being all things to all, in helping all to know the universes round them as well as their own, so that, knowing many universes, they may cease to be enslaved by one, thus becoming

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free of all. We may belong to this, that or the other church or creed. We may have such and such opinions and beliefs. His teaching will be different from these, it will fulfil, doubtless out of all recognition, those which are to be fulfilled, will place on one side those not fundamental to the nature of His spiritual renaissance, will apply accurately those which we apply distortedly, will place in the forefront the more important and in the background the less important—regardless of our own individual estimates of their relative values. We shall need to readjust ourselves ruthlessly in the light of His Word. We must be ready to do this, eager to do this. We must be ready for a revolution, head a revolution, bring it to a triumphant regeneration of our natures. To-day we see but in part. To-morrow we must see more clearly. Regardless of time we must plunge into the Eternal. We must desire to change, be ardent to change. We must desire to know, really to know, be ardent to know. We must desire to see, really to see, be ardent to see. We must be impatient to stand on our own feet and to walk steadily on our way, independent of all outer things, heeding but the Voice of the Inner Silence. We must challenge ourselves in every detail of our lives, without fear or favour, and cast aside all that cannot withstand the challenge. All this is easy to do if we really want to do it. Let us, therefore, be busy about wanting to do it, for it is only difficult or impossible if we really do not want to do it. And let us keep on wanting until we achieve.

George S. Arundale

THE WAY OF HAPPINESS

RAJADHARMAPRAVINA DEWAN BAHADUR

K. S. CHANDRASEKHARA AIYAR

(Retired Chief Judge of Mysore, India)

(Continued from p. 246)

IF the Voice of Intuition is to be clearly audible, it is further necessary that the channels through which it expresses itself in our waking consciousness should be in perfect condition. The requirements to be aimed at may be summed up, borrowing Krishnaji's words, as physical refinement and emotional and mental nobility and culture.

The physical body must be absolutely clean, healthy and strong, beautiful and radiant, with its every gesture, movement and action refined and graceful. We are dealing, let me explain, with the ideal conditions for perfect happiness; and it is not implied that there is no hope for persons for whom some of these conditions are in this life unattainable. It has been well observed that, while good health is certainly a blessing, ill-health may occasionally be a blessing in disguise, and that though sickness is a serious limitation, it may not be without its compensating satisfactions. It is a most illuminating saying of Amiel's that "the mission of pain and suffering is to give man liberty through submission". And Carlyle once said that a healthy body is good, but a soul in

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right health is the thing to be prayed for above all others. But, after all, these and other considerations are simply consolations and compensations for the lack of that which is implied in the idea of perfect happiness. And meanwhile it is quite possible, even for ordinary persons, with care and attention, to maintain a reasonable amount of health and strength, and also to cultivate unassuming grace and refinement in their gestures and movements.

The emotions must be trained and purified and kept under control. Provided this is done, the more feelings you have and the stronger, the better, says Krishnaji. For strong feelings, even if they be of the wrong kind, can always be trained to become refined and perfect—whereas a cold, hard and indifferent nature cannot be turned to any use. How different this from Napoleon's dictum that a hard heart and a good digestion are the chief conditions of happiness! While nothing is to be said against the second of these, a life without affection and sympathy could give only a very negative kind of happiness. There is much more humanity and wisdom in Krishnaji's advice: "Have tremendous feelings; sport yourselves with them; at the same time, train them and learn to control them."

Of all the desirable feelings, none is greater than love, which has ever been a mighty spur to human endeavour, the motive power which has changed, and is changing, the face of the earth, the foundation and stimulus of all other virtues—courage, endurance, patience, sacrifice. All things are possible where love is, whereas nothing worth while can happen where it is not; and since love opens one's eyes to new worlds, it is indeed closely allied to happiness. What is required is that we should give to love and to the other feelings of our nature their proper use and legitimate expression in order to help and ennoble, and not to degrade or hinder. We must purify our emotions, and make them strong and impersonal.

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The mind can either create or destroy. It can guide us to Truth, and through Truth to happiness and perfection; but it must be kept open and unobstructed; otherwise it will lead us into error and temptation, to manifold suffering and even eventual destruction. We are told:

You can only become a citizen of this kingdom (of Happiness) if you are struggling against narrowness, against the spirit of exclusion. For this purpose you must have a mind that is clear and clean and includes all things.

In other words, the mind must be free from pride, envy, jealousy, selfishness, prejudice, and all other forms of exclusiveness and separatism. It should be so trained and disciplined that it will respond only to that which is best and noblest, that it will instinctively throw off all influences which tend to coarsen or degrade, and that it will harbour only thoughts and feelings which are pure and calm, free from prejudice and irritability, and, above all, true, loving and compassionate. We see from all this how directly our happiness is related to our cast of mind or temperament. When the thoughts and feelings are good and healthy, then the mind tends to a state of rest and happiness; but when they are wrong and unhealthy, then it is that we become distressed and unhappy. This is the idea embodied in the well-known song of Sri Tyagarajaiya which begins *Śāntamu leka soukhyamu ledu*. One of the first essentials to a happy state of mind is to learn to control it; to prevent it, on the one hand, from becoming stagnant and from forming vortices and whirlpools, and, on the other, to keep it from wandering away to all sorts of things which we do not want, to hold it down, as far as possible, to thoughts deliberately chosen by ourselves for contemplation.

There is, at the same time, much food for reflection in the advice given by Krishnaji to train all our bodies—mental,

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emotional, and physical—to have an independent but co-operative existence of their own. This will afford detachment as well as control, besides giving us the adventurous feeling that, instead of being one person, we are three separate beings,

And if you can experience this delight, if you can train all these three beings, you will be free from many of the fetters of your karma; you will find that you are liberated, that you can wander away from all those things, that you can enter and abide for ever in that Kingdom.

All this is laborious and difficult, entailing considerable effort and perseverance. The practical side of the training of the vehicles to be perfect instruments of the Ego does not come within our subject at present. But it may be stated, very generally, that by self-knowledge and rigorous examination of our habits and moods, by systematic and well-directed changes, and above all by the practice of creative thinking (which includes, among other things, meditation, auto-suggestion, and the wise use of the imagination), something at least of what is needed may be steadily accomplished.

We may, at this stage, advert to a beautiful parable employed by Krishnaji. Each one of us, he remarks, has a temple of the Eternal in our heart; we must make it a living temple by our love, adoration and devotion, and place therein, as the Image or Object of Worship, the thought of Him who for us is the supreme Embodiment of Love and Truth. To those who have studied the priceless teachings given to the world through Krishnaji himself seventeen years earlier in the book *At the Feet of the Master*, the desirability of keeping good thoughts always in the background of the mind, ready to come forward the moment it is free, must be a familiar idea. Such thoughts not only ensure that the mind is well occupied, but also cause our thinking on other subjects to be clearer and stronger. And, undoubtedly, there can be no more

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effective thought for the purpose than that of a living temple filled with the Image of our Ideal of Perfection. It is impossible to exaggerate the possibilities, from a spiritual point of view, of such a living temple within our hearts, away from all troubles and turmoils, where we can go and worship at our ease, and come back refreshed and strong and full of inspiration for others.

Since our bodies are the outer temple, it follows that we must make them a worthy abode for the Object of our worship. We must therefore pay due attention to the physical aspects of life, to beauty, tidiness and well-being, and even more to emotional and mental purity and activity.

Eastern philosophies of life are popularly supposed to inculcate an absolute indifference to life's circumstances and changes, while western schools of thought recommend the creation of interests outside ourselves chiefly as a distraction from monotony and an antidote to the imagined gloom of life. The new gospel of happiness, on the other hand, stresses the importance of being intensely interested in life for a higher reason, namely, that it is this which gives us sympathy and understanding and helps to unfold the intuition which is latent in us. Something of this idea is enshrined in Wordsworth's immortal lines:

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

It is not necessary that we should be poets in order to see the uncommon in common things, to find the most exquisite beauty and delight in that which meets the eye on every side, to recognise the divine touch in the smallest and most familiar things and scenes. This spirit of glowing interest, sustained by wise enthusiasm, will also awaken and keep alive in us the desire to

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find Truth, will give us the strength to sacrifice, the capacity to give up the sense of the separate life ; and, needless to add, it will make the pursuit of happiness a pleasant adventure, instead of a painful task.

Along with the breadth and nobility which come from sustained interest, we must also cultivate an attitude of 'serious joyousness,' that is, joy which is neither forced or artificial nor frivolous or vulgar, but springs naturally from a heart full of happiness and reverence. It is the very antithesis of the spirit of gloomy seriousness which counts for religion with many good people but is nothing more than a symptom of unhealthy religiosity. Though religion in itself is a great source of happiness, giving us the right standard of values, and enabling us to regard our troubles as 'a light affliction which is but for a moment,' the religious temperament (as acknowledged by Dean Inge among others) is susceptible to more grievous fits of misery than any other. It is, on the other hand, when we are really alive with joy and happiness that, as Krishnaji points out, He who is the Embodiment of Love and Truth dwells in the temple of our heart. "Put my small will into the larger will and increase my powers of joy," is a prayer which, if offered from the heart, will tend to fulfil itself.

It must be added, in this connection, that a great aid to joy, and therefore to happiness, is an uncrushable sense of humour. This is indeed a veritable gift from the gods, and saves us from endless pitfalls and discouragements. What Shakespeare has said about the man that hath no music in himself may be applied, with rather more plausibility, to the man who is totally devoid of the sense of humour. The Masters of Wisdom and Compassion, says Bishop Leadbeater, are not only wonderfully benevolent, but full of a keen sense of humour—humour always of a kindly order, used never to wound but always to lighten the troubles of life ; and One of these Great Beings is even

reported as saying that it is impossible to make progress on the occult Path without a sense of humour. 'Laugh and be happy' is not such a bad recipe, provided it is the genuine and spontaneous expression of a joyous mood.

The seriousness which is joy implies also an inner tranquillity which cannot be shaken or ruffled by external conditions. In the priceless words of a Master of Wisdom :

The calm mind means courage so that you may face without fear the trials and difficulties of the Path. It means also steadiness so that you may make light of the troubles which come into every one's life, and avoid the incessant worry over little things in which many people spend most of their time. The Master teaches that it does not matter in the least what happens to a man from the outside : sorrows, troubles, sicknesses, losses—all these must be as nothing to him, and must not be allowed to affect the calmness of his mind. They are the result of past actions, and when they come you must bear them cheerfully, remembering that all evil is transitory, and that your duty is to remain always joyous and serene. They belong to your previous lives, not to this ; you cannot alter them, so it is useless to trouble about them. Think rather of what you are doing now, which will make the events of your next life, for that you *can* alter.

Of course, I may observe parenthetically, much so-called sorrow *is* avoidable, being the result, not of past karma, but of present foolishness, undue irritability, and the tendency to magnify little things, and therefore in any case quite capable of being remedied. The Master continues :

Never allow yourself to feel sad or depressed. Depression is wrong, because it infects others and makes their lives harder, which you have no right to do. Therefore if ever it comes to you, throw it off at once.

Mark Twain once wrote, with as much truth as humour, that he had known many sorrows most of which never happened. Worries are sorrows which do not happen. They represent needless mental pain due chiefly to the imagination being

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allowed to take charge of reason and play with spectres. There is wisdom in the counsel. Form the habit of waiting before worrying, and you will find that the thing you might have worried over does not arrive; as also in this other advice, not to anticipate trouble, but to attend to it when it comes, and afterwards to put it aside and forget all about it. If our minds are fully engaged with useful, constructive thoughts, especially thoughts of goodwill and service to others, we shall have no time for worry. A good remedy is to replace the troublesome thought by a thought of the Master, which is equivalent to taking refuge within the temple of Peace and Happiness inside our heart. If we have not sufficiently practised this, we may at least try the remedy suggested by Bishop Leadbeater, of getting up and doing something physical—weed the garden or go out for a bicycle ride. What is wanted is a complete change of the current of thought, so that the vicious and unhealthy circle may be broken and an opening made for a new set of mental impressions.

Karma is not, of course, the only fetter from which we must free ourselves before we can be perfectly happy. It is even more difficult for most people to shake themselves free of the sense of possession. The knowledge that we own certain things does, no doubt, contribute, in a measure, to most people's contentment and peace of mind. But it is equally the fact that a great deal of misery is traceable to the insatiable hunger for possessions, as well as to the care and anxiety which great possessions bring in their train. The true view, I think, is this, that it is not what we have which is important, but what we are, not the quantity of things we hold, but the quality we ourselves have put into the things we have as well as the use to which we put them. It is well, at the same time, to remember, that it is not possession, as such, that we should get rid of, but the *sense* of possession, or exclusive ownership. We should be

prepared, should the need arise, to forsake everything we possess in order to be free to follow the Master; and, in the meantime, we must hold and administer our wealth as trustees accountable to Him, in the light of our own conscience, for its proper use.

Similarly, it is not required of us that we should kill out personal attachments; but only that our love should be detached, should not bind, be selfish, should not seek recognition or return, that we should not be grieved or disappointed even if the object of our affections turns away from us or is taken away, and that our love should grow and expand so as to include, not two or three but all humanity, and even the kingdoms of animals and plants.

To own and to love impersonally, without desire or attachment, is surely among the purest and most acceptable forms of sacrifice. Krishnaji says:

Each of you must be capable of offering something at the altar. You cannot merely say: 'I have given myself.' Every one of us can say that, because we possess very little to give. It is like a man who has nothing, who says: 'I give up the world.' But if a man of experience, if a man who has understood and conquered the world, if such a man gives up his riches, his glories, then his renunciation has value . . . If a man of intelligence, of devotion, energy and power, gives up everything and follows his ideal, that man will be acceptable.

And he adds:

Though you may not have these things, you can at least offer a formed character, a definite deed, a flower which you have cultivated in your own garden and kept alive through troublous times. . . . When you come with these flowers to the temple . . . then the High Priest of that temple, who is your own Inner Voice, your own Ruler, your own Lawgiver, will take these and use them, nourish them, and make them more beautiful, and breathe on them and give them Divinity.

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That is to say, our offerings will be consecrated and blessed. The Divine Love filling our hearts will sweep all evil aside ; and because we shall cease seeking happiness for ourselves, it is then that we shall be truly happy, for happiness is born of self-forgetfulness.

One aspect of the changed attitude is thus indicated :

If you are striving to live in that Kingdom, you conquer with ease your special troubles, you forget your special burdens, your special peculiarities, and you adopt the sorrows and sufferings of the world.

When we make this our habitual attitude, and learn to substitute the thought of others in place of desire for ourselves as our one impelling motive, the whole aspect of life will indeed be marvellously changed, and become wonderfully beautiful and attractive, because it is instinct with the Divine. When we learn to ask nothing for ourselves, but fill our hearts with thoughts of others, then truly we shall have no time to think of ourselves ; this once accomplished, happiness is ours.

There is a wise old saw which declares that the surest way to leave happiness behind is to run after it. The first rule for the attainment of happiness is never to seek it, never to make it a deliberate object of pursuit, but rather to let it overtake us as we go in search of something higher still. The same idea is embodied in the paradox : "To seek is to lose, to hold is to fetter"—which means that, though happiness, like love, is a need of the Soul, its pursuit is fatal, as it is fatal in love to regard oneself more than the loved one : true happiness, like perfect love, will make its way inevitably to its own ; what is for us will find us.

For one for whom love takes the place of self as the motive power for action, the world will indeed be wonderfully transformed ; it will mean the beginning of a new life which will culminate in the realisation of 'the Self which is Bliss,' and

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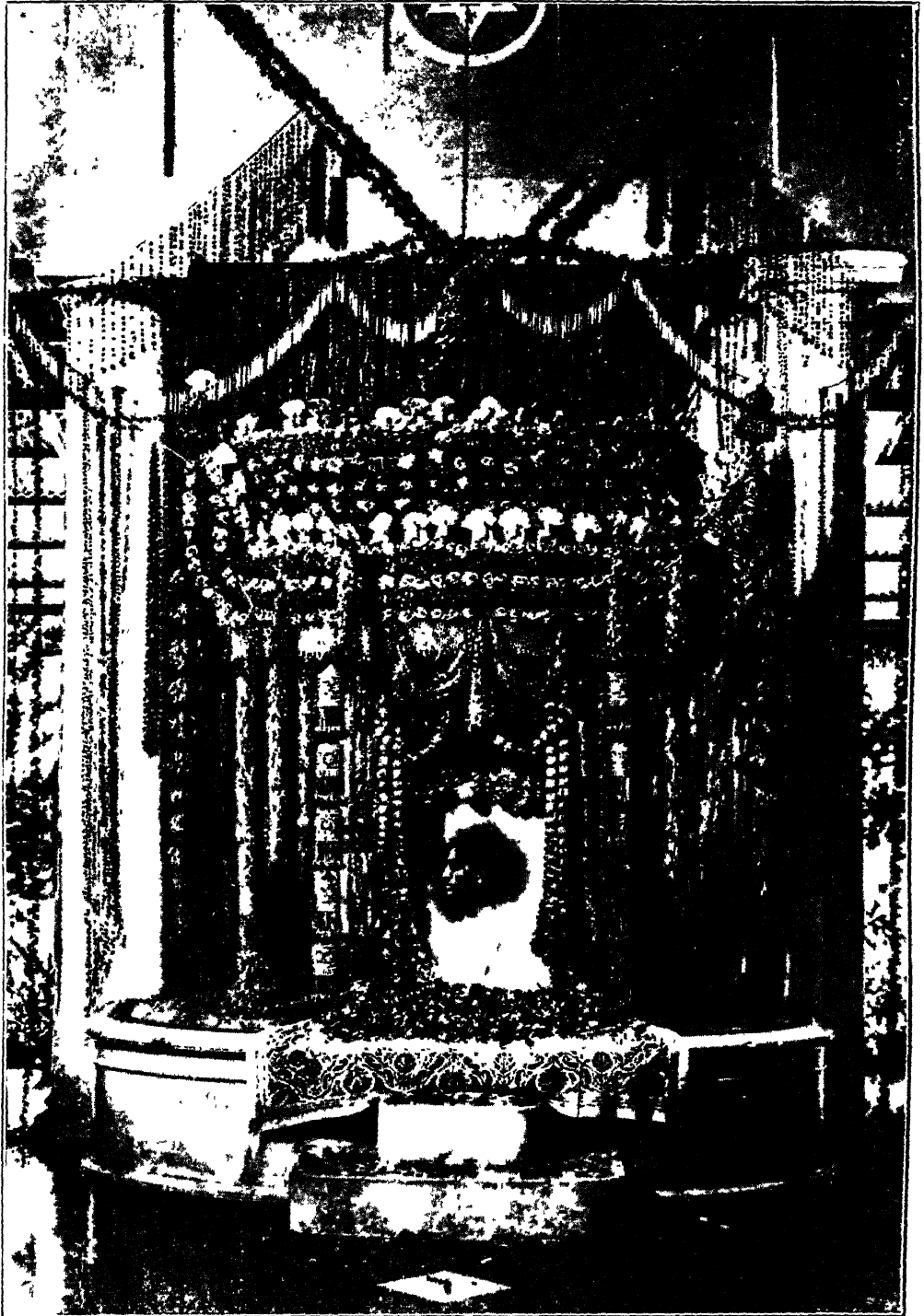
with it the final and continual experience of the imperishable happiness which is liberation. To borrow the imagery of our text, it will mean the awakening of the Voice of Truth, the finding within oneself of an Eternal Companion with Whom to walk joyously in the middle path leading to the Kingdom of Happiness.

And once we can walk together on that path of Eternal Peace . . . there is no question of separation, no question of loneliness, no doubt of attainment, because then you are the embodiment of all those things which each one of you seeks . . . And once you have eternally drunk this nectar, this elixir of life, it keeps you young . . . and joyous.

In these inspiring words does our young teacher bid us all, if we would follow him, walk to the gate which keeps us away from that eternal garden, and, taking each of us one of the many keys to be found there, enter with the joy and ecstasy of achievement that abode of perfect bliss, the goal of our age-long quest. And then, to quote his own final words, with which we too may close our own hasty survey of the journey :

Then you will realise that you are the Master, and that the wheel of birth and death has ceased. There you will find the Eternal Refuge, the Eternal Truth; and there you will lose the identity of your separate self; and there you will create new worlds, new kingdoms, new abodes for others. Peace to all Beings.

K. S. Chandrasekhara Aiyar



KRISHNAJI'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

Krishnaji's Thirty-fourth Birthday Celebration came off amidst scenes of great rejoicing on the 11th May, 1928, at the T.S. Headquarters Hall, Adyar. The hall was nicely decorated with flowers, and in front of the statues of Madame Blavatsky and Col. Olcott a full size photograph of Krishnaji garlanded with flowers was placed in prominent view. Dr. Annie Besant was voted to the chair and Mr. N. S. Rama Rao, the National Organiser of the Order of the Star in India, and Dr. G. S. Arundale gave short addresses on the life of Krishnaji. Dr. Besant, after her concluding remarks, led the residents of Adyar and others who had gathered in large numbers in placing flowers in front of Krishnaji's picture. The meeting commenced with music, followed by the recitation of prayers of all religions.

MR. N. S. RAMA RAO'S ADDRESS

Beloved Mother and Friends: With two veterans following me I must confess at the outset to a feeling of confusion, because they know so much of Krishnaji and I know so little. It is with that feeling of ignorance about Krishnaji that I am constrained, as an officer of the Order, say a few words this morning. Some thirty-three years ago an event happened. Events of that kind have been happening since man came into existence. A baby boy was born. In most cases when we are born the occasion is marked with spiritual emptiness. But in

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this case it was not so. Two thousand and one hundred years ago another baby boy was born, born in an obscure place—a place could not be more obscure than a stable. He was born of obscure parents and we hardly know how he was brought up, the way he grew into the full stature which culminated in his ministration to the world lasting only for three years. And the baby boy, Krishnaji, like his forerunner, was born in an obscure village, of obscure parents, and of his early life we know very little. Till he was taken over by our Mother and her great collaborator Bishop Leadbeater we know very little about the early life of Krishnaji. That boy has grown up; he has attained; he has been giving his teachings to the world for the last two years. His teachings have profoundly altered the mental outlook of many people. Some of those who have been swept off their feet by the first rush of devotion and enthusiasm have rejected the Theosophical Society, saying that the work of the Society is over. I regard them as mental cripples and I say to them, with all my powers under full and perfect control, that the work of the Society has hardly begun. The broad-based foundations which the Theosophical Society has laid are being built upon by Krishnaji at present, and the Theosophical Society has prepared for the last fifty years the minds of the people to be in a condition to accept the teachings of Krishnaji. We love him to-day because our beloved Mother has made such loving for us possible. We serve him to-day because she has made such service for us possible. We follow him to-day because she has made such intelligent following for us possible. Who can love him, serve him and follow him as well as she, with her infinite knowledge and wisdom? While we are celebrating his birthday to-day, I assure our beloved mother, on behalf of the Order of the Star (India) that we realise an irredeemable debt of gratitude to her. If we celebrate his birthday to-day, we are in a way celebrating her

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birthday too. She proclaimed His coming and the great destiny that awaited that most perfect of human instruments, Krishnaji, while we were still groping in darkness. Our deaf, dumb, and all be it blind belief has now been fulfilled. What joy can we ever have in life except the joy of His Service? What glory and privilege more cherished than the glory and privilege of offering ourselves as His humblest disciples? At this supreme hour in the history of our world, there is no single figure in whom I see the spiritual aspirations of human beings fulfilled as in Krishnaji.

DR. G. S. ARUNDALE'S ADDRESS

Friends: I am happy to speak on this occasion. There is so much that can be said. There is so much that I feel I could say. But, to tell you the truth, I became quite nervous this morning in an attempt to select something to fulfil my obligation, and so nervous, because of there being so much to say, that I took the unusual course, for me, to put down on paper that which seemed to me to be at least the pith, the essence, the substance of what I should like to convey to you. So I wrote as follows:

The only homage worth paying to Krishnaji to-day, the only homage he would value, is the homage of opening our hearts to the Life of which he is the channel. For my own part, I feel that his message to the world and to us all is that we shall live deeply and not superficially, that we shall live for Eternity rather than in Time. I feel he asks us to be, rather than to believe. And every word he utters is to help us to probe to the depths of our being, to reach our being, freeing us from myriad believings most of which have little being in them. He urges us to face our beliefs ruthlessly, to challenge each one as to the measure of true being it holds.

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And in his teachings, as you may have observed, he does not give us a new science of the Universe, a new theory of life; rather does he disclose to us the acid test whereby we may distinguish between our own real and our own unreal, between our own true and our own false, between our being and our seeming. He gives us less a philosophy of life than an elixir of life. He comes among us to startle us into living, rudely to awaken us into living, out of the sleepy lethargy of habit, out of the soporific inertia induced by the restrictive pressure of the world's slow growing.

I think he has startled us. I think he has startled some into life, some into discontent, some into doubt—all out of indifference. And as time passes, I hope the whole world will be startled out of indifference into life. He is effecting a spiritual revolution in us all. But it is our task to see that the revolution, both for ourselves and for our surroundings, is constructive and not devastating. Some will pull their worlds to pieces and will strive to pull to pieces the worlds of others. Those who are wise will challenge their worlds in every detail, discarding the outworn, retaining the serviceable. There is all the difference, though some do not perceive it, between destruction and reconstruction.

I am grateful to him for his relentlessness. I am grateful to him for goading us to separate sham from truth, form from life. I am grateful to him for not stamping this as sham and that as truth. I am grateful to him for telling us to do our own stamping, for sooner or later we must—why not sooner?

I am grateful to him for being fierily uncompromising. I am grateful to him for shaming us, as it were, into choosing definitely between truth and fiction, for shaming us out of trifling, out of prevaricating, out of tricking ourselves into the belief we can serve two masters. I am grateful to him for so bravely leading us to ourselves rather than to himself. I am

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grateful to him for telling us that he has found, and how he has found ; and for bidding us seek and find for ourselves.

Do you realise why he does this? It is because he wants to leave the world strong when his immediate presence is withdrawn. He wants to avoid becoming a dogma and—a doctrine. He wants to avoid being torn by the future into innumerable pieces, each piece a sect, a school, an orthodoxy. He wants to be remembered and valued as the Bringer of Light and Life. He refuses to add to forms, for his mission is to intensify life.

I value Krishnaji for that he is a mirror in which we can, if we will, perceive ourselves in our inherent Divinity. He stands before us. He holds himself up before us, and, through the Miracle of the Lord, we look upon ourselves in all our real worth, in all the nobility, in all the peace, in all the happiness, which some day shall come to us. The Lord has sent down to us the Mystic Mirror in which we may perceive *our selves*, and so perceiving, gain immense courage, immense desire, immense determination, to achieve *our selves*.

May he be long in our midst. May we serve him wisely. May we learn ourselves to become mirrors in which those around us may perceive something of their coming glory and thus be inspired to live, to be, rather than to believe.

DR. BESANT'S ADDRESS

One of the best similies, I think, that we can think of Krishnaji is suggested in the concluding words of Dr. Arundale, which brought into my mind a certain passage in the Christian New Testament description of what the Christ had been to his followers; and that passage is this, "Beholding as in a glass the Glory of the Lord we change, by that same image, from glory unto glory." That exactly expresses, I think, the relationship between Krishnaji and those who look on him as the

vehicle of the World Teacher. If you ask me, "Do you understand exactly the nature of his consciousness?" I say, quite frankly, "No, I do not expect to." We can understand things to which we are superior; we can have a fair intuition of things that are superior, but I do not expect to have anything more than that of Krishnaji. Of him, as he was, naturally, I know a great deal—his growth into his present perfection. But all that class of questions does not trouble me in the least in the world. I do not understand the details of one Shloka in *Bhagavad-Gita* in which Shri Krishna says, "I established this universe with one fragment of Myself and I remain." So I realised that the World Teacher might say, if He so chose, "I established this Teacher with one fragment of Myself and I remain." Just as a vessel may be kept filled with water to the limit of its form and size, so it seems to me it is with regard to our relationship to the Great Life of the World Teacher. He is not real to us until He is born within us and then He becomes the centre of our life. To each of us He seems a little different, for we react to Him and our reactions limit our idea of Him. Why should that trouble us? I do not expect to understand him. A consciousness far above our own cannot be understood by us. I have not the smallest difficulty in taking up that position. I serve him, because I recognise in him the World Teacher, in everything, except in the special department which belongs to my own Ray following the directions of Rishi Agasthya, the Rishi of India, who is the Agent of the King Himself. That is no real exception, because the consciousness of the Great Ones is a single consciousness and a fragment of it is shown. It is unreal to us, because we do not know the whole. We cannot fit in all the parts any more than we could a puzzle if all the pieces were mixed on the table. You are able to see the whole picture only if they are all fitted together—only then does the picture become visible.

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Then, on the other hand, there is one advantage that I have, that anything he says does not trouble me. When he says, "Throw away your forms," it does not affect me ; because I do not use any form, if it is not an instrument for a certain piece of work. Thus I continue to use them quite exactly as the switch by which we turn on the light. I have not yet learnt how to make light for myself out of the electric current within an apparatus. So I use the apparatus. If anybody said to me, "Throw away the form," he was not talking about the switch which turns on the light. Everything else can go ; for a form which is not an expression of the real is absolutely worthless. It is interesting to notice one phrase he used in London which I believe shocked a good many of the people who were there. He was rather unkind, made a stop between the first clause and the second. He said, "There is no God," and stopped. Then he went on, "except as manifested in man." In the first part there is a breaking up of life and in the second part there is a new form. Life and form in a world like ours are always found together until the form is worn out and then the life begins to leave it. You know very well *Nama rupa*. You do not want the *Nama* without *Rupa*. Just as in chanting a mantram, if it is badly chanted, it does not have the proper effect, so also a form which in itself may be accurate has no usefulness if it is chanted in a wrong way, if the sounds are not the right sounds, if it is mispronounced by the ignorant. There is another phrase in the New Testament which fits Krishnaji : "Whose fan is in his hand and he will thoroughly purge his floor." Exactly what he does. He has a fan that he uses very, very vigorously, and all the chaff passes away and the grain remains. If the chaff goes away out of your brain, then you will never be troubled about the iconoclastic things that he needs. The phrase that he once used—quite lately used by the Head of the

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Hierarchy Himself—'outworn forms,' that is what he breaks, breaks them all into pieces if the people cling to the old form. But the life recreates the form with its fuller meaning, more significant, more full of life itself. If we are sticking to the old forms, we cannot let the new be recreated. Then we shall lose a good deal of the life. Do not let any of these things trouble you at all which you cannot understand, they will lead inevitably to your own helping, encouragement and learning. He says, "You shall not build temples while I am here." He knows quite well many temples will be built to him. It is inevitable. These things have been done over and over again in the world's history.

There is perhaps one thing that you might wisely remember, that his message to the world is for the new world which is being born very much more than for the old. The World Teacher has a new sub-race developing chiefly in California, but also there are scattered members of it all over the world. I find they are largely different from the other children. It is for all these, the new generation, that his message is really intended in its full meaning. We who belong to the old generation have to take exactly as much of it as we can, what is within the limit of our power to grasp. It is a good thing to associate with the young people, as I do. Thus you come into touch with the coming generation and you understand in the physical way. Intuition is the quality which is being born in the new children. They are very, very impatient with logic and reasoning and argument, which appear to them as waste of time and they won't listen to you. A phrase that was used by one child in California in a class is very significant: "Why do you talk so much about it, we can already see it." That is the condition of things. You cannot say why. You do not grumble, "We cannot see at all." That troubles some people. When you have to learn over and over again how mistaken you were before

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the enlargement of the consciousness, then you do not mind changing things. The World Teacher never makes forms. It is the disciples that make them. That I think is one of the reasons why Krishnaji calls Religion the frozen thought of man. His phrases are extraordinarily exact. The whole message is one of joy and happiness, a message of release. He tries to speak through the God within us, breaks away all the forms that cabin him and shut him in. There is a phrase of my brother Jinarajadasa, which is very, very expressive. It is his significant and favourite phrase, "Release, release the God within you." That is all he needs. Take away the obstacles, clear away the rocks and the stones that are in his way, make him to shine and his light will come to you as the Light of the World.

I account it a great joy and a great privilege to have been able to some extent to smoothe his way, to learn things in service—only that service is very good for all of us who render it. That does not help him, he does not need help. If you can feel that kind of confidence in him, then try to understand the meaning of his words and I think you will then find the true key to happiness. Follow the 'tyrant' within you. He does not want to be a tyrant outside. The tyrant within you is the God within you. It is to help us that Krishnaji bids us all to listen. If we can take that message from him, as he gives it to the world, as intuition, not intellect, can recognise it, then we can help to make the world outside understand that the more we know the more shall we be devoted to him.

ART AND ANANDAM

ASIT K. HALDAR

THERE is an eagerness on the part of the people to know what art is and what it aims at. To put it in a nutshell in the words of the greatest modern sculptor of Europe—Rodin, “The artists are those who find pleasure in their work”. So also the Poet Tagore, who is greatest of the living artists of Poetry and a seer, explained by expounding the ancient sage’s *bani*

“ आनन्दममृतं ब्रह्मयद्विभाति ”

Though such aphorisms are very easy for the artist to understand, the ordinary mass of people, whose vocation is otherwise, fail to grasp their meaning.

Anandam can be achieved by art alone and art is nothing but *Ananda*. The Creator has made us and intended us to look and appreciate and discriminate objects which we see all around us: for this reason, He has given us the Power to create; the joy of creation He has not reserved for himself.

To the primitive man, He has given the power to decorate and thus create a new home, sweet and beautiful, with all its objects—an environment which brings God to his dwelling. Each of us has that power, that instinct; but without art that very sense of joy, creative joy, will remain either scholarly



or schoolmasterly and will never give pleasure to mankind nor to oneself.

Now when an artist is busy with his brush, he is not actually busy in the worldly sense—*i.e.*, with regard to his success in selling the pictures. He eventually forgets everything around him and his soul remains detached all the while from worldly sorrow or pleasure. The intuition which makes an artist is nothing but *Anandam*. Art brings not only pleasure but also *Anandam*. It brings not only pleasure, but symmetry or sympathy and also contrast which only combines two different tones, dark and light, which God has created. Apart from colour, our eyes see dark things against light and light against darkness. But the play of light and shade which is revealed to us as soon as we are born is only traced by the painters or poets.

Though the path opened to the artist is seemingly easy, it can only be found when he has discovered that *Anandam*—or pure delight in his creative work. It will remain a closed book to him if his one and only aim is to earn a living and make a name for himself by his artistic productions.

A real artist is a very rare thing and is not easily found. The money that brings fame is to him nothing. His work, though it may not now attract the masses, might catch like fire after a century.

At present the world is going towards materialistic success and, consequent to this, war and destructions are to be faced. But the call of the flute will flow from the painters' brush and poet's songs, and then only humanity will be raised. It is not the personality but Art which will charm this world and make it like heaven.

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It is an artist, a creator, who will be able to tell you that he can perceive the sweet scent in all its shades, and admire the beauty which makes itself felt in the Creator's world. He is constantly collecting things in which he finds beauty and records it either in poetry or in paintings, and thus brings humanity in touch with God permanently.

Let us imagine for a moment that all artistic objects created by the poets and painters have vanished from this earth and we have several hundred great personalities—both pious and religious but with no sense of art, *i.e.*, rhythm, balance and proportion. Would not the world then be one great primitive nakedness which only feeds and cannot delight? This delight, *rasa*, has been experienced by the artists of all countries and nations, and it is this *rasa* or *ananda* which envelopes their beings.

“The rhythmic dance of creation never ceases,” and this rhythm is to the artist a truth which is very difficult to express in any language. It dances within the nerve of the creator and thus art brings happiness and peace, which I think artists, according to the grade of their achievement, have felt within themselves.

The artist is working day and night with his brush—but why? Ask him—he does not know. This is the real salvation—oneness with Him who has created humanity, who can create his own world of happiness. Quarrels of nations, quarrels of religions vanish when a man becomes an artist. He finds a pervading soul of beauty in all he sees around him. In Bengal there is a very common saying, “*Jata jiva tata shiva*,” *i.e.*, as many lives, so many gods; and we think that an artist will know the real significance of this saying. To him all becomes truth and

anandam and this he expresses in his work of art. The impression he receives he expresses with his heart and soul through his creation.

An artist cannot grow old. He grows younger as he grows aged. The delight and selflessness give him food for his youthfulness throughout his life. Self-consciousness is the greatest obstruction in the way of the artist; he will have to forget himself to be able to find inspiration from within.

An artist never preaches but teaches unconsciously, through his work, what is beauty and what good we have in this Universe. A platform lecture or a newspaper booming has nothing in common with it. It gives life, its rhythm, balance and proportion which are very subtle and at the same time true. No question can be put to an artist why he produces a work of art, as we cannot put any question as to why a flower blossoms. Art is like a flower; it produces scent without knowing why and what for. This is its nobleness which is uncommon in any other vocation. To a botanist a flower is nothing but an organ of reproduction, he does not find the law of harmony or rhythm embodied in the flower even if it is dissected. This law of rhythm and proportion is to be found by the artist everywhere. It is to be found even in the movement of an insect as well as in a group of living people. A path which is not made by any human hand but simply by the tread of countless feet for years unnumbered will give balance and proportion which is dynamic and not dead as a straight line is. There is a law of rhythm which governs alike the making of a tree and of a living creature. The artist has to seek this law throughout his life and thus give himself up fully to the worship of Silpa-Lakshmi, the Muse of Art.

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Muse is illusion, and people will think that the artist wishes to lead other people to that illusion which does not give any substance and can only be perceived and cannot be touched or felt. The feeling of flesh is not all that the artist wants, nay, he does not want that sort of feeling at all. The joy that gladdens the artist is beyond flesh and blood, beyond the ordinary routine of life; otherwise he could not have found pleasure in his work. Moments come when an artist or a poet goes on with his work without having taken food, forgetting all; and this is the way in which the greatest amongst the artists, poets and seers have created. It comes as passion, which is far from the unreal passion which is not lasting and cannot leave its mark on other people. The artist truly believes that life is not sorrow but pure delight. He wants to live long to create, to be soul to soul with this Universe; and is not even afraid to face struggles which are nothing but unreal to him.

Art develops imagination through the door of which all truth is revealed. *Ananda* is found and attained through the sure imagination which can bring reality to existence. It is just how a mother conceives of the features of her child before it is born.

Ananda is everywhere and always near at hand; it requires only the mind with imagination and thought to get it closer to one's heart. It is the artist alone who cares to find it and gets it without any effort.

Asit K. Haldar

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

THE Government School of Arts and Crafts at Lucknow is fortunate in having for its Principal an artist of the standing of Mr. Asit Haldar. Under his able direction in collaboration with another gifted artist, Mr. Bireswar Sen, the Students of that School enjoy a sound and thorough training and have every chance given them to 'make good.'

Each and every student, whether of Arts or Crafts is taught: (a) to draw with pencil or brush or both from direct observation of nature; (b) to model from his own or other drawings in clay; (c) to apply his knowledge in original compositions of his own creative imagination (without any models) and entirely of his own design, in whatever branch of art he may have chosen to study.

Thus the best advantage is taken of both Eastern and Western methods of art instruction. Mr. Haldar has some quite original devices for drawing out the capacity of his pupils and our illustrations indicate one of these. By means of this method the pupil is taught accurate observation of the technique of the master he is studying, and is brought into contact with his thought and spirit, whilst at the same time he is made to apply the principles thus taught in another medium, so there is no danger of his becoming a mere 'copyist.'

The Call of the Flute: A clay figure, after a drawing by Asit K. Haldar, the work of a student at the Government School of Arts and Crafts, Lucknow. The colour of the model is a warm

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terracotta which gives life to the whole conception. The 'Story' tells itself, but this simple story is the Symbol the artist uses to express one of the profound truths of Life. Sometimes the meaning of the symbol is found in the heart, the medium of communication between the artist and his public; sometimes it is found in the head. The rarest and greatest artists use a symbolism that combines head and heart and which can be understood equally by either or both.

A photograph cannot capture the full charm of this composition since we are unable to approach it from more than one side. The base is triangular and, in the original, from whichever side the model is approached the composition pleases. The play of light and shade in the difficult problem involved in the intricate pattern of leaf and twig, roots and branches has been courageously approached and cleverly handled. The model is as clever in its execution as it is poetical in feeling.

Shiva and Parvati: A clay figure of delicate creamy tint, by a student of the same School, after a painting by Mandalal Bose, of Santiniketan, Biswabharata. The pupil has caught something of the deeply religious spirit which is so characteristic of the work of that master.

Shiva is portrayed in His Himalayan home, seated in profound Meditation. Parvati lies, apparently in deep sleep, her head resting on His left knee, her left hand touching His left foot while His left hand rests upon her head. The right hand of Parvati lies up-turned upon His right knee and His right arm appears to rest actionless.

Who or what is Parvati? The artist's meaning each may interpret for himself.



THE DAWN

C. F. ANDREWS

THERE has never been a time in human history in which, from one point of view, things have looked so dark and threatening as they do at present, when judged merely from the human standpoint.

Let me explain. Not a single man of eminence to-day is unaware of the fact, that a new war means nothing less than the suicide of the human race. The last war was terrible enough. But a single day of war on the new scale would be equivalent to a year's agony and misery on the old scale. For where, during the late war, a single aeroplane hovered in the air with its death-dealing bomb, in the new war, if it ever came, a thousand such death-dealing missiles would be hurled from the sky and whole cities could be blotted out in a single night. Even more horrible than this would be the results of chemical warfare, by which poison gas and disease germs could be made to penetrate the ranks of the enemy till complete desolation resulted.

Everybody knows these facts to be true, even to-day. Every month that passes adds still further to the horror of destruction which a new war would mean.

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Yet, in spite of knowledge so obvious, the preparations for war go on and the bitterness which leads to war increases. In every part of the world, we find that the war-spirit has not diminished, though the war-dread has become more acute.

I have mentioned these obvious things, not to dilate on them, but simply to declare what, personally, I feel to be the truth, that only through the advance of spiritual forces can these forces of destruction be kept in check and humanity be saved. Again and again in the world's history, the darkest hour has been before the dawn. At a time when unrighteousness has most flourished, the spiritual in man has had its uprising in some new birth through which humanity has been saved.

One of the greatest of these uprisings of the spirit of humanity, in a dark age, was the wonderful efflorescence of the Franciscan Movement in the thirteenth century. The darkness of Europe, which before S. Francis lived his saintly life had become intense, owing to cruelty, lust and greed, was swept away like some cloud overhanging the earth and a new dawn appeared.

Personally, I have felt in my own heart the agony of darkness during the past years. I have known what humanity is suffering and have felt conscious of the depths of that suffering. At times, it has enveloped me in a mist which seemed impenetrable and led me almost to despair. But all through these years, I have been conscious within of a new hope dawning. Even when the darkest hour seemed to have come, the light has come with it, flashing from afar. The despair which had darkened my life has been relieved with hope.

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For this reason, I welcome all the efforts of those who are looking forward to a new revelation of spiritual light and grace in the future. The special method, by which the light may come, may not be clear to me, as it is to others. There are many ways leading to the same goal. But the fact of a spiritual awakening of mankind, already dawning to-day, breaking through the darkness of our age, is to me no longer a mere hope, but a certainty. Therefore, I send this message out to those who are following the Star, in order to hold out a hand to them through the darkness, and to ask for their blessing and prayers on my life, as I wish to send to them my blessing and prayers in return.

C. F. Andrews

ART IN THE HINDU HOME

DR. B. PATTABHI SITARAMAYYA

(*Editor, "Janmabhumi"*)

IT is a trite charge levelled against Hindu society and the Hindu home that they are intensely religious. The fact involved is to be admitted, but the indictment drawn up is true neither to the adjective nor to the predicate. The Hindu home is not only intensely religious but essentially artistic. Indeed there is no antithesis between the two. For Hindu Art while being decorative in its own measure is, in the main, religious; and just as Art realises itself in religion, so does religion seek its symbolic expression through creative Art. If all Art is the expression of emotion through line and color, through song and rhyme, through chisel and brush, the Hindu home is, from the *Simhadwara* to the *Gosala*, pervaded with an artistic atmosphere. And this embodied Art is neither the vulgar reproduction of the Real nor a fantastic visualisation of the Ideal, but is modelled after those inevitable symbols and conventions which much come into being in the process of not merely co-ordinating the actualities of sense perception with, but of transfiguring them into, the higher visions of the spirit and imagination. That is why much of Hindu homes, Hindu temples, Hindu architecture, Hindu gods and goddesses—we may amplify the range of our phraseology into 'Indian' instead of limiting it to 'Hindu'—appears "grotesque and monstrous"

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to the Western eye to which all Art is but the portraiture of physical beauty. Fortunately we have survived the onslaughts of Western philistinism and are once again interesting ourselves in the interpretation of our institutions and achievements. The first thing that strikes the eye of the Western tourist as he lands at the gateway of India is the rich and pleasant combination of well matched colours in the apparel of the pedestrians of Bombay. Whether it is the Jat or the Marwari, the Hindu or the Parsi, the Moslem or the Christian, the Indian woman, who fortunately in the West and South of India is not subject to the blight of Purdah, exhibits such a delicate and refined colour-sense that she knows exactly the tint and shade of the bodice that matches the sari, the appropriateness of the very flowers that she wears and the jewellery that is ever hers, to the particular assortment of robes she has chosen. Nay, more, in a marriage celebration extending over five days, she knows to the point of precision how, for herself and her children, the blue blouse sits beautifully on the flowing folds of the white skirt, the white on chocolate, black on buff, and how in adults the whole scheme of colour-matching becomes reversed, and how the squares and stripes are to be adjusted to the bulk of the wearer's person. The very style of tying the sari is designed to bring out the beauty of the natural curves and contours of the finely poised frame of the Indian woman, without hurting the sense of public decency; and missionaries, globe-trotters and imperialists alike have conceded the superb artistic tastes of the women-folk of India.

The 'caste mark,' so-called, of the woman in India is a more invariable fixture than that of men. In men there are variations, some of them reaching huge and even terrific proportions, the religious element in them preponderating over the artistic. Amongst women, however, the caste mark usually consists of a red gummy preparation made of charred sago

boiled and dyed, as in Bombay, or of pure kunkuma, undyed, as in South India, all the country over. The Maharashtra women share most things with Andhra women, while the Gujarati women are not far removed from either. We have had few opportunities of studying the middle-class women of Bengal, U.P., or the Punjab, but if we may venture to judge them from the somewhat reformed and up-to-date ladies whom we see at the Congresses and Conferences, we may state that in addition to the thilakam, the ladies of the North dab the parting line of their hair, red. Both these add peculiar charm to the countenance of woman, serving to bring out the symmetry of the face. Perhaps the 'caste mark' of India is a feature peculiar to this country, and well may India be proud of her age-long institution which combines art with religion, and the use of which is prohibited during the days of pollution arising from death in the home or of cognates and relations. It is not really 'caste mark' but an *alankaram* which is forbidden to widows and ascetics, and the English rendering is a travesty of the vernacular name.

It is well-known that Indian culture has from time immemorial preferred the vehicle of poetry rather than prose for its expression. From house-building to *Jyothisham*, from the science of horses to the science of war, from mathematics to ethics, from the laws of inheritance to the mantrams by which ceremonies are performed, it is all poetry. But the greatest charm attaches to the untaught culture of the Hindu ladies. They may not be literate, but they are cultured. They know all the episodes of Ramayana and Mahabharatha, the stories of Savitri and Satyavathi, by heart and in song. The exile of Rama, the leave-taking of Sita, the smile of Lakshmana—all these are 'home' lessons imparted by every mother to her daughter in beautiful verse—once again a combination of Art and Religion. The very song in which the new daughter-in-law

ART IN THE HINDU HOME

is committed to the custody of the husband, father-in-law and mother-in-law, brother-in-law and sister-in-law is overflowing with pathos, and brings tears to the eyes of strangers and relations alike.

Then again we have to devote a paragraph all by itself to the exhibition of dolls and toys during a particular festival in the South of India. The Tamils do it during the Dussera, while the Telugus, 'Andhras,' during the Sankranthi. It is really an Art Exhibition containing in a well-assorted array, the lovely toys of Nakkapalle, Vizagapatam, and Chennapatna, Mysore, the life-like wooden toys of Kondapalle, Krishna, the clay dolls of Lucknow, the Chandana toys of Tirupathi, the magnificent works of ivory and sandalwood of Travancore and Vizagapatam, the beautiful pottery of Pakala, Chittoor, the exquisite white stone representations of Agra, the ornamental brassware of Benares, the silver fretwork of Bhool, Kathiawar, the painted tati plates, boxes and tumblers and cups of Burma, the horn-birds of Patna—Oh what a variety of works of Art does India abound in? Only the drab, colourless, lifeless porcelain dolls of England have destroyed the Indian arts and crafts and demoralised Indian taste. But fortunately we, our women and our children, are re-discovering the glories of ancient Arts and rehabilitating them once again in the home.

The very nomads that roam about in the forests have their artistic sense, and the thick aboriginal rug-like skirts they wear, set with cowries and displaying a variety of colour all their own in tiers from top to bottom, are artistic in their own way, provided you ignore the dirt of ages that gets caked upon them. The English Home is artistic, but its art is confined to the drawing-room, which is more a museum of curios than an abode of beauty and taste. The Indian Home, unlike the European, is artistic throughout. The very vessels in which it abounds, from the hot water *anda* to the

little *paladai*, feeding cup, exhibit the skill and taste of the craftsman. Tumblers, whether made of brass or copper, are richly carved and those of silver and bell metal exhibit a variety of shapes and are dainty to a degree. Even the cooking vessels have a design conceived and executed with delicate taste. But when you go to the silver ware, the plates, the betel leaf trays, the sandal jug, the rose-water sprinkler, the *pandan*, the nut-cracker and the *attartan*, the magnificent originality and skill of the craftsman become demonstrated. In the latter day ideals, 'plain fashions,' have come to replace the *nagshi* of olden days, but fortunately on account of the renaissance that is noticeable all round, we are recovering our old tastes. Every silver plate takes the form of a lotus leaf or of an almond leaf, or of a banyan leaf, or of a plantain leaf. *Uddharina* and the *Harivanam* are the artistic adjuncts of the daily *Sandhyavandanam*. The lampstands are perhaps the most lovely brass works that you meet with in a Hindu Home and the gods and goddesses—the images of Parvathi, Nataraja, Dakshinamurti, Saraswathi, Gopalabala, Venugopala, Vata-pathrasayi, the very *saligramams* and *sankhus*, the bells used in *Devatharchana*, all these bespeak the refinement of national taste.

Not less particular in artistic outlook is the Hindu Home in respect of its furniture. The Indian Carpet is a marvel of elegance. For its durability the first-class product cannot be beaten. The designs are original and the play of indigenous colours as between Turkey red, green, and blue with white and rose is superb. Alas! for our degenerate times, these carpets are a thing of the past and are being revived by apostles of Indian renaissance at great expenditure of time and trouble. Allied to the carpet is the *palampore*—not less of a marvel, for it is the handiwork of the craftsman and the craftswoman over a period of four to six months. The tragedy of the craft is that

ART IN THE HINDU HOME

its patrons are more to be met with amongst Europeans than amongst Indians. Of a piece with the carpet and the palampore is the Indian shawl with its magnificent embroidery, and the Indian sari with its borders worked by hand and carrying the price easily to two or three thousand rupees. The decorative work carried out in silk and lace occupies years and is a testimony to the patience and skill of the oriental craftsmen.

Go along the street and you can tell the Hindu Home from the Moslem and the Christian Homes. The first thing that meets your eye in the street is the ornamental *kolam*, Muggulu, the turmeric and *kunkuma* of the threshold, its superb carving, the *simhathalatams* at its upper angles, the roof plate richly carved, the *Dasavatharams* worked out on the gate in the richer class of homes, the peacock and the parrot that are invariably interspersed with the flowers and creepers in which the carving abounds, and finally the *thoranam* of mango and margossa leaves that is always there on festive and ceremonial occasions. The abominable paper decorations are the interpolations of the modern age. As you go inside the home a vista of artistic work executed by the five types of craftsmen meets your eye—the carpenter with his lotuses and lathas, the mason with his columns and capitols, the gold-silver-copper and brass smith with his jewellery, betel sets, scent stands, tumblers and plates, the potter with his lovely water-jugs, and the iron-smith with his locks and keys who can show his skill on the baser metal as much as his fellows on the richer metals. Then you meet the men and women with their flowing robes which constitute a striking contrast to the tight-fitting isosceles pantaloons of the man and the cylindrical skirt of the woman of the West—robes, the folds of which betoken the spacious outlook of the Indian. The inner sanctuary where the Home gods and goddesses are worshipped translates you into the presence of a beautifully

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worked out *Mandasam* bedaubed with turmeric and *kunkumam* and bearing the aroma of flowers and agar. Adjacent to the veranda to the rear of the house is the *thulasikota*, the masonry structure which bears the *thulasi* plant the deified *sati* worshipped in every home—rich or poor; and is built as fine as the circumstances of the householder permit. It is pathetic to dwell upon the decay of the national tastes which have brought the blazing Brussels carpets, the Austrian lamps, the colorless monotony and the tenth rate furniture of the West into the Hindu Home. In the process of Indian Renaissance, however, the Home has come to claim its legitimate share of study, and if the Indian Home is to be once more the source of inspiration, uplift and beauty that it once was, all the time and attention that we can possibly devote to it, will undoubtedly help to make Indian Nationalism richer and purer.

B. Pattabhi Sitaramayya

REVIEW

The World-Mother. Editor: Srimati Rukmini Devi. (Published by A. K. Sitarama Shastri, Vasanta Press, Adyar, Madras. Price As. 8.)

It is wellnigh impossible to review this new publication, *The World-Mother*, which comes with its message of Power, and Beauty, and infinite Love to a storm-tossed world, too distracted to heed the dawning of a new day. How speak of that of which one knows naught? But as after storm the new-washed earth rejoicing in the beauty and freshness of the day, is enfolded in a fragrant peace, so to our earth, struggling to cast off the fetters of outworn creeds and customs, comes the Glory and Beauty, the infinite Compassion and Peace of the World Teacher. His passing feet touch our hearts to flame—and in that hour of Peace perchance some may catch a faint far-off glimpse of Her Whose Love mothers and guards all life, Who so loves the world that its cry has drawn Her down to it.

She comes to show us the true meaning of motherhood—motherhood in all its power and strength, as well as in its tenderness and compassion.

This number, passing from the beauty of the opening Invocation, through the gathering strength and beauty of the Address by Dr. Besant and the Call of the World-Mother, reaches its perfection in the exquisite poem of Srimati Rukmini Devi. The fragrance of its beauty stirs within us and lifts us into other planes. It was suggested the other day that a new Litany of Our Lady was needed. Have we it here? A Litany not of supplication, but of praise and adoration and invocation, a Litany that is the very breath of beauty.

N. K.

FROM THE NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

WE acknowledge with great pleasure the notifications from Ootacamund, Cuddalore, Tinnevely and Conjeeveram of the happy celebration of Krishnaji's Birthday by the Star Groups in those towns; and also a telegram from Doddaballapur: "Doddaballapur Lodge sends loyal and loving birthday greeting to Krishnaji."

N. S. RAMA RAO,

National Organiser.

THE STAR

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J. KRISHNAMURTI

Head of the Order

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1. To draw together all those who believe in the presence of the World-Teacher in the world.
 2. To work with Him for the establishment of His ideals.
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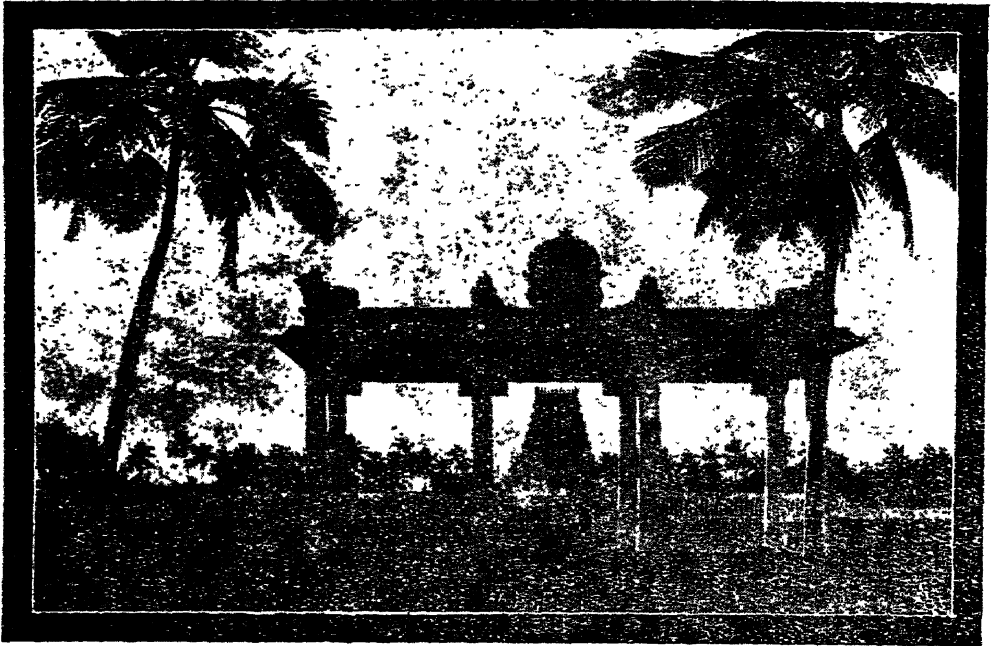
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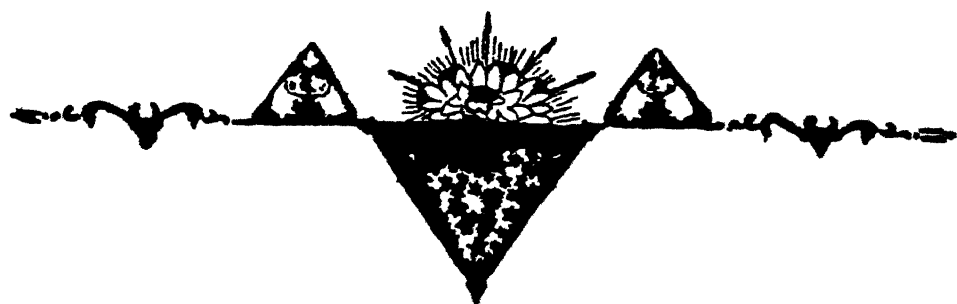
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THE STAR

JULY, 1928



VOL. I. NO. 7

THE STAR, the official organ of the Order, is published in the English, French, German, Spanish, Dutch, Polish, Russian, Italian, Finnish, Icelandic and Scandinavian languages.

It consists of two Sections—International and National. For the former, matter is prepared at and distributed from Eerde, Ommen, Holland. For the latter the matter is collected and edited by the National Editorial Board at Adyar.

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Annual Subscription to THE STAR for India, Rs. 4-8, post free.
Single copies eight annas each.

All Cheques and Money Orders to be made payable to the Manager,
THE STAR, Adyar, Madras, S.

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WHO SHALL GIVE THEE COMFORT?

J. KRISHNAMURTI

WHO shall give thee comfort
In the days of thy trouble,
In the days of thy sorrow ?
From whom shalt thou seek
The consolation of thy heart,
The satisfaction of thy mind,
In the days of darkness,
In the days of affliction ?

As the rain cometh
And falleth on the land
In due season,
So, O friend,
Sorrow descends on all,
And it shall spare none.
The poor who are humble in the ways
Of life,
The wealthy who are arrogant in their hearts,
The oppressor who maketh the land to cry,
The ruler who is far from the peoples,
The ardent lover of God,
The pursuer of fleeting pleasures ;
Yea,
None shall be spared.
Shall the offering of flowers
In the temple
Bring to thee the lasting comfort

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That thou seekest?
Shall the chant of many voices
Chase away from thy heart
The shadow that covereth it?
Shall the perfume of incense
Drive away from thy mind
The anxiety that over-layeth it?
Shalt thou forget the oppression
Of thy heart
By the consuming of drink?
Shalt thou chase away the shadow
By the company of many friends?
Shall the multitude of rejoicings
Bring to thee the consolation
That thou seekest?
Shall song and music
Entice thee away
From thine affliction?
Shall the fleeting love
In its delight hold thee back
From thine aching heart?
O friend,
As the dark cloud
Blotteth out the sun
And casteth shadows on the land,
So in the days of laughter
Sorrow shall encompass thee about
And destroy the smile on thy face.

In the days of mine illusion,
When darkness lay about me,
I sought to overpower
The sorrow-laden heart

WHO SHALL GIVE THEE COMFORT ?

With the multitude of rejoicings.
Every abode of music knew me,
Every flower of decay held me,
Every jewel of the eye enticed me.
The cool temples
With their great shadows
And the cooing of many doves,
Gave the passing comfort of a day.
The Gods thereof
Played with me
In the innocence of their greatness.
They whispered to me of the life
In the haven of their rest.
The preachers thereof
Lulled me to sleep
By the words of their books,
And the promises of a reward
For my good deeds.
The perfume of the sacred flowers
Gave to me of their comfort.

As the leaf is
The plaything of the winds,
So was I the toy
Of sorrow.
As the cloud is chased
By the cruel winds,
So was I driven
From shelter to shelter
By the mutterings of affliction.

But now,
O friend,

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I am beyond
The haven of the Gods.
The limitations of the preachers
Of books
No longer bind me.
As the soft breeze
That plays about the temple,
So have I become.
Not a thing shall hold me,
For sorrow is the companion
Of the seekers of shelter.
Yea,
I have found
The eternal abode of happiness
I have opened up
The fountain of lasting joy.
I am beyond sorrow.
I am liberated.

My Beloved abideth in me,
We two are one.

O friend,
I tell thee
As behaviour dwelleth with righteousness,
So eternal happiness abideth in thine own heart.
This vain search
After the desires of thy heart
Among the flowers of decay
Holds thee in its shadows.
Thou canst not escape
This fury of sorrow
In a moment of forgetfulness.

WHO SHALL GIVE THEE COMFORT?

No God will give thee
The happiness thou seekest.
No mutterings of sacred words
Will loosen thee
From the cords of affliction.
There is no way
To that abode of lasting happiness
Save by the union of the self
With the Beloved.

Conceal not thy heart
In the sanctity of thoughtlessness.
As the bird of prey
From the open skies
Examines the fields of the earth
For its food,
So thou must look into thy heart
And destroy the shadows
That are concealed therein.
For in the shade
Hides the self.
There must be never a moment of ease
Or the satisfaction of contentment,
For thou shalt not behold
The face of the Beloved
In a heart heavy with stagnation.
There must be revolt
And great discontentment,
For with these
Thou shalt purify thy heart.
Who shall give thee
Of these things?
Who will purify thee

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Of thy stagnation ?
Who shall uphold thee
In thy ceaseless struggle ?

The perfume cometh forth
From the heart of the lotus.

O friend,
I tell thee
As behaviour dwelleth with righteousness
So eternal happiness abideth in thine own heart.

J. Krishnamurti

THE TRUTH THAT IS LIBERATION AND HAPPINESS

J. KRISHNAMURTI

[Month by month we shall publish in *THE STAR* the talks given by Krishnaji to the group of students assembled at Castle Eerde last summer. They have not been revised by Krishnaji himself, as to enable him to do this would have meant a delay of many months in their publication. They have been carefully read, however, by several of those who were present at the delivery of the talks and who believe them to be a correct and verbatim report of what Krishnaji said. The rather personal note—inevitable when speaking to a group of friends—represents accurately the form in which the talks were delivered.]

AS a tree is burdened with many leaves, so is man with anxieties, worries, troubles, pleasures and joys. As the leaves drop off and wither away during the autumn, so from the man who has attained Liberation and Happiness there drop away all sorrows, all pains, all pleasures. He is eternally one with great happiness, lasting and perpetual. For whatever you establish within yourself can never be doubted, nor can there ever be reaction against that which you have built for yourself. Liberation and Happiness and the attainment thereof lie in your own hands, are within your own power to reach, are the end for all. If they are firmly established within the heart and the mind of the seeker, though he may be burdened for many days as the tree with leaves of anxiety, of sorrow and of pleasure, yet he can make his anxieties, his sorrows, wither, he can make them drop away as the leaves in the autumn. As

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there is no doubt for me of the attainment of that Happiness, so during my talks here I have been trying to establish in your own minds the vision of Liberation, so that there shall be no doubt for you, so that you for yourselves will see the reality and grasp the truth of this vision, so that when you are in the world, away from this place, there will be no question, no doubt, no anxiety, no seeking, no searching anew or again a groping in the darkness. When once you have established the reality firmly within yourselves, you can always retire to that secluded place in your mind and heart, to seek knowledge, to seek enthusiasm and aspiration. For those who seek, there is only one source of enthusiasm, delight and happiness, and that is within themselves; and those who rely on others for encouragement, for happiness, will fail in their search. And those who have been fortunate enough to be here during these days will, I think, have firmly established truth within themselves, so that henceforth there will be no groping in search of it. For in yourselves you have created, in your own minds and in your own hearts, the edifice, the altar and the temple in which you can worship without any external things—your god being yourself and the attainment of Liberation and Happiness. In attaining that Liberation and that Happiness, you must have capacities of love, of devotion, and great energies in order to build this edifice of magnificence, so that whatever you have built will be of your own construction, of your own material, your own suffering, your own pleasures. For whatever is created with your own hands will last for ever, and whatever is created with the hands of another will not last a single day. If that is well established within yourselves, your groping for the truth is at an end.

As when the rains come the little streams and the great rivers are swollen with waters and draw nearer and nearer,

THE TRUTH THAT IS LIBERATION AND HAPPINESS

hastening towards the sea, so when the Beloved comes, when the Beloved is with you, will you attain more quickly; the rivers of your hearts and minds will be burdened with many waters which will hasten you towards that goal which is Liberation for all. So that, if you have that mind and that heart, time as such does not exist, you need not wait for evolution to hasten, to urge you on, but because you have perceived the Beloved, because the Beloved is with you, you will have your hearts and your minds enlarged—even though it still takes a very long time—so that you will enter into that ocean of Liberation and Happiness. The weak will be made strong, and the strong will quicken their strength. Those who love will have their love magnified and glorified, and the sorrow-laden will seek comfort and they will have comfort, for in themselves alone lies the comfort which they seek. It is because the Beloved is with you that all these things are possible. If you have found, and you have the capacities for great devotion, great energy and love, you will hold the Beloved in your heart and in your mind in times of great sufferings and great anxiety. Because you have the Beloved within you, as I possess Him eternally within myself, because you have for a moment perceived Him, you must love Truth, for Truth is the Beloved. Truth is the only thing after which each must seek, after which each must struggle, setting aside all things in search of the light that will enlighten him on his path to peace.

During our talks here, I have opened my heart so that you can perceive my Happiness, for that Happiness is my Beloved's Happiness, and I want to give that which I possess to others. Because my Beloved has filled me with His love, there is for me no striving, no struggle, no groping and searching and being satisfied by the fleeting, by the passing. So I would give in

THE STAR

my turn of that love to you, and hence to the world at large. Because there is suffering around, because there is sorrow and pleasure that is passing, those who have tasted this love which is within themselves, which is that of the Beloved—they will give, they will fill the hearts of the suffering, the sorrow-laden, the weak and the strong.

And it is for this that you have been here for so many weeks—that you may have a new understanding, a new purpose well established within you, so that when you go out you can become the source of life for yourselves, so that you will become eventually liberated, as time progresses, and enter into that Kingdom of Happiness.

I would like once more to dwell on the importance of our behaviour, our conduct, because with behaviour and conduct righteousness dwells, and because of that I would remind you of your responsibility towards the people that are coming within a few days. I do not know how much you have understood what I have been talking about during the last weeks, but by the questions that have been put to me—whether I was certain of my message, whatever that may mean, whether I was certain of my work in the world—there are many here who have not quite understood, but that is not of great importance; but what is of great importance is that those who have not understood should not take the responsibility of interpreting what they have not understood to others. Because people will consider, since you have been here, that you have understood, that in some mysterious manner you have been transformed into the shape of the Beloved; and, as you yourselves know, some of you, though you have not absolutely understood, have perceived, have realised, have opened as the flower does to the morning sun. But before you can convince, before you can talk, before you

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can give of that Happiness and Liberation to others, you must be absolutely certain for yourselves ; that certainty—though everyone will maintain that he has it—that certainty must show itself by the conduct, by behaviour, by actions, by words and by deeds throughout your life, throughout the days of the Camp. As I said, people will believe that you have been changed because of your stay here ; I think it is true that you have been changed, that your eyes and your minds and your hearts have been widened and made to see more fully. But I should be very careful of using that responsibility, of acquiring the idea that you are superior to another. Real simplicity, the desire to help, and not in a particular way that you want to help, must be born ; and if you really have affection and love which are the outcome of gropings and of sorrow, of longings and of great desires, you will be able to help others, for if in this individual development about which I have been talking lies Liberation, the only purpose of that is to enable you to give of that Happiness and Liberation to others.

So I should be very careful—not that I do not want you to be enthusiastic, because once you have seen the light, felt the love of the Beloved, you are always burning, you are always as the dancing star ; but you must act wisely, carefully, discreetly, and dignifiedly. And this applies, do not think to someone else, but to each one separately and individually.

J. Krishnamurti

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THE CASE AGAINST 'SANCTIONS'

HARRISON BROWN

A prominent London editor said recently to the writer: "I am coming rapidly to the point of view of your supporters of the Borah-Levinson Outlawry of War scheme, that if war is to be abolished, we must make a frontal attack upon it as an institution. But however that may be I find I now instinctively judge the intelligence of those I meet by their attitude to the war problem, and those who have not recognised that unless mankind decides to destroy war, war will destroy civilization, I put in the category of those of undeveloped intellect."

The recent Franco-American negotiations have done something at least towards clearing the confusion of thought which surrounds the all-important problem of the replacement of war by law, and the whole international peace movement now stands confronted by the question which should have occupied it from the first—Can Peace be 'enforced'?

The League of Nations says it can, and on that assumption has built up a complicated system of 'sanctions' tending to fortify the original sanctions clauses of the Covenant.

Meantime, the Outlawry-of-War Movement in America has grown to such proportions that Secretary of State, Kellogg,

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borrows from it the proposal to 'renounce war as an instrument of national policy'. This proposal should not be confused with the Borah-Levinson scheme, but if it succeeds it will make it easier for that scheme to become the official American policy; whilst if it fails it will have served a useful purpose in bringing into the open the fundamental difference between the American and the League suggestions for coping with the war danger.

Ever since 1919 the peoples of the world, including the American people, have been told that the League is an instrument for the *abolition* of war. To this, the better informed individuals have replied that, in the minds of some of the politicians of some of the member states, it was looked upon still more as an instrument for the enforcement of the Peace Treaties and the perpetuation of the *status quo*.

It is interesting therefore to note that in his reply to the Kellogg proposal M. Briand affirms that France cannot agree to the renunciation of all war because article 16 of the League Covenant has a prior claim, and under it France might be compelled to go to war against an 'aggressor'.

The Covenant, then, far from being an instrument for the abolition of war is now claimed to be an instrument for the prevention of the abolition of war.

Much play has been made with this word 'aggression' during the negotiations, and a great part of the Continental press has expressed surprise, and hinted at the insincerity of America because she will not undertake to recognise the League definition of an 'aggressor'. From such a quarter such a profession of naïve innocence is almost indecent! This 'aggressor' business is the knot of the whole twisted skein of the security and sanctions problems, and in view of the fact that America refuses to join the League of Nations, primarily because she believes that the sanctions system would involve

her in a European war, it may be as well to examine the American point of view, which is:

1. That the value of military sanctions is a myth and itself rests, in the final analysis, upon a promise to fight in certain circumstances.

If we are going to accept promises at all, why not accept a promise to keep the peace rather than one to go to war, especially in view of the two facts that all sections of the communities are beginning to see that any war is against their own interests.

2. That promises to fight have been broken countless times in history. Italy in 1914 is a case in point.

The demand for military sanctions is a bluff when it is not the direct hypnosis of force working upon our minds already obsessed by militarism. The Locarno Treaties are a good example of political agreements based upon military guarantees. Italy and Britain have promised to go to the aid of France or Germany if one of them is attacked by the other. Have these treaties increased the sense of security in France? We may be very sure that the British Conservative Government, with its well-known dislike of definite engagements of this kind, would not have underwritten the Treaties had they not looked upon them as an almost certain step to a growth of confidence between the nations. Yet France and Britain continue to occupy the Rhineland, Paul Boncour continues to demand 'security' at Geneva, and only recently Millerand wrote in a jingo London paper of the 'dangerous illusion of absolute security'. And he is right. Absolute security cannot be obtained by bayonets. Security comes only from mutual confidence, from surrounding oneself with friends. The French nation will be safer when the French politicians have learned and commenced to apply this lesson, and have ceased to play upon the fear element by the deliberate exploitation of the myth that

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France has been throughout the ages the innocent victim of German aggression.

3. The theory of sanctions will not function, and will never lead to radical disarmament. Apart from the fact that moral disarmament must precede material disarmament, there is another factor to prevent this. The traditional power of the fighting services to influence foreign policy is as strong as ever amongst the Great Powers. This power is such that the services do not require a reason for opposing drastic disarmament; all they need is an excuse. And so long as America and Russia are not a party to the League agreements, the necessary excuse will exist. There is only one way of obviating this difficulty and that is by the *universal renunciation of war and the creation of real juridical machinery by means of co-operation on this basis between the League, Russia and the United States.*

The present League theory implies that there are guilty nations and innocent nations, and that arrangements must be made to fall upon this mythical aggressor state. The true origin of wars is more complex than this, and since it is never the peoples who go mad and make wars it is not the peoples we must arrange to punish. But on its theory of aggressor states and sanctions the League rightly presumes that it is not enough to arrange to shell an aggressor state with artillery, or bomb it from the air; it must also arrange to starve it from afar. The modern warfare of these civilized times demands it. And the rôle of sea policeman naturally would fall on Britain, as being the member state with the strongest navy. But Britain, remembering the difficulty she had with America on this point from 1914 till 1917, refuses to accept the honour offered to her; because so long as America is not a party to the League agreements, such acceptance would inevitably involve her in war with America.

It would seem as though the more sanction-ridden members of the League are beginning to tire of trying to persuade Britain to come into the sanctions system 'and chance it,' and they are now devoting their attention more to trying to persuade America to say that she will not trade with an 'aggressor' state. But America stands firm, and points out that she is less certain than she used to be that those who now want her to accept their definition were correct in their diagnosis of the aggressor in 1914. Further, that no definition of aggression has yet been found which could not be twisted from its original purpose by skilful politicians, and finally that she is of the opinion that this demand for definition is inspired by a desire to perpetuate the *status quo* in Europe, a desire which no sane person believes to be in every case possible. As the *New York Times* has said in a recent leading article, "Substitute the word 'revision' for the word 'aggression' and the words 'maintenance of the Paris Treaties' for the word 'security,' and you have the real meaning of this interminable debate".

And so this much vaunted attempt to organise a League Holy War ten years after the 'war to end war' is a twice damned failure. The sanctions themselves are a bluff, for behind the bluff is just a promise, and the attempt won't function because on these lines it is found impossible to obtain a universal promise.

And finally the body of American opinion behind the Borah-Levinson scheme says: "We are not interested in organising a world war. It will make no difference to the soldier or his widow whether he is shot in a League Holy War or in an ordinary unholy war, what we wish to do is to *eliminate the war system entirely*. This cannot be done by making an ally of war, and it will certainly not become easier to abolish war by first settling it more securely than ever in its status of an honorable, legal institution. The time has come

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to make a clean break with this barbaric legacy, to sever the connection between patriotism and militarism, to civilise international politics and lay the foundations of an international morality. And war can only be abolished in the same way that slavery and other institutions were abolished—by outlawing it and by replacing it with a real court of international law similar to that which prevails inside each state for civil law."

Those who say that the time for this has not yet come lose sight of the fact that every section of the community now stands to lose by war, and that it is the international political system alone which lags behind the developments which have occurred in transportation, finance, economics and even moral perception.

What sincere peace workers the world over should do now, therefore, is to urge upon the United States the necessity for abandoning her present negative attitude for that of a clear statement of policy along these lines. It is not suggested that the League of Nations should be supplanted or ignored. The League is an institution which has come to stay. It cannot be abolished though it may yet commit suicide. The Outlawry scheme will prevent it doing so and will enable it to function on the lines of its original ideal of international political co-operation. What is implied, however, is a change in the constitution of the League. That may provide difficulties and objections but it will not provide nearly so many of either as a League war will.

There are those who exclaim in horror at the suggestion of destroying this sanction basis of the League. What matter, since that basis is rotten and since it is, too, honeycombed with hypocrisy ?

One thing is clear, war cannot be abolished by squeezing it into a corner. The idea that an institution such as the League,

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which exists exclusively for international co-operation, should be willing to accept such a lodger in its house, is in itself the most striking example of the European obsession for brute force and its distrust of law.

What is proposed, therefore, is that the League, the United States and Russia, should agree in Conference upon the renunciation and condemnation of all war by means of a general treaty to that effect, and should further agree to provide a pacific substitute for the arbitration of war, by taking action for the equipment of an international court of justice with a code of the laws of peace. With war outlawed and the code approved and ratified, the court shall be given jurisdiction over all purely international disputes as defined and enumerated in the code or arising under treaties, with power to summon in a defendant nation at the petition of a complaining nation and to hear and decide the matters in controversy.

It may be objected that the League of Nations is already attempting the codification of international law, and is finding the process an extremely slow one. The answer is that the League is trying to codify international law inside the war system, and that on these lines progress must indeed be so slow that we may abandon the idea of its being of any assistance to us in the solution of the urgent war problem. The Borah proposal is to codify the international laws of peace under the dominating clause that all war shall be a crime against the law of nations.

The Conference envisaged in the Borah Resolution would have one thing alone upon the Agenda—How to replace War by Law. Questions of security and disarmament would not there be dealt with and consequently there would be no reason or excuse for the attendance at the Conference of Military and Naval 'experts'. That no 'peace' Conference has hitherto been considered complete without the presence of such experts

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is further evidence of the confusion of thought which prevails upon the question of security. At the suggested Conference the jurists would be the experts. They would be given *carte blanche* to draw up a code covering as many likely questions of dispute as possible, with the sole proviso that nothing in their code must contravene the dominating clause. The great bulk of existing international law deals with war conditions, questions of neutrality, contraband, etc. With war outlawed these points would not arise. That this revolutionary conception of codification is not confined exclusively to American jurists is shown by a recent resolution framed by Professor Walther Schücking at the Paris Congress of the Inter-Parliamentary Union.

If law is to replace war it is evident that an international court must be set up comparable to the civil courts inside the States. A court which can only function when both parties agree to allow it to do so is obviously a judicial mockery. On the other hand it is not suggested that international law can be codified to cover every conceivable form of dispute. By the very nature of things there must always be questions, boundary disputes for example, about which it is not possible to codify law in advance. There will therefore always be a large place in international affairs for arbitration and conciliation. But it *is* suggested that it is now possible to codify a sufficient body of international law to justify the clothing of an international court with affirmative jurisdiction, and it *is* required that all nations shall agree that, of whatever nature may be the dispute, they will not resort to armed force for its attempted settlement.

"Well, but supposing all this is true, how do you propose to enforce the decisions of your Court, where are your sanctions?" says the sceptic.

The only sanction envisaged is the only sanction which, on close analysis, is found to be worth anything—that

of the *pledged word of the peoples themselves* that they will accept the machinery provided, and will abide by its decisions.

Let us look once more at the alternatives before us; the fundamental difference between the view of the League of Nations as at present constituted and that of the supporters of the Outlawry-of-War Movement. The League plan is to raise war from the national to the international plane, and to obtain the pledges of *Governments* that in future war shall be resorted to only for the righteous purpose of obliterating an 'aggressor.' The Borah scheme is to dishonor and disavow *all* war, to replace the scrapped war system by juridical machinery, and to ensure the use of this machinery, not merely by Governmental pledges but by the guarantee of the *peoples themselves*, obtained by means of a plebiscite accepting the new machinery.

Governments from time immemorial have made promises to go to war and promises not to go to war, and both promises have been broken times out of number. The peoples have never yet been given the opportunity in time of peace to pronounce on a clear Yes or No issue as to whether or not they wish to continue to support the institution of war.

Which is the saner view?

One suggests leaving the War system intact and continuing, despite all the experience of history, to trust in the word of Governments that their people *will* fight in certain circumstances; and the other suggests that here is a fundamental issue on which the peoples should pronounce with their own voice. They can at least say, "We will not kill or be killed, we will accept the machinery provided for us."

War has become so obviously against the interest of the community that any threat of future war, whether in support of the League or not, will certainly meet with resistance from within the States. Is it not time that the Governments ceased

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to shoulder the responsibility for pledges which their peoples may refuse to honor when the time comes?

It may be said that some Governments would not thus surrender their power. Certainly it may be admitted that some would not desire to do so. But it must be remembered that industry and trade everywhere in Europe are suffering from the high taxation caused by the debts of the last war and the preparations for the next. Nobody enjoys paying taxes. If a lead was given by America along the lines suggested and was accepted at first by only a few European countries, each successive acceptance would render it more difficult for recalcitrant Governments to continue to refuse the invitation to the Conference. With justification the war-weary peoples would say "We are burdened with war taxes and our Government will not even attempt to find alleviation for us by joining the other nations." Such pressure would, we believe, become irresistible.

We live in a world in which war is still said to be 'glorious,' even though only yesterday it spread universal ruin and misery. Old ideas die hard and man has ever been the most bestial of animals, the only animal indeed which bands together to destroy its own species. In such a world it requires some effort of the imagination to visualise a state of affairs in which peace would have the authority of the law behind it, and all appertaining to war would be unpatriotic and dishonourable.

International law, such as it is, is to-day on the side of war and against all morality, self-interest and common sense, and the practical result of the sanctions system proposed by the League would be to enhance that condition. We cannot abolish war by making an ally of it and, as Mr. Ponsonby has said, "the myth of aggression is indispensable to the upkeep of war offices." There are no 'aggressor' nations, there *are* aggressive politicians and still more incompetent ones who may blunder into war. To punish a nation is to punish a multitude of innocents. The

Outlawry-of-War scheme would make it possible to punish the guilty few.

Under the Constitution of the United States, if war was declared an international crime, any individual, politician or newspaper proprietor who advocated war would be subject to indictment by the Federal Government. It would be a simple matter for the various contracting parties to enact similar legislation for their own nationals; in fact with war outlawed it could be made as difficult for a section of the community to work up a war as it now is to stir up a revolution without just cause. On the other hand, there is nothing in history to encourage us to believe that this much-vaunted but unworkable system of sanctions could not be twisted from its preventive purpose by skilful diplomats and made to act to the detriment of an aggrieved party.

The making and prevention of war are, above all, psychological problems, and 'security' will never be obtained by the threat of violence. Neither will disarmament be brought about so long as the Admiralties and the War Offices have any excuse for preparing war—they never pretended to prepare 'aggressive' wars. If then 'Democracy' is ever to become more than a word used hypocritically, let us provide means for the peoples to pledge themselves that they will *not* go to war. That will inspire the confidence which is always lacking in armed security and that alone will provide a sanction which will endure.

Harrison Brown

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ¹

At the summer gathering of 1927 at Eerde, Krishnaji requested that those who desired to ask him questions should write them down on slips of paper to be handed to him before his talks. After the talks, he answered the questions, which, with their answers, were taken down in shorthand. Krishnaji has not revised the notes, but they are reasonably accurate.

QUESTION: Will one who attains Liberation leap over the various evolutionary stages of growth into some formless Nirvana of bliss to come forth no more? or must those stages be traversed—but with the light and joy of the Nirvanic consciousness ever present?

KRISHNAJI: You can leap over all the stages of evolutionary growth if you experience all the stages of those growths, paths and experiences, through your imagination, through your process of climbing. Let me put it this way. There is a building with many stories, and a man may work through those stories, looking through every window on each floor, horizontally progressing until he comes to a staircase which leads him up to the next floor. Another man sees and knows the goal which is enticing him, which is calling him; and as he climbs he looks through one window and that gives him sufficient view, sufficient experience, sufficient knowledge of what is contained

¹ From *The International Star Bulletin*, March, 1928

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on that particular floor, and so he need not go through the horizontal process of acquiring experience, and thus acquires more quickly. I do not think it matters whether he comes back or remains in the flame. If I am a spark, as a separate individual I enter into that flame and become part of that flame; whether I return and bring others to the flame depends, I think, upon the personal desire. If I desire to come back and conquer the world of maya again, I can do so. Once I have the centre well established in me, I can do anything from that centre; from it I can go forth, having established it as my home, as the bee which knows its hive can go miles away, certain that there is a home, that there is a flame.

QUESTION: To attain Liberation is it not essential to form a link with a Teacher who is himself liberated, and to feel such a tremendous longing to be one with him, that it carries one to the goal? It seems that a 'general' longing for Liberation could not be intense and one-pointed enough.

KRISHNAJI: Liberation may be personified in one individual, or in ten individuals, or, as Theosophists would say, in the Teacher Himself, the World-Teacher; but if you have that desire to attain Him who is the embodiment of Liberation and have an intense and tremendous desire, tremendous longing to become part of Him, then it is certainly easier to have such a Teacher to guide you and to help.

But again the difficulty arises that if you bring in certain individuals you will need interpreters of those individuals. There is a question as to whether Krishnamurti is the World-Teacher or not. There will be people who will say that Krishnamurti is the vehicle; others will say he is one in whom the World-Teacher will from time to time and through him give forth His message; some will maintain

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that Krishnamurti will grow into His consciousness and so become one with Him, and hence that there will be no separation between the two. These are thoughts in which for our mental gymnastics we can indulge. You can say that Krishnamurti is that and someone else can say Krishnamurti is not that; you will never convince someone who thinks quite the opposite.

So the question does not lie in whether Krishnamurti is the vehicle or whether his consciousness has grown into the consciousness of the World-Teacher. The question remains unanswered, because if you accept the authority of one you cannot accept the authority of the other. And so it will go on for ever and ever. But if you examine what he says and try to grow into his teaching, then it makes it perfectly simple. I think we shall have incessant wrangles over the corpse of Krishnamurti if we discuss this or that, wondering who is now speaking. Someone asked me: "Do tell me if it is you speaking or someone else." I said: "I really do not know and it does not matter." What matters is that you should understand, and not wonder what the phenomenon happening is. You do not see, so you are not certain—not that seeing makes anything certain. If some one told you that it is the visitation, you would have to accept that authority, but if that authority changes its opinion to-morrow you will have to change your opinion also and so you will be lost. And to make certain for your own self it must be established in yourself.

The desire for Liberation is all that matters. Leave all else for the complicated minds, for the philosophising minds to wrangle over. That will come eventually. In two thousand years there will probably be another society to discover whether it was this or that.

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QUESTION: Does that imply that a person without a Teacher could not attain Liberation ?

KRISHNAJI: He may perhaps take longer. Suppose a man has travelled all over the world, and knows the way of the world, and comes back to tell an intending traveller where to stay and what to take with him, it make it much easier, more comfortable. Hence a Teacher is necessary for those people who are uncertain of the goal, who are not sure, who are doubting, who have no strength, who need their purposes, their determinations, awakened and made strong. But for those people who have already seen the goal, who have already perceived, and have experienced that flame which is Liberation, to them he will act as an encouragement, he will be the embodiment—but they will get there without him.

QUESTION: Can one help others by influencing them consciously ?

KRISHNAJI: If you think you are wiser than anybody else, then you interfere. I would never voluntarily interfere with anybody unless they asked me to interfere and asked my advice and questioned me. Then I would give my opinion, but unasked I should never think of interfering. Why should you interfere with another ? It may be his karma to walk a different path, to walk in a different direction, to have his mind differently composed from yours ; and if you force him to adapt himself to you, you are doing him wrong.

A BAUL SONG *

THY path, O Lord is hidden by mosque and temple,
I hear thy call but the *guru* stops the way.
What gives peace to my mind, sets the world ablaze—
The cult of the One dies in the conflict of the many,
The door to it is closed by many a lock, of Koran, Puran
and rosary,
Even the way of renunciation is full of tribulation,
Wherefore weeps Madan in despair.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

* By courtesy of *The Modern Review*.

THE FUNCTION OF WOMAN'S SHAKTI IN SOCIETY

*Excerpt from a Conversation with Rabindranath Tagore
by Dilip-Kumar Roy **

IT seems to me, said I, that whether it be due to the Time Spirit, or something else, the thing we seek in marrying is not exactly what our predecessors sought. We expect from our partner in life an insight into our hopes and desires, our yearnings and visions—into our character as a whole. Perhaps in the last generation, they were satisfied in claiming less from their wives, so that for them marriage was a much easier thing. With our new demands of sorts, the right person to supply them is difficult to find . . . I do not know whether I have made it clear to you.

I think, said the Poet, I understand what you want. But, listen to me. The demand from the wife that you look upon as such a big thing, is not quite so big after all.

Not so big! I exclaimed.

No, just hear me out. Do you mean to say that the love of a wife is only of value if she can completely grasp the whole of the variousness that goes to make up your character. Think over it a little. The character of man is like a star in its

* By courtesy of the Editor of *Visva-Bharati Quarterly*, April, 1928.

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nebulous stage. Much of it is vague even to himself, it cannot even be used for his purposes. That portion of it which belongs to his dreams, which he thinks to be true only when his eyes are closed, is found, when practical need arises, to be beyond his reach. The other part that is condensed and crystallised may be good enough for the ordinary life of the world, but in times of crisis may be found perhaps not to be trustworthy. The whole man is therefore, a mixture of fact and fancy, of reality and imagination. Do you suppose he would be truly glad were any wife able to comprehend him far better than he does himself—thus to be living constantly in the glaring light of a knowledge that has no shadow of glamour; what your words really amount to is this, that you will marry only if a woman can be found willing to accept as true the creature of your imagination—the person whom you think yourself to be. Is not this out-Turking the Turk himself? But that is only one side of it. Do not the men marry women? Do not women also marry men? As for them, I do not believe that they are always guided in their love by their ideal, because the ideal is judged by the intellect, but not so love-worthiness. Had that been the case, most men would have been in a sorry plight, for the intellect is pitiless.

What, then, would you have Sir? I asked.

The Poet continued; The mystery of love is one of the greatest mysteries of personality. The vision with which man discerns his love affinity is not susceptible of definition. It is not at all the case that, if you be an antiquarian, love cannot charm your eyes and intoxicate your mind unless you can find some trace of love for antiquities in your wife. If, by chance, she does have that hobby, it is only an extra advantage. You seem to be thinking that you cannot get a suitable life partner because none of the women you know share your æsthetic and

intellectual tastes and pursuits. That is nonsense. It is because your heart does not yet love any woman that your mind has prepared a list of outward accomplishments which may serve to make her worthy of your love.

But if our wives cannot sympathise at all with our many-sided thought and work?

That does not make it so very tragic. In spite of that it is quite easy to love a wife with all your heart. There are any number of examples of men being madly in love with their wives in spite of severe suffering due to utter incompatibility. The same applies to women. If you be a scientist, you will naturally seek scientific friends, but if you worry because you have not a scientific wife then I will know that you do not love her.

But, Sir, I urged, do you then say that any expectation of deep sympathy from the wife is all nonsense?

Sympathy, said the Poet, is a matter of the heart. In the realm of love a yearning for it must be there. But, if through misfortune I am deprived of it, that need not necessarily lead to a lack of love from my side.

What I am objecting to is the list you have drawn up of the things without which you think love is out of the question. If we get the things of our asking from our beloved, that is no doubt a piece of good luck; but what if we do not? So much the better if the wife be a good doctor, or can give sound legal advice—but are these things to be claimed? On the contrary it may even be difficult to love a wife of perfect accomplishments. Rather is love glad of some deficiency, else it loses its office. It is a made-up thing—this idea of love based on similarity; its foundation lies deep in dissimilarity.

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Will you explain it a little further, I said.

You know, continued the Poet, of the attraction of opposite electricities—positive and negative? Well, it is the same with all the opposites in creation—one gives, the other takes. In music the notes are static; when the dynamic of rhythm penetrates them, it gives them form and character and life. So in biological creation, the male element has the secondary function of quickening and energising the female; but the being of man and woman is not confined to their physical bodies. There are also the respective spiritual bodies, the difference between which, though not definable, is not therefore incomprehensible. The call of the spirit in the depths plays no minor part in their mutual attraction. The union which takes place in this region has also its creative manifestation. So far, it is principally man's activity that has created human civilisation, by increasing wealth and knowledge, uniting wisdom and works, giving form to ideas and emotions, systematising society and government, founding religious cults. In this creative work woman has taken the secondary part of energising the spirit of man. Thus the places of man and woman in biological creation have been reversed in the case of spiritual creation. This mysterious working of the spiritual union of the sexes has been recognised by the sages of our country, and they have called woman Shakti.

I hung on the Poet's words in silence.

The Poet went on; In places like Europe, where the women interpenetrate society in all its aspects, this life-giving power of woman in the activities of man, functions broadly. Where the place of women is restricted only to a particular part of society, they have been separated into two classes—the makers of

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the home and the evokers of Shakti. Man awaits from woman not only her ministration that makes him glad, but also the inspiration that makes him active. However necessary for the comfort of man may be the peace and beauty of a well-ordered home, that is not enough for the accomplishment of his life-work. The fullest expression of his many-sided activities requires an energising of his whole nature.

Does it not require an extraordinary woman to give such inspiration? I asked.

No, said the Poet, Have we not already discussed that point? The mysterious influence that woman wields over man is called in English her *charm*. But this term is not enough of an explanation. Just as there is ever-present in the atmosphere of the Earth a subtle net-work of impalpable influences, of sound and scent, of light and colors, of movement and vibration, that continually thrill us, awaken us, rouse us to utterance, so also does the charm of woman work in a way that cannot be concretely expressed. But ineffable though it be, it is nevertheless of wonderful power. Any social system that sets up obstacles in the way of the tremendous creative force that has been evoked by the separation of the sexes, and seeks to confine its illimitable energy within the petty barriers of its prohibitions, remains more dead than alive—its men going through life as labourers not as creators.

But, Sir, I objected, whatever their social system may have been, surely it cannot be said of India, or Greece, or Rome, that the creative activity of their men was feeble.

That is what I am coming to. It is because, in these countries, woman did not occupy the whole of her rightful

THE FUNCTION OF WOMAN'S SHAKTI IN SOCIETY

place, that man urged by this supreme need of his life had to set apart a special place for a class of woman who were neither mothers, wives nor daughters. If the food be deficient in caloric, man's body seeks extra blankets. The lamp and the kitchen fire may serve the needs of our household, but even for our own personal joy, a sky full of sunlight is necessary. That is not individual property earmarked for a particular owner. It is for each because it is for all. In the West, the *shakti* of woman necessary for the fullest expression of man's nature, permeates the whole of society, and thus keeps man continually energetic. In the older systems where this *shakti* was prevented from being equally wide-spread, they had to avail themselves of artificial means for gaining it. It would be wrong to compare the free women of those days with the purchased women of to-day. It was not the thirst of the body, but that of the spirit, which the former had to slake. Women are objects of lust not to the brave, but to the cowards among men. And it is these cowards who degrade women to the level of their own desires. Where such desire is not the prime motive, the manhood of man upholds unhurt the honour of woman. If we consider the case of Vasantasená in the drama of *The Toy Cart*, this becomes clear. There is not the slightest suggestion in this play that companionship with her is in any way derogatory to the respectable householder, Cháru-datta. Not only that, the character of Vasantasená, as there depicted, has no sense of social responsibility it is true, but is fully alive to the responsibility of her womanhood. She cannot possibly be looked upon as low. It becomes evident that this class of women of those days had jealousy to guard their own honour lest they should become unworthy of the very function assigned to them.

Was it not hard on these women, Sir, thus to take them out of the pale of society ?

I have already said, continued the poet, that if you dam up the river, you must needs get your water by digging wells. It is the characteristic of repressed nature to find out artificial means. Where women are only housewives, their range is restricted to a particular household; where they are acknowledged as wielders of their specific charm, they belong to the wide world. The woman in whom this charm is specially manifest, knows her power, and if she has not natural scope for its wide and various exercise, this power, confined within narrow limits, becomes corrupted. It was to prevent the poison of such corruption vitiating the social atmosphere, that one or two windows were left open of old. It is only in its unfettered exercise that the nature of these women who possess this power of inspiring man in a special degree finds its fulfilment. The famous women of Paris, whose charm could draw to their salons the best intellects of Europe, and agitate their minds with waves of stimulating intercourse, belonged to this class. Though many of them were married, they had naturally transcended the confines of domestic conventions. And, like the sunlight which causes the life-sap of the tree to flow through branch and twig and leaf, their radiant feminine charm penetrated the minds of their contemporary men of genius and gave them fruition.

We are not aware, in every case, that the masculine mind awaits for its fulfilment this life-giving force flowing from woman's nature, nor are we always conscious that the impoverishment of our achievement results from the lack of it. But we may take it as generally true that the full development of man's nature vitally depends on the influence of the *shakti* of woman—even in the case of his spiritual progress

It is not only in our country that the husband considers it his special privilege to have this satisfaction of proving his mastery over his wife. The same is more or less the case everywhere. Be it due to physiological, or psychological, or other causes,

THE FUNCTION OF WOMAN'S SHAKTI IN SOCIETY

the woman is dependent for her maintenance on the man ; and the man takes advantage of this to exact his price. Where, for the same reason, one man is dependent on another, he has to make the same sacrifice of his individual freedom, if not more. But few have the capacity to understand the simple truth that the woman makes a much greater contribution to the hunger of the man's spirit, than what she has to take from him for the hunger of her body, because this is not visible to the eye. People flaunt their physical mastery, because in that they are barbaric ; they do not brag of their spiritual influence, because that is of a higher order.

But may we not then come to the conclusion, Sir, that, whether in our country or elsewhere, man's sense of proprietorship of his wife is bound to be a great impediment to real love ?

The effort to gain outward possession, said the Poet, is certainly a danger which often stands in the way of a deeper gain. It is because Britain has outwardly conquered India that her pride of possession makes it difficult for her to gain the real India. The character of the husband, who accords value to his wife in terms of his title of mastership, is still dominated by the coarse barbarism of a primitive age. He is but a savage in mind. But for all that, it is untrue that the love of man and woman attains perfection if divested of outward claims. Because the spirit of man is higher than the body of man, that does not mean that he is independent of his body. It is when he relates his physical part to his whole self that he gains completeness. I do not consider the bodiless ghost to be any better than the soulless body. The latter commits its depredations in broad daylight and may be guarded against. The former haunts the darkness of the night, and man finds all his incantations, derived from the best of scriptures, powerless to

withstand it. The true striving of man must therefore be, not to get rid of the letter and hunt for the spirit in the void, but to seek it in the letter itself. In the sphere of marriage, this should take the form of shaking off the supremely idiotic obsession that because we have obtained a wife by the recital of certain formulæ, therefore we have acquired her as we do a piece of tangible property—it is necessary to realise that a human being may be gained only if not exclusively possessed.

The Vaishnava idea of *Parakīyā* (the woman belonging to another) is by no means to be despised. It means that the woman not belonging to myself can exercise her influence over me all the better—that her love has all the more value—because she is not mine by right. So when the institution of marriage can at length work free from the trammels of barbaric tradition, then every case of true marriage will be recognised as the cult of the Free Woman. It is my hope that the age of such true marriage is dawning upon us, and that the wife will come to be valued inasmuch as she is independent of the husband. If that indeed be so, let us not, in our folly, deprive ourselves of the privilege of that realisation.

THE POND OF A THOUSAND LOTUSES

JAHAN ARA

IN the village of Vapra Karur, in the far South, is a pond of a thousand white lotuses whose waters are purer than the grey-cold teardrop on the eyelid of the infant morn, and sweeter than the milk of the moon. Yet once upon a time they were dirty, slimy, and entirely useless. How they came to be so changed is a tale that is told by the old water-carrier of Vapra Karur. This is the story.

It was springtime and the earth was loud with the laughter of flowers and babbling brooks. Children ran in the fields and chased the butterflies among the blossoms, and the cowherds piped their new-born melodies. It was the season of the visit of the Lord, and soon the day would dawn when He would forsake His twilight abode to partake of His creatures' offerings. The villagers were all astir with their fruits and grain and flowers and vegetables. They had stored up their sweetest honey and their whitest ghee, and prepared their sweets like lotus and goolmohur buds. Each man vied with his neighbour for the best offering, and each one secretly considered his gift the finest and counted the days till the Lord should stop at his house and say, "Thy sweets are indeed the best—whatsoever be thy wish it is granted unto thee."

But the beggar Madhoor who dwelt beside the vine-covered wall gathered each day in a basket the fruit that fell on the

ground. These he tasted one by one, and those that he found sour he ate or threw to the birds ; and those that he found sweet he gathered in his basket. These he cherished with great care, and moved them from place to place so that the sun might not touch their ripened cheeks.

The villagers who passed him daily oft did stop to shout and say : " Hey ! Madhoor, you mad fool, think you that the Lord will accept a single fruit from such as you ? O you lunatic ! O you fool ! " And Madhoor's eyes would fill with tears, and he would reply, " Ay, sir, I know, but will He not taste just one of them ? "

Another day the village boys would come running and shout : " Look at that miserable beggar. Ha ! ha ! he thinks the Lord forsakes His twilight abode to partake of these his mud-stained offerings ! Look at his ugly face ! Let us stone him—let us throw his basket into the pond. "

With this they would stone him till the blood ran down his cheeks and his body was covered with wounds. Then, taking the basket, they would fling it far into the moss-covered pond.

Still Madhoor uttered not a word nor gave a sign of resentment, and the next day the seller of milk found him again under the vine waiting for the fruit to fall.

Many a weary hour did he thus sit till at last the day of the Visit dawned, and he had gathered a few of the ripest grapes, which he carried in his tattered cloth.

At daybreak he arose and swept clean his little dwelling under the heavy vine, all the time saying to himself, " And here will my Beloved sit and thus will I stand before Him, so that the sun may not trouble His eyes. "

Then he betook himself to the village streets and saw them all decked with champa and tulsi blooms and hung with the colours of the Indian dawn. So he thought ; " How could my Beloved pass these and come to my lonely dwelling across

THE POND OF A THOUSAND LOTUSES

the fields? Beautiful are the garlands here; ah! how much more fitting a place is this for His visit than my lonely dwelling beside the wall!"

He saw the offerings all laid out on palm and plantain leaves. There was honey from the pale silver flowers of the stars, and corn whose gold was plundered from the sun's transparent rays, and milk far sweeter than the kiss the crescent moon gives to the night, and ghee whose softness was of the breeze at break of day. So he thought: "True, my Beloved! fool was I indeed to think that you would partake of my fruits when others have all the wealth of the land to offer."

He fled from the streets and hid himself from sight under a tree beside the pond.

Then the Lord came in all His glory; and as His chariot descended from the skies each man's heart beat high with expectation. But He turned His face neither to the right nor to the left as His fiery steeds sped down the streets. The villagers, all amazed, ran after Him to see where He would halt. Through the narrow lanes He flashed and across the green fields till at last He reached the pond. Here the Lord descended, and throwing off His clothes plunged into its mossy depths. Lo! the moss was no more there and the waters became pure and sweet. Then the Lord emerged, and behold! upon its surface, a thousand white lotuses floating gracefully like swans at noon-tide.

Then He cried: "Madhoor, where art thou? Go ye all and fetch my beloved Madhoor."

The villagers, their faces dark with rage yet very frightened, went to fetch him. So Madhoor came, trembling with fear and joy, and weeping with love, and fell at his Lord's feet, crying, "Beloved, my Beloved!"

The Lord raised him, and exchanging His royal robes for the tattered rags of His devotee went with him to his dwelling

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under the vine. Here he partook of the fruit, and said: "Madhoor mine, thy few grapes are sweeter to me than all the honey of paradise."

After this, much to the amazement of the people around, the chariot sped away, carrying the lonely beggar in it.

Thus was Madhoor's love rewarded, says the old water-carrier.

* * * * *

Therefore bloom the thousand white lotuses in the pond where the waters are purer than the grey-cold tear on the eyelid of the infant morn, and sweeter than the milk of the moon.

Jahan Ara

SIMPLICITY

A WAYFARER'S THOUGHTS

The Mystery of Creation . . . is great . . . but when the picture is complete there is simplicity.—KRISHNAJI

WHAT is this art of being simple? Each heart longs for it 'as pants the hart after the water-brooks'. The West is longing to reach it out of the chaos and confusion of its complex life; the East believes in the ideal, is full of mental complexities, fears and shuns an external complexity. But are not complexity and simplicity just two aspects of the one problem?

It is more important for us in India perhaps than anywhere else to face an examination of the question, for are we not apt to think that by eliminating this or that from our surroundings we have gained simplicity? A man may live in an empty room or a desert and still be wandering in a maze of emotional and mental experiences. Or he may be dreaming in the simplicity of inexperience—a negative condition and therefore unreal. Nevertheless we feel and know instinctively that simplicity is the mark of the true Ideal, is the highest form of all art even the Art of Arts, Life itself. At the same time we also feel that complexity has some kinship with simplicity. What, then, we ask again, is this simplicity? And how do we attain it?

Simplicity like all other human qualities is a positive attitude of mind or soul; and like all other qualities it is the result of growth. It does not spring full-blown in all its beauty

from the deeps of our nature. It seems to be the result of a long, long wandering in the maze of life, an unwearied and continuous exercising of discrimination—a quality which, by infinite labour, by the infinite capacity for taking pains alone, we reach in the highest form of art.

As in the wider world, so in the narrower world of one life. The child must grow through complexity of experiences into his own synthetic ideal. A forced simplicity—unless in a very advanced soul—will produce inactivity, will kill out that inner activity which is ever seeking to create simplicity for itself; and the child's soul will stagnate in stillness. The advanced soul always refuses to be bound and will go its own way in spite of everybody and everything.

Why then should we fear complexity? The Good, the Simple, and the True, deep buried in all, will out if we have the courage to let our children face the complexities of life naturally; and do not seek to bury ourselves in possessions but keep striving ever onward and upwards. It is only thus that we develop, not only the highest form of art and the highest way of living, but also the greatest capacities. Our business in education, then, is not to eliminate experiences from the child's life as we are so apt to do, but to arrange them, not in order to establish a complex for complexity, but to develop the law of synthesis—that power of mind and heart that only works through complexity—and thereby cultivate within the soul the quality of simplicity. We fear complexity because we are still living under the shadow of old beliefs that regard man as a kind of mosaic of pieces of mind, patched together into a kind of artificial pattern in which the living whole is more or less forgotten. But we have to learn to face facts and not to fear spectres. Discrimination only grows by exercise. And exercise of this power means a field of unlimited choice such as God provides for in His worlds, and in a lesser degree through His agent,

SIMPLICITY

Man. So difficult is this task He has set us that we oft-times feel lost in life's myriad complexities. And, if it were not for the wonderful law of simplicity which leads us on from one series of complexities through a relative simplicity, to another series of complexities leading to a still higher simplicity, and so on, till we reach the *ideal simplicity*, we should assuredly get lost on the way. It is the dim perception of the Ideal or the Real, the One which contains the Many, that keeps us going on with the quest.

Man is not only a learner ; he is a creator. When the first dim perception stirs in our soul of this, then comes also the impulse to create something to represent that which in the deeps of our nature we know, but which we cannot find in the shallows where we usually wander. So we try to fashion our ideal. But at first there is a poor result, and we are dissatisfied ; we have forgotten this and that detail of our imagination. We try again, adding these, but again we find the result does not satisfy. Thus the process goes on ; again and again we destroy, for we find our ideal has so many detailed beauties that we cannot get the expression of them all in One. Again and again we try—each life is a new trial—in the early stages of our striving passing through the maze of complexity, seeing each beauty in turn, but widening out with each experience ; till at last we are able to synthesise our experiences, become supreme artists, and live, as well as express, the ideal simplicity which comprises complexity within it.

We have many examples of the result of enforced simplicity in history. An enforced simplicity is nothing more nor less than the old spectre of Uniformity. It prevents the individual from gaining his own experience through his own window at the storey which he has reached in evolution, as Krishnaji puts it. So he has to go back again and again, to wander from window to window on the same storey, instead of gaining the

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necessary experience quickly and mounting at once to the next. You cannot see for me. Your simplicity cannot be mine. I must learn for myself. So, I ask again, "Why should we fear complexity if the soul is kept awake and alive?"

And, "we must not make the mistake of thinking that when we perceive the Goal we have reached it". This is limitation and leads to exclusiveness which is an emptiness and is often mistaken for simplicity. Why is it that the Heart denied experience hungers for it and will even feed on the husks of life? Just because it seeks truth and must find it for itself. Why is it that the soul returns after a period of wandering in the far country of complex experiences with infinite satisfaction to the simplicity of peace and truth? Because it has learnt the truth for itself.

Let us then be sure we do not mistake the negative simplicity, exclusiveness and uniformity for the true simplicity which embraces the whole universe and all that it contains as has been done so often by man in past history.

The Great Ones are the Simplest but they are the most complex and They know most. Is it not because They are Masters of Complexity that They are such shining examples of Simplicity?

FROM THE NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

THE Ojai, a weekly, published every Friday at Ojai, California, had a short leading article, welcoming the visitors to the Star Camp. The editor writes :

In his capacity as head of the Order of the Star, our esteemed resident, Mr. Krishnamurti will be their host, yet, we feel sure that he will allow us, who make the Valley our home, to join with him in welcoming his guests. Though they have come to hear him and to sit at his feet, we know that the Valley itself, and all the people in it, will have some share in their entertainment and in their happiness while they are here . . . We know that those who come here will find many glimpses of that beauty which is in some ways the centre of life here . . .

We hope that every visitor will find the opportunity of seeing something of the Valley and of meeting some of its people. And as many members will be returning again and again, (The Star Camp being an annual affair) we hope they will find it easy to establish those feelings of intimacy and affection which will enable them to look upon the Ojai as home . . .

* * * *

And the following are other items from the columns of the same newspaper :

Registrations at the Camp have been coming in rapidly and it is now expected that the full number of 1,000 will be present at the opening day. Although the Camp management is announcing that the camp will not be open to members until the morning of the 21st, many have already arrived in the Valley and have found temporary accommodation. Mr. C. Jinarajadasa is staying with Mr. Krishnamurti at Arya Vihara. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Wood . . . are the guests of Mr. A. P. Warrington at Krotona. . . .

* * * *

THE STAR

Out on the plain before Meiners Oaks and up the wooded slope above, there has arisen in the past few months the Star Camp—really a city in itself, with several permanent buildings and tents to house 1,000 souls.

* * * * *

Post Office and telegraph facilities, a play-ground for children, Hospital tents with nurses and medical aids, a store, and bank facilities have all been provided.

A member of the State engineering Staff has the supervision of Sanitation, camp inspection, fire and night watch.

Dr. John Ingelman is programme Manager and Mrs. Henry Hotchner is director of publicity.

The general direction is under Mr. D. Rajagopal, assisted by Mr. Louis Zalk and Mr. George Hall; whilst the commissary department is under the direction of Mrs. G. C. Huckaby, an authority on diet.

The serving of the food is on the cafeteria system whereby it is possible to serve three different Sections in comfort within one and a half hours.

* * * * *

In free periods of the Camp programme, entertainments of a high order will be provided largely by professionals attending.

CORRESPONDENCE

*To the National Organiser,
Order of the Star.*

DEAR SIR,

The little pamphlet entitled 'Tradition which has lost its Soul' was handed to me by one of your men while I was on the train going to Allahabad. I have just this minute read it.

I want to commend you for it. I like the spirit of this article very much. It expresses my feelings quite accurately. You have put your finger on India's trouble. She is bound by the fetters of tradition. Until there is a mighty over-throwing of these old traditions and India is founded on a new Social System there is little hope for her.

The bettering of the people here and there by better housing and sanitation is only superficial. Missions have spent millions in schools, hospitals, farm schools, and what not, but until there is a revolution in the soul of India all these things are of little avail. Thus I feel, as you have so well expressed it, that the People of India themselves can help themselves better than anyone else. Most of the evils they are now enduring have been imposed upon them by their social-religious system. They blame the foreigner for most of their troubles; but the root of the trouble is old tradition that holds them down with an iron hand.

When I hear my Indian friends talk about this liberty they want so badly, I cannot help asking myself, "What will they do

* A letter received by the National Organiser which we think will be of interest to our readers. The correspondent is the Rev. R. C. Louch of the American Presbyterian Church of North India.

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with this freedom when they get it and why do they want it ? ” As far as I can make out they only want it for their own selfish desires, and if they had freedom and power they would make it just as hard for the other fellow as they say he is making it for them. I scarcely ever hear them talk of using this freedom to bless all mankind. Now your sentiments are just the opposite, lofty and unselfish. When the soul of India is freed of all these shackles of tradition she will make a great contribution to the life of humanity.

I love India and the Indian people. If untrammelled by tradition she would richly bless the spiritual life of the world. It is because I love India so that I write to you in this manner.

I know you will accept these few lines in the spirit of good-will in which they are written.

Cawnpore

22nd May, 1928

Most sincerely,

R. C. Louch

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THE STAR



AUGUST, 1928

ORDER OF THE STAR

HEAD OF THE ORDER . . . J. KRISHNAMURTI



OBJECTS OF THE ORDER

To draw together all those who believe in the presence of the World-Teacher in the world.

To work with Him for the establishment of His ideals.

.

MEMBERSHIP : Membership in the Order is open to all who subscribe to its objects.

There are no fees for membership. Certain National Sections have found it convenient to fix a regular subscription but this practice is not in any way binding on the Order as a whole.

ORGANISATION : There is a Chief Organiser for all International work.

The Headquarters of the Order is established at Eerde, Ommen, Holland.

The Order exists now in forty-five countries with a National Organiser in each country.

The Badge of the Order is a five pointed silver Star.

MAGAZINES : THE STAR, the Official Magazine, is published in several countries simultaneously.

A News Bulletin is also issued from the Headquarters at Eerde, Ommen, Holland.

THE STAR

AUGUST, 1928



VOL. I. NO. 8

THE STAR, the official organ of the Order, is published in the English, French, German, Spanish, Dutch, Polish, Russian, Italian, Finnish, Icelandic and Scandinavian languages. It consists of two Sections—International and National. For the former, matter is prepared at and distributed from Eerde, Ommen, Holland. For the latter the matter is collected and edited by the National Editorial Board at Adyar.

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All correspondence and MSS. to be addressed to the Chairman.

Annual Subscription to THE STAR for India, Rs. 4-8, post free.

Single copies eight annas each.

All Cheques and Money Orders to be made payable to the Manager,
THE STAR, Adyar, Madras, S.

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*THE POTTER*¹

J. KRISHNAMURTI

AS the potter,
To the joy of his heart,
Moulds the clay,
So thou canst create,
To the glory of thy being,
Thy future.

As the man of the forest
Who cuts a path
Through the thick jungle,
So thou canst make
Through this turmoil of affliction,
A clear path
To thy freedom from sorrows,
To thy lasting happiness,

O friend,
As for a moment
The mysterious mountains
Are concealed by the passing mist,
So thou art hid

¹ This poem must not be reprinted in any magazine whatever, without permission from The Star Publishing Trust, Eerde, Ommer, Holland.

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In the darkness
Of thine own creation.

What thou sowest,
The fruit thereof
Shall burden thee.
O friend,
Heaven and Hell
Are words
To frighten thee to right action,
But they exist not.
Only,
The seeds of thine actions
Shall bring into being
The flower of thy longing.

As the maker of images
Carves the human shape
Out of granite,
So, out of the rock
Of thine experience,
Hew thine eternal happiness.

Life is a death,
Death is a rebirth.
Happy is the man
That is beyond the clutches
Of these limitations.

J. Krishnamurti

THE NECESSITY FOR CHANGE

J. KRISHNAMURTI

An address given to the women of India by Krishnaji at the annual meeting of the Women's Indian Association, held in Adyar, Madras, India, on Christmas Day, 1927. We believe this will be of interest to all our readers and have therefore pleasure in publishing it in THE STAR.

We acknowledge the courtesy of the Editor of *Stri-Dharma* for the permission to reprint this address.

MORALITY must ever be changing to keep pace with life; for life is ever changing and you cannot bind life as you bind morality. Morality must change century after century to keep pace with ever-changing, ever-forceful life. You cannot bind the sea, but you can a river and make it flow where you will. Whereas the sea is boundless, the river can be held by a dam for the purposes of man. So likewise morality is the river and life is the sea.

In India we do not keep pace with life; we are trying to follow the morality of the past. Life is bounded by our tradition; and with life so bound, we have invented a morality that strangles life. In order to understand life—ever changing, never constant—you must have a changing morality. All over the world, in America, Europe, and elsewhere, they find life so strong, so powerful, so energetic, that they have to change morality. Here we have settled down under the shade of a tree—a religious tree which is supposed to shelter our being,

though it does not. In the name of religion we commit atrocities, and we call them religion. In Russia, where the revolution has suppressed religion, they say (I do not fully agree, but I agree in part) that religion is a drug, a dope that lulls the people; it is a disguise behind which you can hide immorality, scoundrelism, anything, and call it religion. "Away with religion," they say, "let's get rid of God." Of course, you cannot get rid of God; it is like putting out the sun. You can create a barrier behind which to hide from the sun but you cannot get rid of the sun.

In India we are still restricted by ideas of morality and held by traditions which were, perhaps, good some hundreds or thousands of years ago. As a tree drops its leaves (which is a sorrow to the tree), so must human beings change, they must be vital, restless. Evolution is continual changing, going on and on; and if you would keep up with evolution, your outlook, and all your ideas must change. With that introduction, let us look at our lives, each one of us at our own, not our neighbour's.

First, life is one, whether in men or in women. Because there is sorrow, in woman as in man, suffering is in woman as in man; so to divide human beings into men and women, from the very start, is wrong. Because they have different bodies, we think—men think—that they must be treated in a different fashion and educated in a different way. But do not women suffer in the same way as men do? Have they not the same doubts, the same troubles, the same sufferings as men? So if you look from the bigger point of view, sex disappears, as it should. With that disappearance of the compartments of humanity—men and women—life will become much simpler; and we can solve the problems that each must face.

Let us look at our own traditions, life, customs, habits that cause so much sorrow, degradation, suffering. But first, I would

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like it understood—because it will grow in the minds of the people that I am a Western in my ideas—that I am neither Indian nor Western ; I am just a traveller on the path, observing things that pass me by. And if I see anything that is wrong (from my point of view, of course), naturally I want to correct it.

What is the thing that strikes one most from a quite impersonal attitude of mind ? Two things fundamentally ; the question of woman and the question of education. As you know, women are keepers of tradition much more than men. If women made up their minds to alter anything in the world, they could alter it to-morrow. They are capable of much more self-sacrifice than men, and so have greater strength. But the woman who is a keeper of tradition, if she is to understand life, must change her attitude of mind. She must no longer be a slave. I use this word expressly, because women allow themselves to be dominated. I know that many women agree with me, when they are far away from their husbands, but when they return to their homes, the trouble begins. Then the men begin to dominate. Why should you yield ? You are as good as men : you have greater strength ! In America in certain schools there have been strikes among students, because the professors treated the students in a cruel manner. So you should form a Women's Union, not Association, and strike over things that matter.

I am going to tell you what matters, for on you depends the future glory of India ; because you have the glory of bearing children. One of the most cruel things we have is child marriage. Do not look at it from the father's or the mother's point of view, but from the child's point of view. Suppose you were made to do things you abhor ; what would you do ? Resist, fight, struggle, run away. Let me give you an example of a boy friend of mine in California. He is five years old and used

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to play with me often. One day his mother told him she was going to give him castor oil, and the boy objected, as all boys do. The mother insisted; the boy said: "All right!" When the hour came, his mother could not find him; a friend found him three and a half miles from home, and asked the boy why he had gone away so far. The boy told him that his mother had insisted on giving him castor oil against his will, and so he was going out into the world to earn his living—he was five years old! After great tact and persuasion, he was brought back; but he did not take the castor oil.

Don't you see, you want independence, an independent spirit. Just think for a moment: Is it right to marry (even if the *Shastras* say you may) a girl of eleven or lesser age? You were all married probably at that age; you know the sorrow, the suffering, the calamity, and yet why do you allow it? Forget your religion, your sacred books, everything; but remember your sorrow, because out of sorrow comes the blossom of experience. I was talking to a young girl of seventeen. She was married at eleven. I know this is only an instance among hundreds and thousands. At fourteen, she had a child. It is like a bud just about to open and give forth its scent, and you take it and tear the petals out. The girl had an operation, and lay ill in a hospital for two years. I asked her why she stood it? She said, "My father and mother pushed me out of home." Karma, you will say. I asked her why she herself stood it at all. She said, "It is my karma; I have wept so much thinking of all these horrors that I can no longer weep and I am only seventeen, and I am waiting for the day when I shall die!" Her husband probably ill-treats her: and I am sure they all call themselves very religious. What is the good of religion, of anything, if you let a person suffer? Probably they are religious and they attend to all the sacred ceremonies; yet they allow their daughter to bear suffering and sorrow because they follow

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the traditions. I have the greatest difficulty in restraining my tears. Think of the appalling brutality, the cruelty, the suffocation that the young girl had to put up with! Why do you allow it? Is it because the sacred books say so, or is it because of some rotten tradition? What has tradition, what have the sacred books to do with sorrow? If the sacred books, if tradition, do not give happiness to every individual, they are not worth anything! Determine once and for ever that when you go back to your homes, you are not going to allow your daughters to be maltreated. In this Province (Madras) and in Bengal, child marriage is worse than anywhere else. I know you all shake your heads in approval, some of you are crying because you feel it; but the moment this meeting is over, you are going to step back into the old rotten traditions. Perhaps because you have closed your heart and mind, you do not see suffering as I see it. If you can't keep your mind and heart open, and if you do not find sufficient reason—reason is the key to open your heart—you are certainly lost. The key lies not in the sacred books or tradition, but in the sorrow around you.

Let me take another question, that of widow marriage. The other day in Madura, in the Meenakshi Temple, I was in the Holy of Holies when a young widow came in. She suddenly began to sing in the most extraordinarily tender voice, and she expressed—I didn't understand the words—all she had suffered and was going through, in that song. She could no longer bear children, or have children; all the pleasures and delights of children were killed. The love and affection of her husband—if the husband did give it!—it's a rare thing!—was finished for her in this life. And the sorrow of a barren home remained. She must live alone all her life or become somebody's servant, as most widows are. Probably she returned home, her heart weeping, her mind at unrest. Whose

fault is it but yours? You women are responsible for her sorrow, because you allow such a cruel thing. You bear such responsibility, and you do not know how to use it. Why don't you pass a law forbidding widowers to remarry? They can do what they please, but women can't. Why? They are the rulers at home and elsewhere. Don't you see it depends on you? Refuse to cook their evening meal, and they will soon do anything you want.

Now let us look at the question of education. Again the eternal question of man and woman. Man has a different kind of education; woman practically none at all; and because they have not the full education that men have, women bring up their children cruelly. Who is the biggest person in the house: the father, the mother or the child? It is the child who has the future; in him is the whole creation, he is the bud. And as you would treat a bud with care, give it proper food and shelter, so must you treat the child. Just look at your homes and children. First of all the things a child needs most are sleep and health; but he takes food when he likes and sleeps where he likes, and has to wake up when the father eats because the mother has to serve him. Perhaps he is sleeping in a corner while his father is eating. I cannot go into more details. What matters is that the child should have proper care and nutrition, a quiet and clean place to sleep in and healthy surroundings to play in, not dirty streets. The care that you give even to animals that you are fond of you do not give to your children. The child is the state, the future generation, everything you can think of. The child is the ruler—should be the ruler—in the house, not the father or any other. You mothers must look after the children, not from the old standpoint of tradition, but from the point of view of life. You will never be happy—the child, man or woman—if you are constantly thinking of religion and adapting and twisting your

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life to it. For life is limitless and boundless. Because you always bind morality, you make life itself twisted, hard and miserable. So, I hope you will, if you want to be really happy, step aside from tradition, from all that binds, and look at life in its freshness.

J. Krishnamurti

“ WILL YOU DIE FOR US? ”

C. F. ANDREWS

WHEN I was in South Africa facing the difficulties of the Indian community, which were very grave indeed, the African Bantus themselves came to me again and again with their piteous stories of oppression. My own heart went out to them with an even deeper sense of compassion for their need than to the Indian settlers themselves. After all, Africa was their own continent, where their forefathers had lived for thousands of years; both the Europeans, who had come to South Africa, and the Indians, who had settled in the country, were foreigners, while the Bantus were the original inhabitants of Africa.

At every meeting, whenever I spoke, Bantus themselves would come in large numbers and would gaze at me with their wonderfully pathetic faces, not understanding a single word I said (for I spoke in Hindi) but drinking in every word and every letter with their eyes.

At one of the largest gatherings which was held in South Africa, near to the time of my departure, at the city of Durban, the branch of the Bantu Race, called the Zulus, came in greater numbers than ever at the farewell meeting which had been arranged for me by my friends of the Indian community. That night, I had given out my heart in sympathy with the Indians in their own hard lot in South Africa, faced as they were with a

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colour prejudice almost as deep as life itself. I had spoken to the Indians in their own language the last message of love before leaving for India, their Motherland and mine. When the meeting was over, I was seated in a neighbouring Indian house where a very old resident of Natal, who himself had very friendly relations with the Zulus, was living. He was a merchant dealing in the goods, which the Zulus used to wear, and he knew their language from old experience of their ways and customs. While I was sitting there, one of the Zulus who had been present at that meeting came to me and sat down at the same table with us and spoke to my Indian host in the Zulu language.

He turned to me and said, “They want to ask you a question.” “Please tell them,” I said, “I shall be glad to listen to what the Zulus have to say.” Then he spoke very pointedly indeed, in the Zulu language, to my host. He turned to me and said: “They have said to me, Mr. Andrews, that they understood from your speech, which you have just delivered, that you are ready to die for the Indians.”

I was astonished at such an observation, because I knew they could not have understood a word of what I said. I asked through interpretation, “How do you know that I am ready to die for the Indians.” He answered in Zulu, “Wherever we have been present, when you have spoken, we look in your eyes; and we see that you are ready to die for the Indians.”

This touched me very deeply indeed. For it was true: but I had not at all realised, that they in their simplicity would understand it. But he spoke so sincerely, his eyes gazed at me while he was speaking in such a manner, that I felt his words came out of the depths of his heart and were not prompted by any one from outside. I need hardly add how deeply humbled I was, and also touched by this expression of Zulu opinion.

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Then I turned to my host and said to him, "Will you ask him one question from me, because he came here to put me a question and that question has not yet been asked. Would you, therefore, ask him, why he came here, especially at this moment, to see me, and what he wishes me to do to help the Zulus." When my host had put this question, the leader said with a look, which was intense and almost ardent in its character, "We want to know, whether you would be prepared to die for *us*."

No word that I ever listened to in South Africa went home to my heart like that! I had to ask myself again and again, that night, whether it was not a call from God, and whether I ought not to give up everything in the world to follow the call.

Up till now, the answer has not come quite clearly. But ever ringing in my mind are those tremendous words uttered by that Zulu in the hour of dark sorrow and oppression "Will you not be prepared to die for *us*?"

I have told this story to the readers of THE STAR with a definite purpose in view. The Star, which is the symbol of the Order, is surely the Morning Star, the Star before the Dawn. This Star rises at the darkest hour of the night. It is the messenger of the Dawn. When the thought comes to those who belong to the Order of the Star, that their work is to prepare for the Dawn and to be messengers of the Light, I would ask them to remember these pathetic child races of the world, such as the primitive races of Africa, the Bantus and the Zulus, who are stretching out their hands through the darkness to the Children of the Light, and saying to them, with eyes full of sorrow and oppression, "Will you not be prepared to die for *us*?"

C. F. Andrews

A FOREST MEDITATION

G. VENKATACHALAM

OVER the bleak, barren rocky mountain walls that rise almost perpendicularly sky-wards from the deep ravine below, away to the north where the white mists rise mysteriously from some hidden snow-fields, and yet far away, beyond them, gleams the pink-tipped peaks of the mighty snow-range of Himavat, the NANGA PARBAT and the GURLA MANDATTA. Near by rises in solitary grandeur the giant HARAMUKH, overshadowing the treacherous waters of the WULAR lake ; and a little further to the east stands like a sentinel, MAHADEV, watching solemnly over the pretty little village, HARWAN, the birth-place of the great Buddhist Teacher, NAGARJUNA. The river JHELUM winds its silvery way through the emerald valley below. And here at the base of the long lines of pines that ascend the steep hill-side of GULMARG towards the alpine-flowered meadow, KILLENMARG, that lies nestled at the foot of the snow-mantled APHARWAT, I am sheltered in a needle-carpeted nook from the morning-mist that drives through its out-stretched branches, and the pines sigh softly. Tall and straight they climb the steep slope and their grey arms stretch downward till their soft green needle-fingers caress the earth. All is quiet around me.

As my eyes survey the magnificent panorama of mighty mountains and deep valleys, sun-kissed tops and shadowy-glades, glistening glaciers and sapphire-blue lakes, my mind

contemplates on those wondrous teachings of our Beloved Teacher KRISHNAJI, Who ever draws from these mountains His imageries and similes to illustrate some great spiritual verity. "The steep winding-path on the mountain-side," "the cool morning air of the mountain-tops," "the single tree, deep-rooted, braving all the furies of heaven," "the clear and the wider vision of the horizon," all these are there before my very eyes, and I realise for once how natural, how simple and how beautiful is the message of the Teacher and yet how difficult to understand and to realise ! Pondering deeply over Krishnaji's teachings and trying to understand both with my mind and my heart, as the Teacher wants Him to be understood, I soon fall into a meditative mood. I lean closely against a tree and press my forehead against a cool bark. Somewhere overhead on the tree-top a bird trills. A great calm flows into my body and soul, and all thought fades away, except the desire to know and understand the true significance of Krishnaji's repeated assertions: "I and my Beloved are One." "I have united within myself the Source and the Goal," "I am one with the Beloved," "Discover Krishnamurti in each one of you," "Establish the Kingdom of Happiness within yourselves". I lie quietly brooding over our Teacher's precious sayings, and deep within me a new understanding seems to slowly dawn. I seem to sense, albeit in a vague way, something of the stupendous nature of the Teacher's Consciousness and its underlying Unity. It is here, now and always present; It is immanent in every being and in every object; It is Universal and All-pervading. We can contact that Consciousness at any moment and anywhere, provided we can raise ours to that exalted level. My mind suggests the imagery of Wireless Radio. The air is full of sounds and one can "listen-in" if one had the necessary "set". I now seem to get a glimpse of my own Path ; I see

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faintly the Goal to work for. I expected till now to see the Light emanating from Krishnaji only, but it flashes out within myself. How strange! And yet, how simple! Has this partial glimpse come within myself? Yes, but through Krishnaji. He is the transmitter for this great Power-House of Cosmic-Force, and all that we need do, at the present moment is to "switch on," and lo, and behold! there is illumination. The Power is there all the time; we need only to make the connection. Such the partial understanding, momentary though, of the Message of the Teacher. Would that I could have a continual vision of such a "Moment of Soul"!

6 ST. JOHN'S ROAD
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S. India

G. Venkatachalam

THE GIVING OF HAPPINESS

C. JINARAJADASA

HAPPINESS is of several kinds, because man is a composite being. Man is both emotions and mind, and so there is one happiness of the emotions and another of the mind. The two need not *necessarily* be present, at one and the same time. Life is exquisite if, while the emotions are happy, the mind is full of peace. But it is possible to be unhappy emotionally, and yet not unhappy in the mind. The significance of this psychological fact lies in an experience possible to all—that we can *help others* to achieve some measure of happiness, even when we are miserable. I say ‘some measure of happiness,’ because if one is supremely happy, one has then, of course, a more powerful instrument with which to create happiness for others; but being miserable does not prevent our having a less powerful instrument all the same, with which to *help others*.

The true source of bliss is elsewhere than in the mind or the emotions; it is in that divine aspect in man which Theosophists term Buddhi. But bliss reflects itself, in the emotions, as the happiness of ordinary parlance; and, in the mind, as a serenity arising from a philosophic vision. Therefore, what is usually termed ‘happiness,’ that of the astral body when it is joyous and full of enthusiasm, is not the only possible kind of happiness. There is a happiness which releases in us power, *with which to help others*, from an ordered mind which is ever the mirror of the True.

I have been profoundly unhappy many times; but when some one consulted me just then on his problem of unhappiness, I know I have sent him away strengthened. I did not pour

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enthusiasm into his astral body from my astral body ; I affected his mind body with my philosophic vision, and enabled him to rouse with his mind the enthusiasm which lay dormant in his own astral body. Whether I was myself happy or not was a minor point, so far as releasing some measure of happiness in him was concerned.

To be able to release happiness in others, when one is oneself miserable, one must have one's eternal habitation elsewhere than in the emotions. The higher mind—that of the Causal Body, in Theosophical terms—is such a habitation. A clear vision of what is 'God's Plan which is Evolution' gives stability and strength to the character. Without that vision, I may weep with a sufferer when he is unhappy, and comfort and help him up to a point, but I cannot call out strength from the deeper layers of his being. A study of the 'Plan'—of those tiresome details of Theosophical study which at first sight do not seem to lead to days full of bubbling enthusiastic happiness—uncovers the strength dormant in our self, and so equips the mind to 'carry on,' when the emotions are dead.

It is not *necessary* to be happy oneself, in order to make others happy ; it is *lovely* to be so. But if Karma—what we have done and left undone—does not send us that loveliness ?

Then, at least, we can make others happy, in some measure, if we have a great philosophic vision of the mind. For the 'Plan' is not a mere intellectual summary. It consists of those canals and conduits along which the Universal Strength is running swiftly.

It is indeed possible to create happiness for others, when none can be created for ourselves. Was it not said of Christ : "He saved others ; himself he cannot save ?" When that too can be said of us, then shall we find our one and only Happiness.

C. Jinarajadasa

ARCHITECTURE AND URBANISM¹

LE CORBUSIER

(Translation by M. Janau)

ARCHITECTURE and Urbanism are words which we may now use in their most modern meaning.² The things they stand for are as old as man; but they have recently been subjected to a violent re-birth; just as the age of machinery has resulted in an utterly new Society.

* * * * *

Since the days of the first railways—within the last hundred years—a movement, very different from the well known historical tribal movements, has, in all countries, set in, bringing about a general interdependence, hitherto unknown.

The ideas of centuries have been modified by the compulsory exchanges resulting from this interdependence. Whether the movement is the product of the Steel Age or whether the condition of scientific maturity has ushered in the Steel Age matters little; the fact remains that modern society lives a quite new life, that social relationships are perturbed, the ancient idea of the family is destroyed; from its very inception

¹ By courtesy of *Cahiers de l'Etoile* (Magazine of the Order of the Star in France.) Mons. Le Corbusier is a young French architect, of the modern School, exceptionally gifted and with revolutionary ideals and ideas.

² Translators note: By 'Urbanism' the author seems to mean the sum-total of the social life in towns as well as the town-planning to make that life ideal.

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we find entirely new groupings of human beings. In truth the world is upside down.

Speed is henceforth the main factor in all our work. Speed moreover by providing us with numberless means of penetration has, to an extent hitherto unknown, enlarged our field of action, and has compelled us to form ever more extensive plans. This disturbance would have limitless consequences were we not irrevocably bound by the solar system. Day and night remain the rulers of our new system of existence.

The multiplicity of new ways, of new requirements, of new social groupings, of new desires have literally wrenched us from a quite recent past.

Hence two kinds of individuals: those who remain unconscious of any change or pretend that all is as it has ever been, and those who, realising what is taking place, are busy seeking a new resting place; just as a ship's captain aware of a serious leakage takes steps to remove his passengers to a place of safety.

Such are our times, times of exodus, and this explains why a large majority blindly cling to the past, and thereby risk foundering with their dead faith. We are drawn up, sometimes savagely, into two hostile camps—so much inertia, so much excusable weariness, so many interests are involved. Hence the tenacity, sometimes dramatic always astounding, with which those who hold, whether it be property, opinion, or creed, cling to them, lest they should have to begin again, giving up their certainty, their rule of life, and their quietude and should have to grope, search, doubt and suffer. And this they will not do.

* * * * *

Architecture is the expression of the spirit of the times. Architecture only appears, only crystallises, when to new methods, new materials, new desires, is added a new system of thought. There is no architecture—systematic building—

except after much daring enterprise. Only then is architecture born.

Has the architecture of our epoch appeared? Yes, for we have a post-war architecture. This is a fact, which can be verified in all countries; it is an architecture with an international significance.

It is based on new structural systems (the structural system is the key to the architectural system). It is busy finding a new plan for dwellings—a proof of the new social conditions. It is inspired by a new system of æsthetics, itself the result of a new philosophical concept.

To complete the argument, one can therefore say that this new architecture is the outcome of a new condition of mind, and since the new architecture exists, the preceding new state of thought must also exist.

It can be said that the crystallisation of this new thought is of recent date. There is at the present time a new general survey of the sum total of events of life; a synthetic spirit guided by a clear conception; it is a longing for light which extends from the invention of machinery to the solution of social problems through the control of definite groups. There is a love of precision, accuracy and efficiency which delights our mind, and produces a new lyric rhythm: our modern world teems with new objects, new events; the latter are definite and determined by a rigorous rationalism; the former on account of their very accuracy are closely inter-related. And these close inter-relationships have wrought poetry into the fabric of modern life. Our rational world of the machine age is distinguished by its immense poetic power. This is good news, for, as I said, above half of humanity, clinging as it does to the dead past, is unaware of it.

The problem of architecture and urbanism thus stands revealed. It is not difficult to build new houses, or plan in one's

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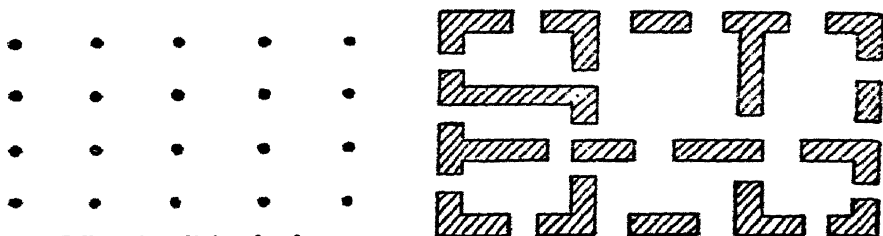
mind new cities: this is a mere game of consequences, yet such as to absorb the attention of specialists.

What *is* difficult and rare is to have the strength and power to clear one's mind of all the bias due to contact with others and to previous teachings; to bring back one's mind by analysis to a fresh starting-point, and then to build anew by a synthesis directed along the lines of evolution. Such is the effort required of us. A new architecture and a new urbanism have been born, they are strong and healthy and are developing freely because all things are working from a new starting-point.

* * * * *

If I am able to state without bias the problem of the modern dwelling, it is because, after intense efforts, I have succeeded in forgetting all I had known, all I had seen, all I had admired, all I had myself desired to re-build; and thus I am able by using all the resources of modern technique to lay down the following postulates:

1. To give a strong foundation to my house, I concentrate the loads on certain points, chosen to give the maximum of security. I do away with foundation walls, do away with any walls resting on these but I have instead some pillars of concrete or steel, which do not occupy even 5% of the area of the building.

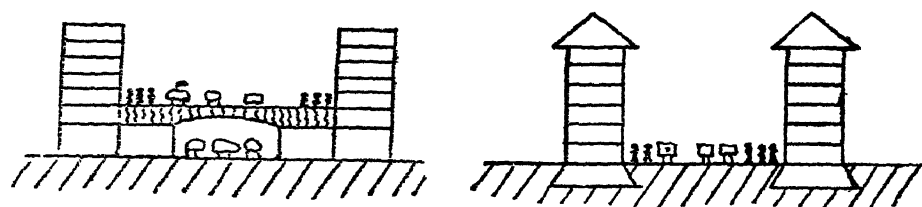


Pillars localising loads

Old bearing walls

2. In order to make my house healthy and to protect from the dampness of the soil, I erect it on these pillars at a height of three metres above the soil level.

By extending this principle to the whole town, I would have at my disposal a vast free space between the numerous pillars. Where roads are required, I should build in re-inforced concrete an aerial pavement and roadway, like a continuous bridge, which would be used by pedestrians and fast traffic. Then under this, on the ground itself, I would build the road for heavy lorries, and for all that multitudinous heavy traffic which at present chokes our city streets. Under this elevated roadway, I shall place the numberless pipes which are the nervous system of our modern civic life; in this way these pipes would be sheltered, visible and easily accessible for repairs. By comparing the old and new schemes it will be seen that endless advantages will follow from the new one.

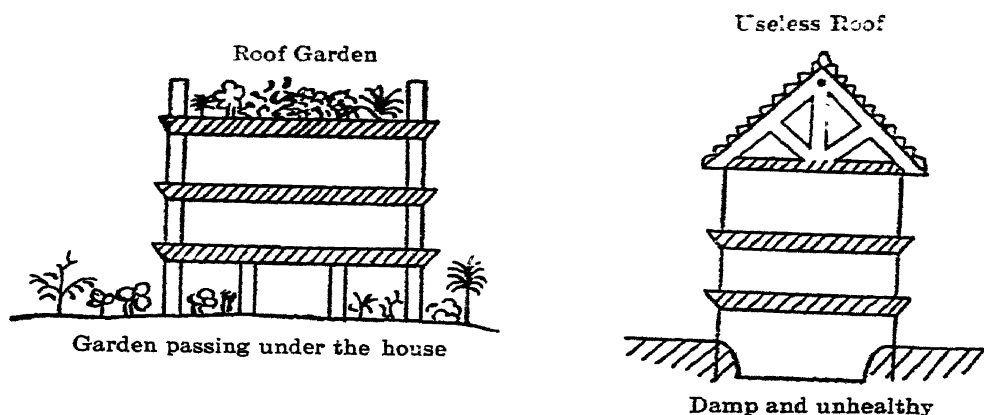


One underneath the other

Moreover re-inforced concrete allows me to make the roof of the house a flat terrace. In order to counteract the dangerous effects of the sun's heat, I would have a garden on the roof, and plant in it flowers, shrubs, and even small fruit trees. By turning upside down the traditional arrangement of a house, in which the reception rooms are on the ground floor and the servants in the attics, I would place the drawing room at the top and would let it communicate as directly as possible with this roof garden, which thus becomes the most delightful part of the house. It gives me pleasure to state that this idea of a roof garden has been suggested to me by the conditions obtaining in very cold climates with heavy snows; moreover this roof garden

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is only the logical sequence of the use of central heating in cold climates.



From the diagram it will be seen that it would be possible to have a garden under the house as well as above it.

By following out these ideas we get entirely fresh views on town planning.¹

3. My house which will be supported by pillars equally spaced will be capable of standardisation and this will bring in its train vast industrial consequences. I have once for all avoided any question of stability; and stability being ensured there is no need to mention it further.

I now pass on to the interior arrangements, and here I am at perfect liberty to arrange according to a mechanical or sentimental rhythm. According to your choice the partitions will meander among the small forest of pillars. There will be a

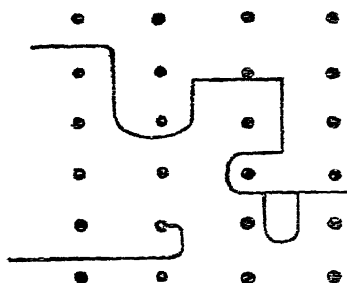
¹ It was when I was building the customary style of attics at an altitude of 1,000 metres that I came across unsurmountable difficulties: central heating which brings the heat up to the tiles or slates causes great disasters in times of great cold or heavy snow-falls. The use of zinc instead of tiles or slates is a very poor remedy. What was wanted was a funnel shaped roof allowing the water of the melting snow to run off *through* the inside of the house.

Re-inforced concrete allows of this and the roof garden which maintains a latent dampness in the roof counteracts the troublesome effects of the sun's heat. (I have explained this in detail in the autumn-winter number of *Architecture Vivante* editions Morance.)

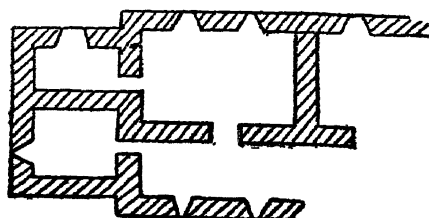
THE STAR

place for everything and everything will be in its place. The partitions will be sound proof, and, thanks to the ingenuity of the makers, they will be practically without weight.

Every floor will be different, as we are no longer obliged as formerly to have the same ground plan for every floor from cellar to attic; and in consequence ideal arrangements, economy of wall structure and no more useless corners.

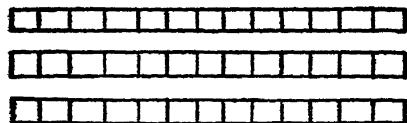


Each floor its own arrangement of rooms

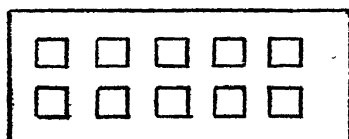


All floors alike

4. The floors supported by the pillars are made to project balcony-wise 1m.¹ 25cm. What about the external walls? There are none. At the edge of these balconies are the sills of the windows, which form a light and sufficient wall. These can, if it be desired, form the whole outer wall placed lengthwise, and be made of easily handled sliding sections, no longer opening inside and in the way. The windows may continue for 10, 50, or 100 metres (in Geneva in the Secretariat buildings of the *Palais des Nations* there are such windows 180 metres long); and the room partitions will abut on them and may be placed at *any* distance from one another such as 1 metre, 2½ metres, 4 metres, 5 metres, 7 metres, 14 metres, or in fact at any desired distance.



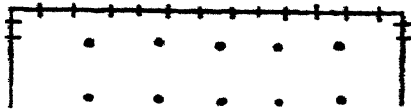
Horizontal windows new æsthetic architecture



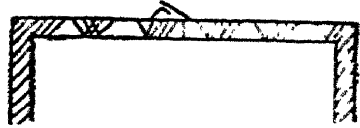
Traditional vertical windows

¹ Metre is about 39 inches.

ARCHITECTURE AND URBANISM



Non-bearing front

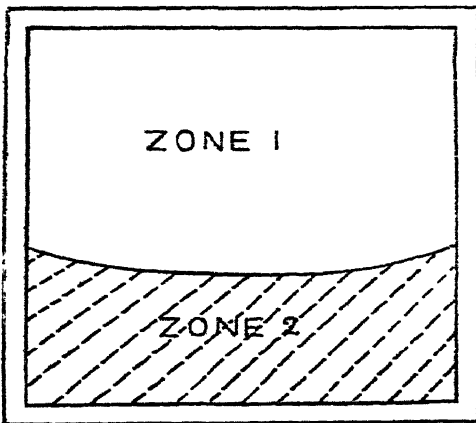


Bearing front

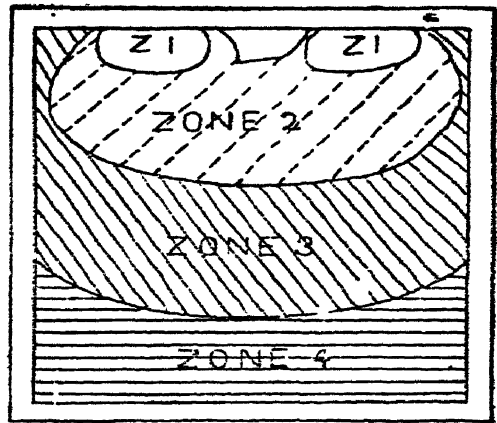
What freedom! in future what variety of ground plan! Compare this with the present house with its nightmare difficulties and lack of resource!

5. From their laboratory research work, physicists tell me that such horizontal windows, reaching the two side walls, and thus throwing a strong light on them and making them into reflectors, bring four times as much light into the room as vertical windows of the same area. If, moreover, such a room is used for photography the time of exposure need only be a quarter of that in a room lighted according to present methods. What a delightful advantage!

LIGHTING POWER

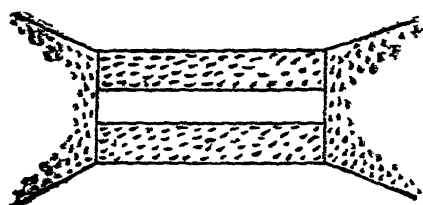


Long window reaching side walls

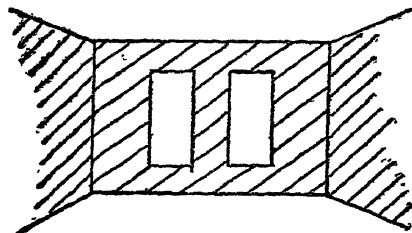


Vertical windows

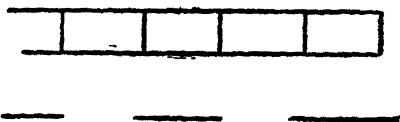
THE STAR



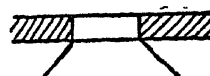
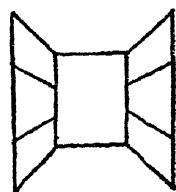
Lights refracted uniformly
everywhere Joy!



Violent trail of light and by
contrast dark penumbra Gloom



Sliding window



Window opening inside
in the way

And living in this new kind of room, my physical body will rejoice in all this light and my poetic spirit will jubilate, for light is to both the greatest of joys. Is not light the source of all our vitality?

The enunciation of this scheme presumes on the one hand a drastic revolution in the art of building and on the other hand opens boundless vistas to the poet; but we are making only our first steps in this large field of discovery. Hence a new scheme of æsthetics which is both revolutionary and subversive; it abolishes the most deeply rooted customs. Of the past nothing remains; traditions are annihilated; formulas carefully preserved at *L'Institut de France* are henceforth utterly useless. Our hearts eagerly creating feel this no loss. A open field, almost boundless vistas lie before us. In truth the machine age opens the era of a new architecture.

* * * * *

ARCHITECTURE AND URBANISM

In this way can be built, with a perfection relatively great, the cell which will shelter the family. It is an advantage to know that a modern architecture exists which allows the modern family habitation to be constructed with economy and with a degree of efficiency hitherto unknown.

Moreover, the reason why this modern architecture predicts a possible urbanism is that it is conducive to increased social life ; it is suitable for social groups ; in order to yield the full capacity of its resources it demands a concentration of population which brings up the question of community organisation. Vast groups of such units will be serviceable for the synthetic processes of town-planning.

Town-planning is merely a classification. Our present towns are nothing but a medley encouraged by the disorder of sporadic growths during the era of that so-called 'liberty,' which was nothing but slavery in disguise. Before the advent of machinery the problem hardly existed. But the age of machinery has concentrated our activities as the direct result of the increased rapidity of exchanges. Huge towns sprang up suddenly and no system directed their growth. It can very well be argued that the function of man is to organise. Organisation is his instinctive characteristic and the aim of his thought. The lack of plan in our large towns, and they give the lead to the smaller ones, henceforth belies all our actions and paralyses society. This creates a peril, of which we become only aware when actual strangulation occurs ; and at the present moment strangulation has actually occurred. Men of feeling are greatly perturbed thereby and town corporations, lost in the pettiness of detail, are at their wit's ends.

Modern architecture supplies the suitable unit. Modern town-planning will classify the organic constituents of towns, placing in vertical groups (rising if necessary to 200 metres) the business units in the centre of the town. Being on the top of

one another they will no longer as at present be side by side, so that the ground in the centre of cities will be largely set free and available for a traffic which as yet is only in its infancy. The business quarters being thus superposed, it will be possible to double, even quadruple, the density of these new districts. Distances will be proportionately shortened, and the value of the ground will be also increased. The State will arrange that the profits from this increased valuation shall belong to the town-planning enterprise.

The roofs of the town are gardens; the ground level of the town available for traffic is doubled, and light and heavy traffic are separated.

Elsewhere in the town, surrounding the business centre, the streets will no longer be lined with houses rising sheer from the pavements like cliffs. The proportion between the height of the houses and the width of the streets will have to be revised. By proper calculation, the permissible heights of domestic dwellings can be doubled and a total transformation of the town result. Banished will be the enclosed courts, a legacy of Haussmann and the Le Roys, with their numberless insanitary 'wells' which depress those compelled to live in them as in a burrow.

By creating a system of buildings *à redents* (the frontage of each storey receding from the one below), with open side and not a single courtyard, joy will be brought to the heart of all town dwellers. There will be light and wide vistas. Has it been realised that this town with its much higher houses will everywhere give an impression of spaciousness. And the feeling of spaciousness, and especially of being high up facing space is one of the most characteristic joys of the human heart. From its elevated centre the town would gradually pass to its suburbs. The planning, to some a subject of mysticism, to others a code, would have to be regulated and carried out with restraint.

ARCHITECTURE AND URBANISM

To be isolated is to be unprotected. From what should one be isolated? Is it not disastrous to be unprotected, to be deprived of the indispensable links of social life. At present we have one extreme or the other; we either lead a pastoral life, keeping our sheep, or we are subjected to the rigid and continual routine of modern life.

To be isolated is a benefit when it means getting away from promiscuity and noise, when it means protecting one's offspring from the various dangers that threaten their infancy, when it means tearing oneself away from the public house, and regaining by sport in the open air the nervous energy expended in work.

The new plan of the house unit, and the new grouping of the town dweller will easily avoid promiscuity. And as for noise! Was it not last year that Mr. Gustave Lyon bring out, fully developed like Minerva, the "Salle Pleyel" where the new laws of acoustics have worked a miracle, and a new stage of architecture has been reached? Was it not last year that the studios of Mr. Lyon (and at least fifty rooms next to and above one another in a building of re-inforced concrete, next to the Salle Pleyel) were built, and are as silent as the tomb, no sounds coming from them, although all day long pianists, singers, and even trombone players are hard at work in them.

Thus difficulties get solved, for now-a-days there is a solution to every properly set problem. All things must be revised, grouped afresh, classified, examined and re-selected. The miraculous technique of to-day is the Pegasus allowing the sociologist, the economist and the poet to reach their ideals.

Nothing is difficult if once we determine to forget all we have known in the past and to follow logic wherever she may lead us. Through machinery man has acquired wings. I am not referring to aviation, but to the numberless possibilities before us and their lyric solution.

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This new era of architecture and urbanism will only begin when broad-visioned enterprise based on harmony appears. For men do only that which they enjoy doing, and their joy must be based on belief.

The man reputed selfish is often more generous than is realised. As a proof we can mention that faith in the unselfishness of mankind alone justifies those speculations on the feelings of the masses exemplified in declarations of war.

These ideals of patriotism, so easily kindled and aroused, it would be well to organise for the great and glorious work of giving our lives the decent setting they deserve, and filling our hearts with the pride of having created, having accomplished something worth while.

Le Corbusier

A CLEAR VISION OF THE GOAL

(The following abstract from a letter received not long ago from a member who at the time of writing was facing a dangerous operation and has since passed over, expresses so well what doubtless many feel that we reprint it here in memory of one who, while suffering greatly, found peace and happiness through Krishnaji's teachings.)

“MY surgeon does not seem very sanguine as to being able to put me right, but I have told him to go ahead, kill or cure; I do not want to be left like this. I have an intense desire to live, to take some small part in Krishnaji's work, but I am far too heavily handicapped now and it might well be that I could do more by going than by staying. Who knows? The part of your letter dealing with Krishnaji brought me great pleasure. I feel I want to shake hands with you across these thousands of miles, just for sheer joy at knowing that we feel the same about him. Ever since I read *Who Brings the Truth* (my first intimation, in November) I have been lifted right out of myself into another region altogether, it seems to me. Yes, it is the Lord Buddha's teaching, and the Brahmaidya of the Upanishads. 'Bliss' is called 'Happiness,' that is all. I have not seen *him* (Krishnaji) since the change; from his addresses and poems, however, I *know*, beyond possibility of doubting. His teachings are fundamental, exactly what one would expect from a *Great Teacher*, and his simple, direct

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appeal, free from all attempt at oratory, is also the invariable mark of a *Great Teacher*, as opposed to merely 'Teachers'. His call to us to renounce all externals and to dig deep within ourselves for the Inner Reality—has ever anyone except a *Great Teacher* called to us to do that? And personally, no Teacher, for me, would be the Great Teacher, unless he *did* do that. I feel somehow, as though I had been waiting for Krishnaji all my life; he satisfies me so entirely, and my only trouble is that I should be incapacitated at such a time.

Whatever happens though, I shall be thankful to have lived just for this—to get the clear vision of the Goal and of the Path to tread, and the feeling of confidence and power and freedom to tread it in my own way—for all these he has given me, more than any other has ever done.

Needless to say, I have rejoined the Order here; it is all I can do and I could not allow any mere physical disability to stop me from doing that. I can work for 'His ideals' in thought first, and within myself. Until that is done, nothing else is possible, and *when* that is done, other paths will open up."

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THE STAR

SEPTEMBER, 1928



VOL. I. NO. 9

THE STAR, the official organ of the Order, is published in the English, French, German, Spanish, Dutch, Polish, Russian, Italian, Finnish, Icelandic and Scandinavian languages. It consists of two Sections—International and National. For the former, matter is prepared at and distributed from Eerde, Ommen, Holland. For the latter the matter is collected and edited by the National Editorial Board at Adyar.

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NATIONAL EDITORIAL BOARD: N. S. RAMA RAO, *Chairman.*

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Annual Subscription to THE STAR for India, Rs. 4-8, post free.

Single copies eight annas each.

All Cheques and Money Orders to be made payable to the Manager,

THE STAR, Adyar, Madras, S.

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THE SPARK AND THE FLAME

J. KRISHNAMURTI

[Month by month we shall publish in *THE STAR* the talks given by Krishnaji to the group of students assembled at Castle Eerde last summer. They have not been revised by Krishnaji himself, as to enable him to do this would have meant a delay of many months in their publication. They have been carefully read, however, by several of those who were present at the delivery of the talks and who believe them to be a correct and verbatim report of what Krishnaji said. The rather personal note—inevitable when speaking to a group of friends—represents accurately the form in which the talks were delivered.]

THERE once lived a person by the name of Krishnamurti who from the very beginning of things perceived that there was only one end, that there was only one goal, and that is the union with the Beloved, and that in that union is Liberation and Happiness. But before achieving that union, that Liberation and Happiness, he had to develop, he had to try every path, every route on that mountain where humanity abides. So, at various periods of time, during various lives, during various epochs, he passed from one stage to another, from one temperament to another, from one experience to another, from one desire to another, till he had explored all avenues that were, he thought, going to lead him to the mountain top. Each path led him a little higher, but none took him to the end, he was never able to achieve what he desired—the complete union with the Beloved, with the Guru of Gurus. So, after experimenting, after struggling, after seeing the blue skies of the

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heavens and the dark clouds thereof, he at last set aside all things, all desires, all affections, all sorrows and pleasures and all paths, because all paths are different stages leading but to the one end. So he set aside all these paths and listened to the voice which was the outcome of the experience which he gathered through all the avenues of thought, of emotion and of action.

Gathering that strength, he set aside all things and so was able to complete that union, that union with the flame, which brings peace, which brings complete liberation and utter happiness. So those individuals who, like Krishnamurti, have but one desire, but one end—for all humanity has but one end, one purpose, one goal—those individuals must set aside all things and learn to rely on themselves and to establish themselves in the strength which they have gathered from the multitude of their experiences, of their various experiments in many lives.

There is no Teacher except the Teacher within one, there is no truth except the truth of self-realisation, which unfolds to the individual the goal, which is the destruction of the separate self, which is the union with the Beloved, the union of the spark with the flame. So I would tell you how to attain that end, that immeasurable goal, that vastness within which the separate self ceases and vanishes. What happens to the separate self afterwards is of no importance; whether it remains within the flame or cometh forth again, only the flame can answer.

In order to unite with the flame, in order to lose the self, in order to attain Liberation and Happiness, you must develop as that individual, Krishnamurti, developed. You cannot blossom forth and become a rose in a day, but if you have intensity of longing, immense power and strength behind you, it will carry you to that height where you can live constantly with the Beloved, even though you may not yet be united with the Beloved.

THE SPARK AND THE FLAME

In order to develop the three beings which are within each one of you, harmoniously and co-ordinately and synthetically, and thus to bring about union, harmony and complete peace, you needs must have long practice and persistent struggle. Without refinement, without culture, and without simplicity, which is the outcome of these two, there will be no union, there will be no contact with the flame. You cannot divide the flame, for the flame is one ; it is simple because it includes all the millions of sparks. And so, if you would attain to union with the flame, you must become simple with the simplicity which is born out of refinement, out of culture. For behaviour, the outward expression of our inward thoughts, dwells with righteousness, and you must establish within yourselves that right and true behaviour in all things and towards all things. In order to express that refinement and that culture, which all people feel at great moments of ecstasy, you must train the body which is the outward expression, or rather which should be the outward expression of your inward greatness, spirituality and nobility.

So you must first of all control the body, and to gain control needs practice and continual care, and then the body will not develop disharmoniously, and will not have habits, tricks and sudden desires, sudden worries, sudden angers of its own. The body is merely an instrument of that self which is part of the flame ; and as the self which is the spark of that flame develops more and more, becomes more refined, more cultured, and grows nearer to the flame, the body must also represent in the outward form the inward feelings, the inward thoughts, the inward purity. In order to control the actions of the body, in order to control the feelings, the passions and the cravings of the body, you must meditate regularly. What kind of meditation is of no importance ; if certain forms or systems suit you, adopt them, but the result is the important

thing and not the system. Whether you achieve the mountain top through one particular form or through another is of small value; what is important is that you should arrive at that state of mind and of emotion when the body can represent, can act, can do things that you desire. Together with the physical, which is the outward expression, there must be the inward reality, the inward development of the emotions and of the mind.

I continue with the story of Krishnamurti. In the days when the world was young and when there were gods among men, there lived a separate entity, a separate soul, by the name of Krishnamurti. He had, in developing that separate self, desired to grow into the flame, which is the desire of all little sparks, of all the separate sparks which exist within each one in the world.

And during the growth from the spark to the flame, that separate entity, that separate self, Krishnamurti, developed by process of destructive emotions, by creative emotions, by emotions that are refined, by emotions that are gross, by various stages, life after life, acquiring and discarding, accumulating and eliminating, until little by little, in process of time, travelling on the pathless track, he reached that stage where he realised that in order to have lasting emotions, to have love and devotion, there must be a constant training of the heart, there must be peace and serenity. So he set about building a temple within his own heart, building an altar at which he could worship his Beloved with tranquillity, and give his devotion with the certainty that he will develop into a flame which will eventually become the flame of the Beloved. Now, when he was able to perceive that in order to become part of the Beloved, the love had to be impersonal, had to be pure, had to be strong, he set aside all things in order to attain the mountain top of freedom and of Liberation and of

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Happiness. In perceiving that, he realised that he had first to gather the vital energy from all feelings—destructive and constructive—so that he could with greater force, with greater strength, leap into the flame and become part of that flame. And in the realisation of separateness there naturally grew up the desire to become part of the One and by the process of time, by accumulation, by elimination, by destruction and by creation, he developed, he grew into that flame and so was able to lose himself in that flame and become part of the Beloved. Because he has become part of that Eternity, part of that everlasting flame, part of that Kingdom of Happiness and of Liberation, because he is one with the Beloved, he is able to love all impersonally. That individual who started as a separate self many lives, many centuries ago, was able to become part of the Beloved, part of that flame, which made him love all the world, because the Beloved dwells in all, either fully developed or hardly developed as yet.

So I would tell you of the development of this love which is impersonal, which is pure, which gives vitality and energy, which is creative force, the force that purifies because it creates and expands. As I said previously, there is in each one of us this emotional entity which is separate, which is apart and distinct from the others, creating and destroying on its own, irrespective of the mental and the physical. Without consideration, without thought, the emotional being develops on its own, till it learns to adapt and harmonize itself to the other two. Till that lesson is learned, till that particular point of view becomes its own, it will have to suffer, and in suffering there is not only destruction but also creation.

Now, if you would develop the spark, which is within each one of you, into a magnificent flame and eventually become part of the eternal flame which is the heart of the Beloved, you must distinguish between creative and destructive energies and

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emotions; and then you will enter that Kingdom of Happiness, which will liberate you from all earthly toils, from all earthly pleasures, all earthly sorrows, which will liberate you from the wheel of life and death, and you will live on that mountain top where there is eternal peace, eternal harmony. In order to distinguish between what is true and what is fleeting, between what is lasting and what is passing, you must create a mirror, and every feeling that arises in you, whether it be from the mire of selfishness or from the purity of great devotion, must be examined. That mirror will present to your mind and to your intelligence what to choose and what to discard, what to eliminate and what to conserve. But while this examination must be ceaseless and persistent, it becomes dangerous if it makes you self-centred and much more interested in your own feelings, your own desires, than in the desires and feelings of others; because from that self-centredness there naturally grows morbidness, depression and sorrow. Against this danger, those who seek the path of peace must fight. Those who find the Truth, though they examine themselves, though they inspect, question and criticise the emotions of the self, must not be morbid, must look not only within themselves, but must turn outward with cheerfulness and activity.

What then are the destructive energies which bind, which make us narrow, which make for limitation? Anger and irritation, jealousy and hatred are binding, as are also our worries, our envies of another, our hatred of another, our self-centredness; all these limit, bind, all these are destructive emotions.

On the other side, the constructive, there is only one energy which may be multiplied into many, and that is love. Love in its lowest form is experienced both by animals and human beings, but out of that love is born devotion, which is love at its highest, which is impersonal, pure, strong and serene.

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In developing that highest love you must pass from darkness into light, from the unreal to the real. So, whatever be the form of love, even if small, undeveloped and as yet in the stage of the bud, unblossomed, cling to it, encourage it, glorify it and make it pure, for love, whatever its form, is creative and expanding.

The love of one individual for another, though it be limited, will gradually develop into the love of the nation, by force of evolution, till it eventually becomes the love of the whole world. You can trace for yourselves the process of the expansion of this love. Such a love, if truly cultivated, truly understood, will bring about culture, refinement, because culture and refinement are the products of consideration for another.

Without a heart which is calm and yet vibrant, you will not understand the flame which is always dancing, which is always alive, everlastingly burning. So, in order to produce that creative dance of love, you must have within you this realisation, that you are part of the flame, part of that eternal world in which there is Liberation and Happiness.

Krishnamurti, in search of that Happiness and that Liberation which await all equally, once lived in the valley where for many lives he was a slave of the emotions, of the desires, of the cravings of the physical body alone. For, in his progress towards the mountain top, that individual had to taste, had to experience, had to gather the fruits of every emotion, of every sorrow, of every pleasure, in order to fulfil and to attain the end. But by gradual process of time, by suffering, by more intensive desires, he became a slave of the emotions, he was caught up in a whirlpool of desires and intense longings, and for many lives he remained in that state; but gradually, as the spring comes after a weary winter, he began to perceive that Happiness and Liberation could only be achieved through the subjugation and control of the physical body and the

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emotions; and that for this he must develop his mind, for the mind is the guide, the controller. Life after life, he began to lay up experience within that mind, as one stores grain. As one builds an edifice brick upon brick by slow degrees, by labour, by struggle, by sorrow, by creative energy and imagination, so he began through that experience to build in his mind the edifice which would carry him to the abode of his Beloved. And through the building of that edifice, through the perfecting of the physical, of the emotional and of the mental beings within him, through gradual harmonizing and controlling of these beings he was able to get into touch with that voice, which is the voice of experience, which is the intuition, which is the voice of all humanity; for the outcome of experience is the same for all, when the lessons of experience have been learned. As a stream which at the beginning is very small and insignificant, gathers more waters ever as it goes, collects to itself other little streams till it becomes a roaring river and joins the sea, so was Krishnamurti able to gather experience, little by little, life after life. Though he was small at the beginning, though he was insignificant at the beginning, by his struggles, by his longings, by his pleasures, by his devotions and by his energy, he was able to become a roaring stream, and was able to join the Beloved. So the beginning and the end, so the night and the day were united. Though a very small person at the commencement, he was able to see the Beloved and thus eventually to lose himself in that consciousness, in that flame, in that Liberation and Happiness.

In order to attain this Liberation and Happiness which is the goal for all, which is the end for all, those who are searching for that end must understand, must learn to control, to guide and to train their minds. Most people take trouble in order to keep their physical bodies beautiful, young, alive, energetic and as elastic as possible; but as the mind is not perceived, they do

THE SPARK AND THE FLAME

not pay so much attention to it as to the physical body ; but he who would attain Liberation, he who would understand this Happiness, he who would join with the Beloved, he who would give Happiness and Liberation to others, must learn to spend a great deal of his time and energy in creating a great and a peaceful mind. He must have a mind that is controlled and yet elastic, yielding, not narrow nor bound, a mind that is willing to understand, that is refined and cultured ; and for the production of such a mind, experience through many lives is necessary. For out of the lessons of sorrow and pain, out of the lessons of longings and immense desires is born intelligence—intelligence that will discriminate, choose and guide.

In order to attain Liberation, the mind must act as a guide and not the cravings of either the emotions or of the physical body. For, the mind is either a creator or a destroyer and as the mind is continually creating and destroying on its own, irrespective of the physical and of the emotional beings, until it is brought into harmony with the other two, it does not cultivate intuition. The highest purpose of the mind is to develop that intuition which will guide the whole of one's being life after life.

As there is in the mind the constructive and the destructive side, let us first consider the constructive. The goal and the end for all, irrespective of temperament, irrespective of nationalities, irrespective of all things, is Liberation and Happiness, and in the development of the creative side of the mind lies understanding of the goal. Those, therefore, who would be liberated, who would understand this happiness, must study and understand all sides of life, and not one alone. In helping others to attain Liberation and Happiness, we must look to all forms of life—religion, politics, science and art. Every human being, whether he be of a far off country or of our own, desires to attain this Liberation and this Happiness, and any

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one of the forms may be his means of attainment. Those who would help really and lastingly, must find out along what lines they can best give their creative energies.

On the destructive side of the mind—for until he has arrived at the stage of Liberation, every person possesses both the constructive and the destructive—is intolerance. Unless you understand that Liberation and Happiness is the goal, the end for all, intolerance is born; and out of this intolerance arises criticism and a sense of superiority. But when you understand that the end for man is Liberation, as the end for the river is the ocean, there will be no intolerance, no criticism, no hatred, no sense of superiority.

Another destructive side of the mind is the exaggeration of the importance of the separate self, the self that, naturally, through the process of time, through the period of climbing from the plains to the mountain top, is glorified, becomes more and more powerful, till at last it is destroyed and becomes part of the eternal, of the Beloved, till it becomes part of that flame. Till that is realised, the importance of the self, the exaggeration of the self, exists in each one and from this is born pride of the individual, from this is born pride which is destructive and from that pride comes cruelty, the mental cruelty of superiority, of indifference, and out of this is born again arrogance, the pride of race, of caste, of wealth, of culture, of refinement. So, he who would develop the constructive side of his mind, must understand that Liberation and Happiness is the one goal, and that in working for that alone will intuition help him.

In order to build up this creative side of his intellect, there must be solitude, there must be time for thought, time for gathering, time for contemplation, time for dreams, time for meditation. You must learn to control the mind, you must learn to make the mind active and at the same time subservient;

THE SPARK AND THE FLAME

and when within you the union of the three bodies is complete, then the voice of intuition will guide for ever and lead you to Liberation and Happiness. Liberation and Happiness is your own product, though everyone in the attainment thereof comes together; it is an individual creation, though everyone in creating it is united; the discovery of this Kingdom of Happiness and Liberation is an individual effort and energy, but in discovering that Kingdom of Happiness and Liberation you will meet all the peoples of the world who are striving, who are conquering and who have achieved. So, the mind and the heart and the body, when united, will be joined with the Beloved, with the Eternal and with that flame of which the individual self is the spark.

J. Krishnamurti

*THE STRANGERS*¹

J. KRISHNAMURTI

AT the great heights,
Where the snow-clad mountains
Meet the blue firmament,
I met with two strangers.
We talked awhile
And separated,
Never again to meet.

As two ships,
On the vast waters of the sea,
Pass each other,
And the travellers thereof
Wave to each other,
Never to meet again,
So were we
On this sea of life.

Often
Have I felt sad
At the passing by
Of a stranger,
In some lonesome spot.

¹ This poem must not be reprinted in any magazine whatever, without permission from The Star Publishing Trust, Eerde, Ommen, Holland.

THE STRANGERS

But yesterday,
When the two strangers
That I met with
Disappeared
Around the bend of a narrow path,
My heart went with them,
And they remained with me.

Of what nationality,
Of what faith,
I know not,
Nor care I.

They were like unto me,
Alone in a solitary place,
Seeking new visions,
Climbing greater heights,
Struggling up dangerous paths,
And going down to the valley
Once again.

This incessant struggle
To reach the mountain top,
Rarely attaining the glory thereof,
But ever descending
To the plains,
Where man makes his abode,
Had been my lot,
Life upon life.

But now,
O strangers,
I have reached the pinnacle

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Of the mysterious mountain.
I know full well
The struggles thereof,
The great chasms that divide,
The precipices that men
Slip down.

I know full well
The multitude of paths
That encircle the mountain,
But they meet all
At the narrow ridge,
Beyond which
All must climb upward
If they would attain
The mountain summit.

There is only one path
Leading upward
Beyond that ridge
Towards which all paths
Come together.

O strangers,
I know not
Where ye be,
Through what joys,
Through what struggles
Ye are passing,
But ye are myself,

As two stars
Of a sudden,

THE STRANGERS

Come into being
Of a dark night,
So ye two
Came into my vision
And there ye are established.
My heart is the heart
Of my well-Beloved,
It holdeth a multitude.

O my strangers,
Once again
Ye and I shall meet.
I dwell in the abode
Which is the end
Of all journey.
To be united with the Beloved
Is to love all.
For in all
Dwelleth the Beloved.

J. Krishnamurti

THE POET LAUREATE'S MESSAGE

My heart goes out to all those of whatever faith
 who are eagerly waiting for the dawn of a new age
 amid the darkness that overhangs the world of humanity
 today. Therefore I send my greetings across the dark
 to those who have gathered to welcome the light.

Rebinderath Jalore

Madras

May 18
 1928

WHO AMONG US CAN DO IT?

N. S. RAMA RAO

RECENTLY Mr. George Bernard Shaw was asked the question that, 'supposing the human race were suddenly to be wiped out with the exception of half a dozen people, who should be saved, in order to begin once more the great struggle for existence and the long upward march towards civilisation'? "Suppose you were the Noah of a new dispensation and had a prevision of a coming flood that was going to engulf the world, whom would you save?"

With a half quizzical smile and a look of abandoned despair, Mr. Shaw replied: "I'd let them all drown."

In this there is a touch of hopeless pessimism in regard to the human race. Shaw is not alone in holding such views as to our future, Tolstoy voiced a loss of faith in civilisation and progress. Living conditions have been improved, marvellous inventions for utility have been brought into being, recreation and nature conquest have been achieved; man has made all these things possible and yet man himself has remained the same. Long may continue civilisation and progress; they fail to improve the state of mankind unless men themselves alter. That is the centre and circumference of our problem.

Up till now we have been thinking, feeling and acting in terms of others as if afraid of our own naked self. Like faddists

we talked glibly of panaceas for all human ills. We outlined grandiose schemes for improving the human race. Projects for social betterment were also in our scheme. All these measures were for the betterment of others and we put ourselves out of the human stratum for which we were prescribing methods of amelioration. We have studiedly or unconsciously placed ourselves outside humanity's heart. While we want others to fight for freedom, we find safety in creed, formulary and doctrine. We exhort others to fresh efforts although we ourselves follow a restricted code. We profess to solve the human problem, while our own problem remains unattempted at our hands. In short we avoid the burning issue, that of changing our own nature. We have failed as individuals 'to recognise the will of God in one's self and to do it'.

Most of us have spent more than half of our lives willing to attain ends that are for ever beyond our reach. The rest of the time we are finding out the things which we cannot do,

Some of us never do find out that for us there is no way to certain things though our wills were strong enough to burn us in a slow fire. And between you and me, that is one reason why so many of us fail to arrive anywhere in particular.

All the will power in the world, including my own, would never enable me to speak like Dr. Besant. I was not born with her speaking machinery. Because I discovered this in time, I have wasted no ammunition shooting at that target. The world has not lost a speaker, because there was no speaker there to lose; but I have gained a considerable peace of mind. Do you see?

We have all our limitations, the peak of success we can reach, the satisfying and enduring change we can accomplish

WHO AMONG US CAN DO IT?

in our nature we ought to set before ourselves. As an Order we have succeeded, as individuals we have failed. Why? Because of the tragic fear of seeing ourselves altered and being seen so by others. Fear is a guest at our feasts and we cannot eat with a hearty appetite. When Dread walks arm in arm with one, Happiness and Contentment are always on the other side of the street. We hold the riches belonging to another. This is not to possess the treasure, we are possessed by it.

We have reached a point when we spend the greater part of our religious strength asking for blessings on credit. We beseech the Almighty for things which we do not deserve and have no right to expect and would not rightly use if we had them. The rest of our spare time we spend in giving advice to others which we know they will not follow.

Make no mistake, you cannot deceive even yourself indefinitely. We might enjoy a certain cheap and momentary thrill by flashing the spiritual coin and pretending it was ours. But we all know that would fall far short of what we understand by spiritual success. If we would succeed spiritually, if we would reach the goal of happiness which has been set for us to achieve, we must give up self-deception. The unfortunate part of it is that even our unnecessary humility deceives us. At meetings and conferences the eternal question is asked, "Who amongst us can do it?" If you pin your faith for the success of everything on Krishnaji, you will wake up one morning sadly disillusioned. There have come Teachers before and a Great One is with us now. And yet we see that we are just the same. The same placid pessimism oozes out of our bodies. He is not going to change us if our natures are averse to it. We cannot bury our heads like ostriches in the sands of our helplessness to help the world and spring

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the query, "who amongst us can do it?" We can all help to do it. Krishnaji, please understand, by himself cannot achieve much unless those of us who profess to believe and realise the efficacy of his teachings are going to help him. We cannot throw up our hands and in a spirit of resignation say that we are incapable of achieving success. Please consider, friends, that none of us are absolute failures in life. Some have made good as lawyers, others as teachers, some as preachers, writers and in many other human departments. Then why should we fail Him at present? Perhaps the other vocations call for no change in our nature. It may be so altho' I am not sure of it. Are we prepared to change now, remould ourselves to suit the needs of our day? You remember what Jesus said, "No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the Kingdom of God."

Shall we look back with our hands on the ploughs of progress?

N. S. Rama Rao

FIRST STAR CAMP IN OJAI VALLEY

C. JINARAJADASA

I

I WONDER whether it is just a coincidence, or something inevitable in the divine order, that each new religion should be first proclaimed in the open? The Prophet of Arabia gave His revelations to His disciples in the desert, long before the day of mosques; it was to crowds gathered on hillsides or by the seashore that the Christ gave His message; it was in the woods of Brindaban that Shri Krishna played on the flute and awoke devotion; it was under the spreading banyan trees and under the moonlight of full-moons that the Buddha taught the people in the valley of the Ganges. So to-day the new Teacher prefers to sound the deep notes of His revelation in the open air.

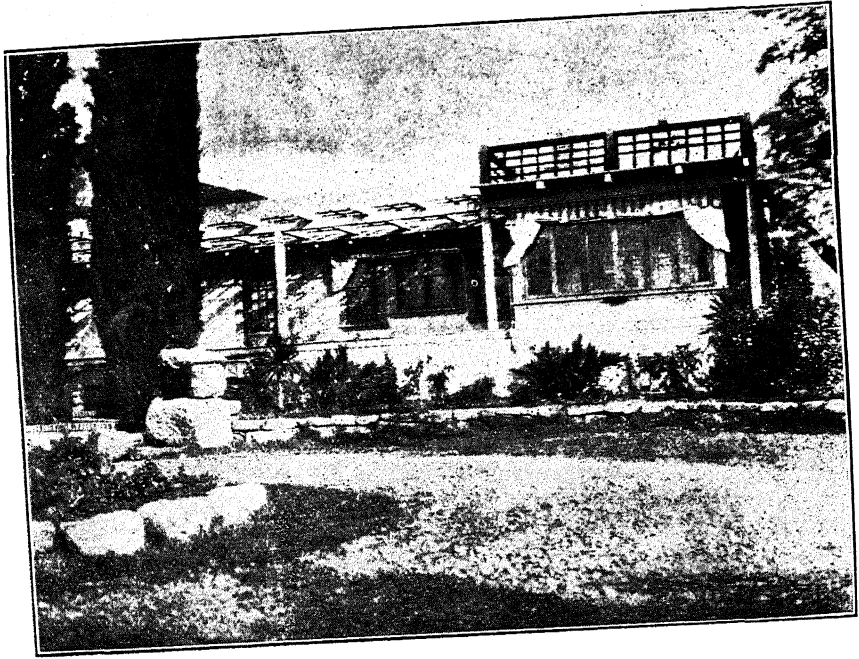
The largest Star Camp as yet is in Ommen, in Holland, and last August, twenty-six hundred members of the Order of the Star gathered in a great Camp, and in the evenings listened to Mr. Krishnamurti, in the open, surrounded by fir trees. But for the fact that the climate of Holland is not dependable, and there are not infrequently rain showers, there would be no need at Ommen for the huge tent in which to hold meetings, should the weather prove unfavorable.

In this first Star Camp in Ojai Valley all the meetings were in the open, because the weather here from the middle of

May is absolutely dependable. Under a clear sky, and in the day time with a heat which reminded one of Madras, but in the evening the cool nights of Ooty, Mr. Krishnamurti gave his talks and addresses to eight hundred members of the Order.

Among the many valleys of California that of Ojai is earning a fame quite different from that of other valleys. Most of the valleys are famous for their wonderful crops of oranges, lemons, avocados (or alligator pears), and other semi-tropical fruits. While all these grow in Ojai Valley, slowly the name Ojai is becoming associated with the work of Mr. Krishnamurti.

To come to Ojai, we motor northwards from Los Angeles sixty-six miles, until we reach the coast town of Ventura. This town is most striking because of the enormous number of oil-wells, with their strange wooden towers. At Ventura, we turn inland eastwards, and go winding through valleys, slowly rising, until at a distance of fourteen miles from the coast we enter Ojai Valley. This striking valley is about six miles long and four broad, surrounded by hills which range from two thousand to seven thousand feet. At the Western end of the valley, there is a small hill where is the Krotona Institute of Theosophy, whose head is Mr. A. P. Warrington. Dotted on this hill are several small residences of Theosophists, and a beautiful library building with a hall just opened which will accommodate two hundred and fifty people. Adjoining the Krotona property is the new Star Camp, which consists of two hundred and twenty-five acres. Opposite to the Valley, six miles from Star Camp and eight hundred feet higher, is the residence of Mr. Krishnamurti, named Arya-Vihara. It is a property of some fifteen acres, owned by the Brothers' Association, since under Californian law, Asiatics may not own property. Arya-Vihara consists of a small residence and a guest house, and a cottage called the "Shrine". On one side of Arya-Vihara is the famous Thacher



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School. Behind Arya-Vihara the hills rise ; looking westwards from Mr. Krishnamurti's residence there stretches out before one's gaze the Valley of the Ojai, which, during these summer months is usually, in the distance, under a haze.

Needless to say, long preparations had to be undertaken for the first Star Camp. The first need was to put in the large bath houses where hot and cold water were laid on, and where the sanitary arrangements were as perfect as could be under American development. There were two large bath houses reserved for women and one for men. The other permanent erection was the kitchen and cafeteria. Two tents were erected near the cafeteria, with tables, where the members could each take his or her tray and sit down for the meal. The cafeteria system is well-known throughout the States, and is found most convenient for people who desire to get their meal with efficiency and speed. The principle of the cafeteria is that all the food is prepared and kept hot at long counters. Standing by each dish is an attendant. As the guest enters, he helps himself to a tray and to a rolled napkin which contains a knife, a fork, a large spoon and two teaspoons. With this tray he passes along the counter behind which are the dishes and the attendants, stopping at whatever dish he selects, which is promptly served out to him in a small dish by the attendant. Down the long line he passes, collecting on his tray his soup, his vegetables and savory, his pudding, his tea or coffee, bread and butter and cream and his glass of water, and issues out of the door to one of the cafeteria tents. After he has finished his meal, he takes all the dishes on the tray to a particular window in the kitchen, where he hands it in to an attendant. Here the dishes are washed by machinery expeditiously. There is little need to describe this side of the physical arrangements for the comfort of visitors. It is typical of the excellent organization on the physical plane to be found throughout America so as to minimize

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labor, especially by using most ingenious electrical appliances of all kinds.

Canvas tents were placed near the bath houses, each tent accommodating one or two people. Camp bed and mattress and chair were provided, but as in India, visitors had to bring their bedding.

As mentioned above, eight hundred members registered at the first Star Camp. The expense of a stay at the first Star Camp was somewhat considerable, amounting to no less a sum than sixty dollars; but this was due to the fact that a sum had to be put aside to partially meet the expense of the permanent buildings which had been erected. It is hoped to make camp-costs considerably less in each succeeding Star Camp.

The meetings were held in the open air in two places, first, the Oak Grove and second on Campfire Hill, half a mile away. I had thought that nothing could be more beautiful than the famous Banyan Tree at Adyar, for beauty of charm and atmosphere; but the beautiful conditions under the oaks as Mr. Krishnamurti addressed the Star members made me realize that Ojai could produce something as beautiful as Adyar. From the spot where Mr. Krishnamurti addressed the members, the ground rises slightly, so that those who sit on the ground can see his face clearly. The spreading branches of the trees give adequate shade, and there was one thing which was an especial delight, and that was the singing of the birds. I remember one afternoon, during a meeting, when a humming bird flew about the flowers in vases which were put on the ground near the speaker's place.

II

Each day's work began with a quarter of an hour's Meditation, at 7-15. An extract was read from one of

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Mr. Krishnamurti's writings, the reader being either myself, Dr. J. J. Van der Leeuw or Mr. D. Rajagopalacharya. Immediately after the five minutes' reading, all sat in utter silence under the trees, and at the end of fifteen minutes, Mr. Y. Prasad repeated the usual prayer of conclusion in Sanskrit—"Shanti". Then the members flocked to breakfast, and their time was free until ten, when was the first meeting. Lunch began at twelve, and the members were classified into three divisions, according to the time that they were to present themselves at the cafeteria for their meals. The color of their badges indicated whether they were to come to the first or the second or the third dinner. The afternoon meeting began at 3-30 and continued until five. Soon after came the evening meal, and then the last meeting of the day, the Camp Fire at 8-10. There was music for twenty minutes, both instrumental and vocal, and at about 8-30, Mr. Krishnamurti gave his Camp Fire talk.

In some ways, the most important of his talks were those in the mornings. As in India, he has made a point of answering questions presented to him. These questions are selected from a mass of heterogeneous questions sent in. They are typed out beforehand and given to Mr. Krishnamurti. Sometimes he knows beforehand what the questions are, and sometimes he does not.

There is one rather remarkable fact concerning these Question Meetings, and it should be kept carefully in mind by those who read his answers. On every occasion when he has to answer questions in Ojai, he does not at once take up the first question and give his answer. On the other hand, he gives a preliminary discourse lasting from ten minutes to half an hour, explaining what is his standpoint toward certain problems which he is going to deal with that morning. Like a musician who gives the first movement of a sonata of four movements, so Mr. Krishnamurti definitely tries to make his audience realize a

vision of the Truth from a particular angle. Having thus explained what is the point of view from which he is going to look at life that day, he then takes up question after question. Now, the important fact is that a necessary part of the answer is the preliminary introduction. If one merely takes a question and its answer, one only gets perhaps half of the full answer, because the answer is in a setting, and one must examine the setting also in order to realize the full significance of the answer. It is like a gem, which may be perfect and beautiful but whose significance takes on a new quality when that gem is in a particular setting which is created by a master craftsman. I was much struck by this quality of Mr. Krishnamurti's answers, for it is something which I have not come across in any other speaker who takes questions to answer.

It is scarcely possible here, nor indeed desirable, that I should explain what was the line of teaching which Mr. Krishnamurti gave. I feel more and more, as one fairly experienced in the search for Truth, that in connection with Mr. Krishnamurti's message, commentators confuse rather than elucidate. Furthermore, in these days of cheap publications, if anyone desires to know what is that message, he need but make a slight effort either to purchase or to borrow some statement of that Truth. But I can here mention the remarkable impression which was made on me as I listened to Mr. Krishnamurti's answers and his addresses.

To one like myself, fairly steeped in the philosophy of the Upanishads, there was nothing fundamentally new in what Mr. Krishnamurti said. Yet on the other hand, there was a newness about his vision, because he described the world and its events from a standpoint which has been largely forgotten in the course of the centuries. Again and again, as I listened to his discourses on the direct path to Liberation and on reliance only on one's self, I was reminded of the old words of the

Upanishad: "na anyah panthah vidyate ayanaya"—"No other path at all is there to go." Again and again he comes to that point. Mr. Krishnamurti is intensely in earnest as he expounds, yet there is no emotional appeal swaying people to accept what they cannot understand. On the other hand, the loftiness of his vision is such that it is as if he took his listeners for a while in some kind of a magical aeroplane, and showed the problem of life not from the ground, but from the air.

I remember vividly one question which he answered. During his address in the Hollywood Bowl, where an audience of fifteen thousand people listened to him, he made the statement. "There is no good; there is no evil." He did not elaborate so as to prevent misunderstanding and needless to say, one of the Christian ministers of Los Angeles promptly denounced him as one not knowing the essentials of morality. Of course such a brief statement, that there is no evil and that there is no good, leads to all kind of misconceptions. To an undeveloped man, such a statement promptly opens the door to license; but to one who has suffered by having to battle with evil, and has seen a little glimpse of the mystery of what underlies evil, such a statement offers deep food for thought. To those of us who are familiar with the philosophy of the Upanishads, the statement is old and partly comprehensible. I remember last year speaking in Italy to a philosophical circle, I was asked to explain the statement of the Gita of Shri Krishna: "I am the gambling of the cheat." The Western mind, with its theology built up around the conception of a personal Creator, has naturally had, in order to make that Creator omnipotent, to make a contrast between good and evil, as if evil could not by any possible chance be a part of the Divine Scheme.

One morning Mr. Krishnamurti was asked to explain what he meant by this statement. As before mentioned, he first gave a discourse, trying to enlarge the vision of his hearers. Then

he dealt with the question, which was the first on the list. I hope both the discourse and the answer were taken down fully by the official stenographer; for I know what a keen intellectual delight was mine as I listened and he expounded his point of view to the great problem of life as he saw it. The loftiness of his philosophical vision made one mysteriously become one with that vision for the time.

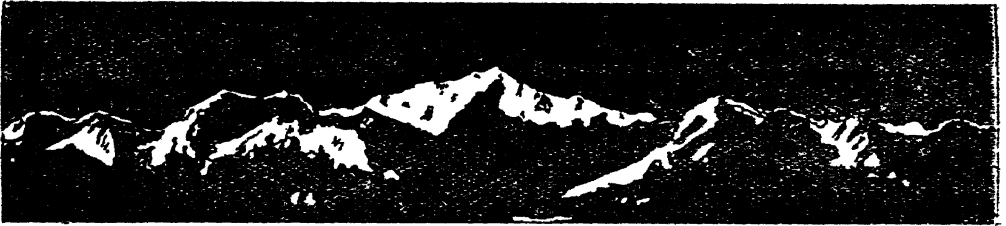
Mr. D. Rajagopalacharya, the International Organizer of the Order of the Star, had several meetings dealing with that aspect of the Order. Dr. J. J. Van der Leeuw gave two brilliant addresses, and his deep philosophic insight into what is the real and what is the unreal gave not only delight but much food for thought. The only lecture to which the general public were admitted was given in the afternoon of the last day of the Camp by myself, my subject being: "The Significance of Krishnamurti."

The meetings in the Oak Grove, mornings and afternoons, and the evening meeting on Campfire Hill under the crescent moon, remain indelible in the memories of all who had the happy fortune to be present at the first Star Camp. I think it will be said by all that they returned to their work in the world no wiser in that they possessed more detailed knowledge, but wiser in having a larger vision of what they are themselves. It is this appeal all the time to the individual which is most striking in Mr. Krishnamurti's message. Truly, he comes not to destroy but to fulfil, because his primary object seems to be to arouse each individual to look within himself and find there, already lit, the lamp which will guide him to Truth. It is quite true that Mr. Krishnamurti continually challenges, and sometimes this challenge of his is construed as a denunciation of this or the other form in which men embrace life. So far as I have noted, Mr. Krishnamurti has nothing to say against anyone who clings to form, even blindly; but while he does not

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denounce, he does definitely challenge, and asks the question, "Why do you want the form?" Naturally, those who cannot give him an answer feel that he is destroying their object of worship. But if one accepts the form, not for the form's sake but for the life's sake, and in order that one's own life may be poured through it to others, then it may be that an answer can be given to Mr. Krishnamurti which would be utterly sincere. What he wants is a true answer, not the answer which we now give, which is that of a dead tradition.

C. Jinarajadasa



USIRE THE TEACHER OF THE WORLD

DUNCAN GREENLEES

IN the furthest night of Time, long ages before the dawn of recorded history, when the world of men was still young, traditions of a great Teacher's coming to the World began to gather. And through the long millennia of Egyptian history the story of His Mission, as the Human God Usire (Gk. Osiris), remained ever unchanged in its main incidents, though varying a little in symbolic details. When we turn to the story as we may reconstruct it from fragments and allusions in the early books of Egypt, we find Usire known as the God of vital Waters and of the vegetation of the fruitful earth. He symbolises Life immortal and lavishly poured forth and all things full of hope and gentle sweetness. In later days He is rather the Mystic Christ in whose sufferings and victory over death all men are freed and who rules and teaches men with the words of graciousness.

The Hermetic book, *The Virgin of the World*,¹ tells us how through pride the souls of men lost the ideal of brotherhood and began to spread war and sacrilege and murder in all the world. At last the four Elements protested to the Supreme; Fire asked how long Man should be left in barbarism without a God and prayed for peace and law and harmlessness, crying to

¹ Translated by G. R. S. Mead in "Thrice-Greatest Hermes" (T.P.H.), a document shown by Sir Flinders Petrie to be of the fifth century before Christ. The story comes between Sections 31 and 38.

USIRE THE TEACHER OF THE WORLD

God, "Show now Thyself unto Thy World which supplicateth Thee." Then Air and Water complained of the corpses which defiled them and Earth prayed for an Avatar to ennoble her, ashamed of her children's sins. Then God promised to send an Emanation from Himself to restore all righteousness.

The mystery of how that Avatar was born may never be revealed, but God sent down the twin Deities, Usire and Eset, to help the world, for all things needed them. Plutarch tells us¹ in mythic language somewhat of that Mystery. When Nut (Spirit) secretly wedded Geb (Matter), Re the Sun cursed Her that She might bring forth on no day in the year. Now Thout, the Lord of Wisdom, had won five extra days from the Moon and on these Nut's children were born. On the first Usire came to birth and a Voice from Heaven cried aloud, "The Lord of All comes forth to light!" while Pamyle was told to proclaim, "The Great King, the Good Being Usire, is born!" and therefore Geb entrusted the Divine Babe to be nursed by her.

When Usire became King as the Heir of Geb for the good of all He released the Egyptians from their bestial life and by His gracious rule made all Egypt happy. *He shed forth light by His radiance and flooded the Two Lands like Re at dawn, while His diadem penetrated the sky and mingled with the Stars.*² He established justice and social order everywhere, stopping the cruelty of war and murder and the sacrifice of animals; He taught men to live on fruits; He restored the sacredness of the promise and taught men reverence to the Gods, reconsecrating the defiled temples and purifying the ceremonials, causing them truly to reflect the eternal mystic rites of Heaven, as taught by Thout. He overthrew His enemies and made the wicked afraid of His even-handed justice; He learned from Thout the

¹ In the treatise, "On Isis and Osiris," also translated by the same scholar in the first of the three volumes on Hermes, (first century A.D.).

² Stela 20 in the Bibliotheque Nationale, lines 12-13. Dating from about 1500 B.C.

arts of *yoga* and all the secrets of the hidden worlds and recorded these in the air around the world—the Akashic Records of Theosophy. He founded the priestly Order of Mediators and taught men reverence for the dead and burial rites. And in the whole of this mighty work His Sister-Wife, the Lady Eset, stood beside Him, winning men *by the excellence of Her speech . . . whose words failed not,*¹ bearing an equal share with Him in all, giving new life to men by the sweetness of Her presence.

So They reigned in justice, beloved by all Their people, and when in time Usire left Egypt to travel into every land He left His gracious Wife behind to reign alone. He travelled over all the world, making it gentle and peaceable by the sweet persuasiveness of His words and by His graciousness and the immortal melodies of His songs. Thus He taught men all the arts and like the Lord Sri Krishna in a later age won the hearts of all by His music and His charm. And while He was absent Eset, the Mother of the World, watched and guarded His Kingdom, consolidating His reforms and protecting all from the assaults of evil.

At last the Celestials, bereft of Their joyous presence and languishing in the absence of Those who were the light of their eyes, clamoured to God for Their return. Their work was over and Earth might no longer bear Them on her bosom.

One enemy alone They had, Their brother Setech, the evil Lord of Dark Passion, who was bitterly jealous of the noble King and longed to slay Him. As long as Eset ruled in Egypt he feared to raise his head, but when the gentle Lord returned he made a plot with seventy-two conspirators and with the Black Queen, Aso, and, though warned by Re that Usire was immortal, resolved to take His life. The early story relates how Setech fell upon his Brother on the shore, smote Him and cast His body in the river waters. Eset and Her Sister Nebthoet

¹ Stela 20 in the Bibliotheque Nationale, lines 12-13. Dating from about 1500 B. C.

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sought Him everywhere sorrowing and finding the body floating drew it to the shore. From it the Mother conceived Her Son, the Redeemer Hore, *about the winter solstice*, and then the Sisters mourned Their stricken Lord and embalmed His body round which in time a Sycomore grew to hide it. In later times, so Plutarch tells us, Setech prepared a beautiful Chest to the measurements of the unsuspecting King, and promised to give it to whomsoever it exactly fitted. All tried in turn and when Usire lay down within the lid was swiftly closed by these traitors and sealed, the Chest being then flung in the river. When Eset heard of this She sought everywhere for the Chest, asking where it was of all the children who led Her to a Tree which grew round and hid the Coffin. After many adventures She opened the Chest and fell on the dead Usire, kissing Him and weeping bitterly.

One day while Eset was visiting Her Son, Hore, the evil Setech came a-hunting with his dogs and, finding Usire's body, tore it in fourteen pieces, scattering them abroad. Then Eset sailed about in a canoe burying the fragments where She found them so that Setech might be deceived in seeking for the real Tomb by their number.

So Eset secretly brought up Her tiny Child, Hore, among the marshes until He should be old enough to bear arms in the Great Hall of the Gods, having escaped the many attempts of Setech to murder Him. Then Usire *coming to Hore out of the Invisible worked through Him and trained Him for the fight*¹ with Setech, asking Him mystic questions and being satisfied with His answers. At last He came forth purified, *in His white sandals*,² to avenge His Father. Many deserted to the young Prince and He defeated and captured the wicked Setech, driving

¹ Plutarch, "On Isis and Osiris," XIX, 1.

² Many of the early details of the Story of Usire are from the Pyramid Texts, the oldest religious documents known to the world, and dating in their present form from 3000 B.C. or more.

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away Usire's foes from Him and restoring Him alive to the Company of the Gods with the aid of Eset, Great Mother and Lady of Magic. But Eset made the captive Setech free again and received from Thout the symbolic Cowhorns in place of the Crown that Hore took away.

Setech, unrelenting foe, accused Usire before the Gods of being the real aggressor, but was defeated in the Trial. The Divine Sisters, Eset and Nebthoet, went on either side of the vindicated God, and Thout amid the rejoicings of all worlds restored the throne to Him, while Setech was adequately punished. Usire became King in the Eternal Worlds as First of the Westerners.

Such is the sacred story we may piecemeal gather from many sources, the story of the life and ministry and passion of the gracious God-Man who once descended to teach and bless both Egypt and the World. Among the Avatars He alone left His native land to carry His Message to the wider world beyond, a universal outlook unknown in later time until our own most thrilling days.

Once more the Teacher of the World is in our midst, and very soon once more the Mother of the World, Successor of the Lady Eset, Queen of Heaven, shall be among us, standing by His side to aid Him in His work and to stabilise His Teaching in the world, guarding them from the assaults of the hosts of darkness. Knowing our august Visitors to be these mighty Deities, we shall prepare to receive Them with the joyful reverence that is Their due, and the willing co-operation that is our wondrous privilege.

And the Cosmos, that is Hore, is born of These.'

Duncan Greenlees

¹ For the cosmos of the new Sub-Race that shall redeem the world is founded and ordered on Their joint work. This quotation is from Plutarch's book, LVII, 4.

THE AGE OF CONSENT BILL

M. V. VARADA RAJAM SARMA

SARADA'S Age of Consent Bill proposes that marriages in India should not be performed before the age of twelve years; and if they had to be married at eleven, the sanction of the Government should be obtained beforehand.

Let us first consider the question of the marriageable age of girls. Marriage is the taking of a partner for life, to look after each other and enjoy a happy, useful and spiritually advancing life. Even at twelve, the girls are very young and are not able to understand the responsibilities of married life; yet for this legislation, there is any amount of opposition from the orthodox party, because of the custom prevailing among the Dwijas, that is, among those who perform the *upanayana* ceremony, and hold that marriage should be performed before the girls attain puberty. In a hot country like India, some girls mature before they are eleven or twelve years. Overanxious parents wish girls to marry as soon as they are eleven years; because they are afraid of being outcasted, socially ostracised. Some of the near relations, especially the orthodox, refuse to interdine and intermarry with such people. This custom is very rigid in towns and villages where there is more of a communal life and any such social trouble always results in serious consequences. The matter is quite different in cities. To avoid such tragic consequences, the fact of the attainment of maturity

of an unmarried girl is kept as a thorough secret with much difficulty and worry.

In these days when freedom in marriages is enjoyed by every other nation in the world, the Indian nation is still groaning under the malevolent custom of child marriages. Freedom is the birthright of every individual whether a male or a female, a master or a servant, the ruler or the ruled. When freedom is withheld, there will come a time when reaction of a very drastic kind will follow. Parents have a very heavy responsibility. Instead of usurping the right of choice of a husband when the girl is very young and a plaything in their hands, it is better that parents should educate and nourish their girls properly as they do with their boys according to their status in life and allow them to grow strong and intelligent till they understand the responsibilities of married life and then help them to marry to their best advantage.

Next let us consider about their education. There will be the possibility of educating in the real sense a fairly large percentage of girls and they will become very useful members of the society. They will be able-bodied to endure the troubles of child-bearing. Surely, advanced egos, in their selection of their next incarnation elect to be born to parents of strong bodies and highly educated and advanced intellects. In these days of child marriages in India, the slavish egos from all over the world are grouping into our country making us a nation of cowards. There are very few in our country who can stand as patriots and work disinterestedly for the freedom of India. Selfishness is predominant and everywhere you find people self-interested. Give them a few crumbs and they are thoroughly satisfied. But pay them well and they are ready to do anything for you. People aspire to power. It is better to be active than be inactive. But of what use is that power if it is not well-guided by self-sacrifice and patriotism and

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fearlessness? It does more harm than good. By child marriages both boys and girls who are students receive a set back in their education. No doubt women's education must be based on proper principles which will be useful to them in their married life. There must be a different curricula for boys and girls. Manual arts must be taught to boys so that they may be self-reliant and not simply fit them to be quill drivers in offices. Girls' education must include beautifying the home, home gardening, home sanitation, nursing, first aid principles, dairy farming, home industries, keeping home accounts and allied subjects and the arts of music, drawing, painting, and needlework. Physical, moral and religious training is very essential in the schools. A sound body has a sound mind.

Next let us consider the question of infant mortality and child-widows. We must be shocked at the census figures. In 1911 census there were 2,219,778 girls who were married between 5 and 10 years of age and the child widows during the same age range were 94,270. There must be many more now after 17 years. What is the fate of all these child widows? Among boys between the ages of 5 and 10 years there are 810,577 married and 91,995 widowed. Surely, custom permits these boys to marry again. But what of the money they have already spent towards the marriage expenses? Custom is dead against the widow marriage of girls. Is *sati* or *sahagamana* a more heinous crime than this? It can only be put down by the firm hand of legislature.

Why did infant Japan prosper in such a short time? Every living cell in their bodies loved freedom and they were prepared to give up everything, nay, sacrifice their all for the sake of their Motherland. With baby parents how can we expect such inborn patriotism all over the country. Prolonged and distant is the sight of freedom for India, when evil social customs are eating up the vital energies of our nation.

What do Shastras say about marriage? We are all well aware of the sacred hymns that are recited at the conclusion of a Hindu marriage ceremony. They all pertain to the state of adulthood of the bride. There are certain texts quoted that *Kanya Danam* should be performed when the girl is 8 years old. (*Ashtavarshad Bhavet Kanya*, etc.). But these are certainly interpolations of a later age, when for some reason or other the marriageable age of girls was fixed at 8 years. Why cannot we say *Shodasavarshad Bhavet Kanya*? It sounds equally good and is more in harmony with the facts that are revealed by Puranas which are historical truths, no doubt with a little exaggeration suited to the poet's whims and fancies. Great heroines of Hindu antiquity like Sita, Damayanti, Droupadi and Savitri all selected their husbands. Even among the Dwijas, the Kshatrias have revolted from the custom of child marriage and were the only caste known as warriors till recent times. Their history abounds in chivalrous deeds. Wives are to be styled as the better halves or real partners in life. Remember the *Ardhanariswara*. What sublime position is given to the female aspect of the deity!

Next we come to the dowry question. We have a stock of very little educated girls and we want highly educated and very rich boys to marry when the girls are quite young. There is no attraction in the girls unless they are very rich or offer enormous dowries. Frequently, the bride's parents must pay a dowry much beyond their means. They sell or mortgage their lands or borrow money to pay large dowries, to celebrate the marriage ceremonies on a grand scale so as to appear to be richer than they really are. This shows a very disastrous mentality. Many families have been impoverished, nay, ruined thus. There are numbers of instances where young girls have averted such a calamity to their dear parents by suicide. If early marriage is to be no longer a burden upon the parents and

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they can educate the girls to a high standard, surely, rich and highly educated and cultured young men will come forward to lay their claims at the sacred altar of Love. Then the name daughter (Sanskrit-*Dugh*-milk) attains its true significance. Now, as it stands, instead of the flowing of milk in the house there is *Duhkha*, the flooding of sorrow in the family when the daughter attains marriageable age. A lovely rose-bud instead of blossoming into a full grown and beautiful flower fragrant and blissful has a canker at its heart and grows deformed, crooked and shrivelled up with smothering anxiety. In the house there is a dull atmosphere and everybody looks agitated and pale; without vitality, and without cheerfulness. What can the poor and helpless father do when he has other daughters in hand? He is a ruined man although before the marriage of his daughter he lead a peaceful life.

The marriage of boys is also an important matter. Their education and health will be affected if they are married before they are at least 12 years old. Their character is not formed, their intellect is not developed, and they are treated as mere playthings.

There are amendments to the Bill that the age should be raised to fourteen or sixteen years. As things stand, the child widows have no other prospect than a dreary single life but so blunted has our sense of justice become that no such desired reform can be expected for at least a generation to come when the legislature may take up the question of post-puberty marriages at leisure.

M. V. Varada Rajam Sarma

THE STAR

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MANAGER

THE STAR

OCTOBER

1928

ORDER OF THE STAR

HEAD OF THE ORDER . . . J. KRISHNAMURTI



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To draw together all those who believe in the presence of the World-Teacher in the world.

To work with Him for the establishment of His ideals.

.

MEMBERSHIP: Membership in the Order is open to all who sympathise with its objects.
There are no fees for membership. Certain National Sections have found it convenient to fix a regular subscription but this practice is not in any way binding on the Order as a whole.

ORGANISATION: There is a Chief Organiser for all International work.
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The Order exists now in forty-five countries with a National Organiser in each country.
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MAGAZINES: THE STAR, the Official Magazine, is published in several countries simultaneously.
A News Bulletin is also issued from the Headquarters at Eerde, Ommen, Holland.

THE STAR

OCTOBER, 1928



VOL. I. NO. 10

THE STAR. the official organ of the Order, is published in the English, French, German, Spanish, Dutch, Polish, Russian, Italian, Finnish, Icelandic and Scandinavian languages. It consists of two Sections—International and National. For the former, matter is prepared at and distributed from Eerde, Ommen, Holland. For the latter the matter is collected and edited by the National Editorial Board at Adyar.

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Annual Subscription to THE STAR for India, Rs. 4-8, post free.

Single copies eight annas each.

All Cheques and Money Orders to be made payable to the Manager,
THE STAR, Adyar, Madras, S.

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ILLUSTRATIONS :

The altar in the chapel, with carving of Madonna and Child.

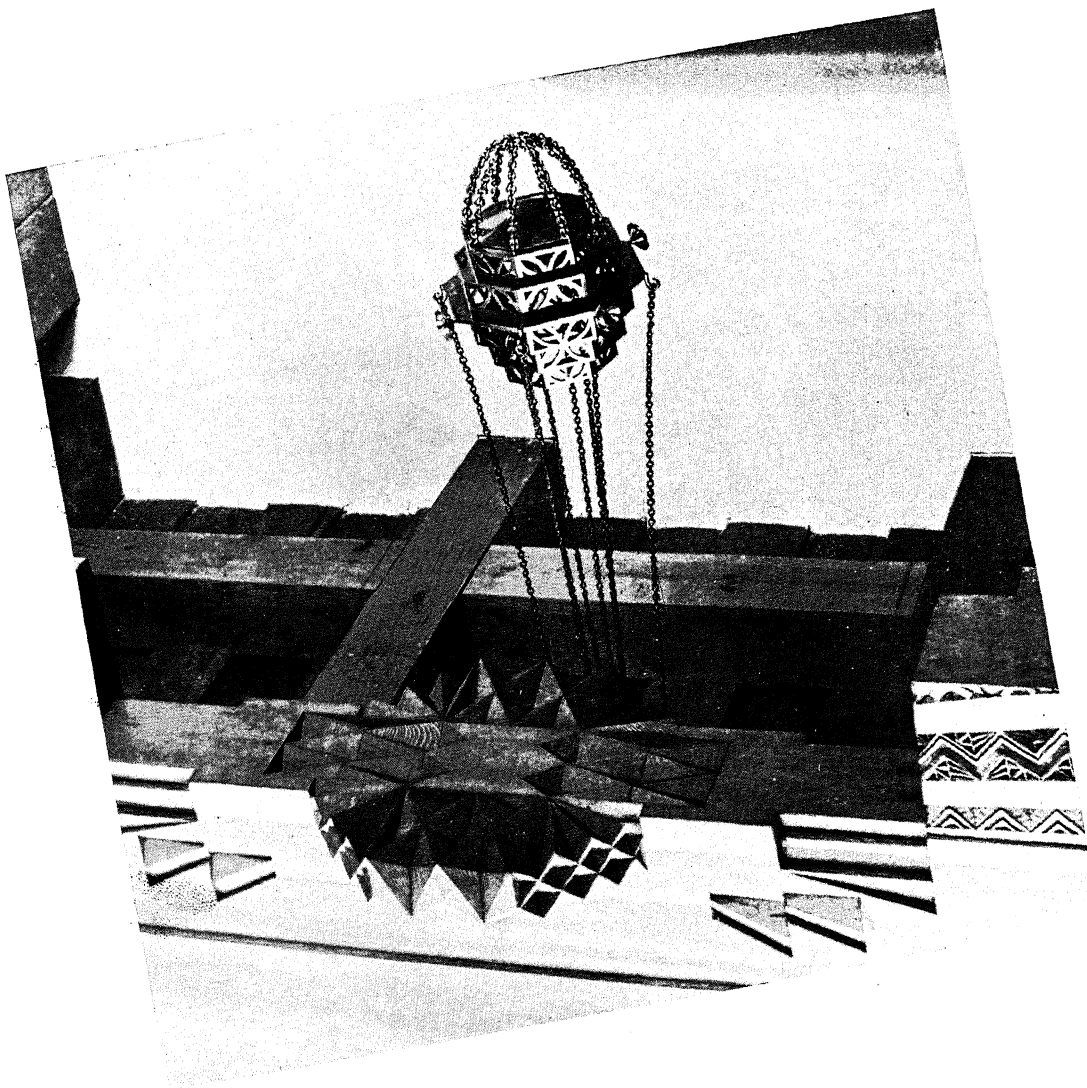
Showing the star in the centre vault.

One of the pillars at the side of the altar.

An Angel playing a musical instrument.

SUPPLEMENT





TRUTH OR LOYALTY

OPENING ADDRESS BY J. KRISHNAMURTI

Ommen Star Camp, 4th August, 1928

I WANT to talk very seriously this morning, and I hope you will give me your careful attention, and by that I mean, that you should be more ready to hear than to give the sacrifice of the unwise, be more eager to understand for yourselves than to submit your understanding, however limited, however inexperienced it be, to outside authority, to outside influences, to outside imaginations and purposes. So, in order that you may make my meaning perfectly clear to yourselves during the coming week, I should like very much that you should put away from your minds all things that tend to complicate, such as beliefs, dogmas, half-truths taken from the understanding of another; and try to follow me during all this week with a clear heart and balanced mind. As a parched land awaits the rain which shall bring forth the green foliage, scented flowers, and cool shades, so, for seventeen years, or perhaps more, some of you have been waiting, watching, eagerly expecting, anxious to find out for yourselves. And during those seventeen years, you have built for yourselves certain shelters of comfort in which you think that you will discover Truth, in which you hope to attain that eternal happiness, that certainty of purpose, that lasting hope, which will nourish and encourage your minds

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and hearts. And as the rain brings forth green shoots from the dead stumps of yesterday, so will the Truth bring forth understanding in you, if you really put away all your petty imaginations, your half-acquired truths, your small hopes, your cloudy beliefs, and if you examine your minds and your hearts cleanly and purely with an eagerness that comes from ecstasy of purpose.

To some people here this Camp, I am afraid, has become a habit. It is like a summer resort where they gather in order to have a pleasant time. But others come here not so much to enjoy the open air, the open spaces, green trees, and tranquillity, as to find out how to distinguish between that which is important, essential, lasting, and that which is unessential, fleeting, and unimportant. And if you have come to the Camp, not to question, not to doubt, but merely to enjoy yourselves, merely to seek a shelter for your comfort, then the Camp as such will be useless. I should like to suggest that while you are here during this week you should doubt everything, put aside everything that you have gathered during these seventeen years; for if you would climb to great heights you must carry very little with you; if you would dive into the deep waters, you must have very little on you. So likewise, if you would understand the Truth which I am going to expound to you, which to me is absolute Truth—absolute in the sense that it is infinite—you must put aside the gatherings of these many years. But while you do this you must not become negative, because then you will be influenced by what I say when you are here; and as soon as you leave this place you will be influenced by another. So I would urge on each one of you individually and not collectively, to doubt everything; and as you are not accustomed to doubt, it is going to be every difficult for you. You will find Truth only by putting aside everything that you have

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gained, and not by being satisfied with the result of your experience. It is by constantly denying, by constantly putting aside everything that you have gained in order to climb higher, that you enter into the Kingdom of Happiness where there is Truth, which is the fulfilment of life.

We have come to a time when each one must be certain for himself, when each one must stand by himself, when each individual must confront his own understanding, and when each one must decide whether he will compromise with little things which is betraying the Truth. I will explain what I mean by that. To give way in little things is sometimes necessary and it has not much importance. If someone asked me to put on a grey coat instead of a blue coat I should certainly put it on; but if someone asked me to compromise with Truth, which means wasting energy in things which have no value, then I would not do it. As I have said, we have come to a time when we must decide (I do not say this as a threat, I do not say this in the hope of inviting you to that Kingdom of Happiness, Nirvana, Liberation, or whatever you like to call it); but as you have waited for seventeen years, expecting, questioning, wondering, anxiously considering everything, and as the rain comes to a parched land, so at the end of those years the expected event has taken place—if you are wise, balanced and desirous of finding the Truth which is absolute, which knows no variance, which is unconditioned, illimitable, then you must be prepared to shed everything that you have gained. Is not life constantly urging you to go forward and not letting you stay in one place? Is not your sorrow created by stagnation, by imagining that by obeying external authority you will find Truth? To find Truth, as I have said, you must be willing to deny everything that you have accumulated. For the last two years, as the smooth waters that meander through

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the plains we have been meandering without any definite purpose. We have not developed that white Flame which is necessary in order to burn away the accumulated dross. And because there has been the spirit of easy going and smooth understanding, of authority, of deceitfulness; a time has come when each one, without being biassed or urged by another, must decide for himself whether he will reconcile little things with the Truth. As I said, you cannot compromise with Truth, and because each one is trying to reconcile with the irreconcilable there is sorrow, there is struggle, contention and confusion. Though you may gather here every year to listen to me and to enjoy the open air and the Camp-Fire, if you are not wise this gathering will be useless. If you do not question from the very beginning your reasons for being here, the Camp will be of no value to you. If you have not doubted the very foundation of your structure, your building will not last. How can you build for a century, or for many, many centuries, on weak foundations that will not endure for a year? All that you have built can be pulled down by doubt because you have based your understanding, throughout the ages, on authority, on personal worship. Please do not get agitated, do not let your emotions run away, do not let your intellects get the better of you. To understand wisely you must have harmony of the mind and of the heart, and the understanding which is born with the spirit of knowledge. During this Camp I want you, through all your anxieties, your agitations, your excitement, to have a dream that will be lasting; to catch the vision that will endure. And you can only do that if you have a clear understanding of the purpose of life and of the fulness which comes from that understanding. Therefore, if you will invite doubt from this very moment and not let it invidiously creep into your minds and hearts, then that which remains will be the Truth, and that which is unessential, impermanent,

TRUTH OR LOYALTY

will pass away and you will be able to go to the world and satisfy the burning thirst, the sorrow of each one.

What are you all afraid of? Why are you all so anxious? It is because you are trying to reconcile your beliefs with the irreconcilable which is Truth; you are trying to find shelters where there are no shelters, you are trying to find hope where there is no hope. Truth does not give hope; but it gives understanding, and the moment you have understanding everything else is of secondary and hence fading importance. And as you have to go away at the end of this Camp and disperse throughout the world, if you have not understood, if you have not found for yourselves the Truth but have based your understanding and your knowledge upon the authority of another, all the winds and storms of outside doubt will destroy that which you have built during this short week. So, I want you to dig with me that well which shall quench the thirst of all the peoples of the world. The only important thing in life, the only essential thing, the only vital purpose of life, is to solve your own problems, establish the waters of life within yourselves and not merely take the shallow waters of another, or the waters which are established in me. This is much too serious a matter for you any longer to be content to play with the instruments that dig the well. I hope you are all thinking with me, because if you merely listen to the words I use you will miss the meaning which underlies them. You must gather rather that spirit of understanding which lies behind all words. So while you are in this Camp during this short week I would suggest that you should seek solitude—that solitude of which you are so afraid. Do not listen to another, however wise and profound his interpretation of the Truth may be; do not let your emotions and your mind be carried away, but hold them in check, in balance, for the full understanding of Truth. And when you

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are seeking solitude, away from all the turmoils of other people's doubts and questions, anxieties and imaginations, if you yourselves invite doubt then you will discover that well of Truth whose waters shall quench the thirst of the world.

And as it is the habit of man to be self-centred, I would suggest that you should be more than ever self-centred, so that your self-centredness may become so strong, so pure, that you will find the Truth, that you will remove all the shadows and cleanse all the weeds from your minds and hearts, so that they shall remain pure. After all, to have a full understanding, with harmony of the mind and of the heart, is the purpose of life. You want so many things to help you and guide you, so many crutches to give you understanding. Crutches do not give understanding ; they clog your way ; they impede, they hinder you from marching forth. During this week throw away all your crutches, throw away all those things which you imagine are so necessary for the purification and strengthening of your minds and hearts. As in the green hollow there is a perpetual spring that keeps it fresh, alive and joyous, so, if you put away all the burdens of your imaginations, of those things that you have hitherto considered essential for your growth, you will find a spring that will keep your mind and your heart eternally young, joyous and dancing.

Further, if I may suggest it without being misunderstood, do not be loyal to anyone, but rather be loyal to yourselves. Because you are loyal to so many people you have forgotten how to be loyal to the Truth which is yourself. For you, loyalty to a person is greater than loyalty to the Truth ; I hope that you will never be loyal to me, but rather be loyal to yourselves and then you will find a perpetual spring that

TRUTH OR LOYALTY

will keep your minds and hearts eternally pure so that you will be loyal to everyone in the world. Because you are loyal to one individual, you exclude from your mind and heart the loyalty due to everyone and the loyalty due to yourself.

So if you are wise during this week you will find that which you seek ; you will find the strength and the understanding which will give their sustenance, their greatness, their power to uphold you. The time has come, as I have said, when you must no longer compromise with the Truth ; when you must no longer subject yourselves to the impositions of authority, for if you do you will not find the everlasting and the absolute. For many years you have been wandering on the smooth waters where there are not many gales, and storms, but all is pleasant going ; and now you have come to the open seas, whether you wanted or not, where there are storms, and tempests, where all your boats shall be shipwrecked, in order to test your full understanding of life, which you have established for yourself in the realm of Truth. As far as I am concerned, I have found the Truth, and that Truth is in me established ; and as you listen to me every day, I am going to create in your hearts and minds a storm of doubt, a tempest of anxiety, so that you will find lasting happiness without variance, and thereby realise the fulfilment of life. Generally you come to this Camp to be bolstered up in your anxieties, in your doubts, but during this week I am going to take away from you, if I can, every bolster, every crutch on which you have depended ; not because I am harsh, but because I am in love with life, in love with every one of you, and I would make you in love with all things, and not in love with one manifestation of that life. I know you will go away from here and say : How harsh, how cruel, he is ; but which would

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you rather have, a doctor who cured you and gave you the power to keep eternally healthy, or a doctor who gave you momentary drugs to cure your symptoms without touching the root of the disease? So I speak, not out of harshness, but on the contrary, with an immense affection in my heart, and because of that affection, because of that love, I would show you the way to attain the eternal spring whose waters are to cleanse your minds and hearts.

You may have—as I know you have—great devotion to this form, but you have not the same devotion to Truth, which is what I want to awaken in you. You may give me your affection; you may show me your devotion, but that is not of very great importance; what is important is that you should become the disciples of the Truth, not of the intermediary, not of the shadow which stands between yourself and the Truth. So I say again that the time has come when you can no longer reconcile your small beliefs with Truth. For I would much rather have one person who does not attempt to compromise with Truth, than thousands who are constantly betraying the Truth; I would rather have one person who understands, than thousands who merely repeat my words through a different mask. So during this week, in order not to be upset unwisely, but to be upset wisely, I hope that you will prepare your minds and your hearts by taking away all the weeds therein. For you are going to be upset. I do not mind whether at the end of this week you all decide not to return to the Camp next year; I do not mind if at the end of this week you no longer hold me in your hearts and minds, but I want to show you that that which is false, which is fleeting, can never lead you to Truth and happiness. In order to attain, in order to fulfil, you must go through great discontentment, great revolt, and great turmoil, but you are not willing to go through that. And as

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you have not been willing to do that for the last two years, and as the time has now come when it must be done, I am going to do it for you, not out of cruelty, not out of harshness, not out of lack of affection, but on the contrary, out of love. I am in love, not with you but with that which is behind you, not with your faces and your clothes but with that which is Life, which is the Beloved. As I am in love I would make you beautiful ; as I am in love I would make you noble, pure and strong, so that your manifestation, your expression, will endure and give the comfort that comes from understanding. So if you are wise, from now on, during this week, you will be prepared to doubt everything. All your systems, your philosophies, your half-truths must go in order to find the Eternal. And I hope that you will not listen to anyone, but will listen only to your own intuition, your own understanding, and give a polite refusal to all those who would be your interpreters. After all, the individual problem is the world problem. If the individual is happy, harmonious and at peace, there is around him happiness, harmony and peace. When you leave this Camp, I want you to have established for yourselves that peace and that understanding which cannot be shaken.

THE THIEVES OF TIME

LADY EMILY LUTYENS

(A lecture given at the Ommen Star Camp of 1928)

THERE suddenly came to my mind the other day a new understanding of the symbol of the Christ crucified between two thieves. Those thieves represent the past and the future: the past, which ever stabs him in the back, and the future, which ever betrays his Truth. Now in order to make that idea clear, I am going to speak, first of all, of the past which has given rise to the conditions which we see around us in the world to-day. The age which is passing away was an age essentially based upon the idea of authority—an age of authority policed by fears. Those of you here who belong to my generation, and who remember the generation before you, will remember how, from our childhood upwards, we were always surrounded by an atmosphere of fear. There was the fear of an unknown God; the God of Righteousness; the God who could be angry; the God who could destroy the world that He had made, because that world had not obeyed His law. To many, the thought of God was something before which they trembled. Then there was the fear of death. That fear was before us even when we were small children: the thought of that unknown hereafter—heaven, perhaps unattainable, and hell, always imminent.

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Many of you I am sure have had the same experience which I had. When I was a child I had the keen desire to call my brother a fool, and was prevented from indulging in that pleasure by the fear of the hell that awaited me! Then there was that still more dreadful, because mysterious fear, that we had unconsciously committed the sin against the Holy Ghost. It is curious, if you read the biographies of the Victorian period, to find how frequently young children were tormented with this dreadful idea that they had committed that unknown sin, but nobody has ever been able to find out what the sin against the Holy Ghost really means. They only know that it is something which will never be forgiven, and many children were afraid that they had unconsciously committed that sin for which there was no forgiveness. And in those days, so long ago, we were afraid of our elders. We held our parents and teachers in awe and respect, as the dread Olympians who ordered our lives for us. Many children were on terms of respect and reverence tinged with fear with their parents, but perhaps there was little affection, and no intimacy. There was also held before our eyes the fear of the law, represented by the policeman. We were told, even in our cradles: Mind you don't do this or that, or I will call the policeman! There was a policeman at every corner to keep us in order; just as in an even earlier age, nurses kept their charges in order by holding up before them the fearful figure of Bonaparte—the black bogey.

And then so many conventions there were, so many traditions, so many customs, and always the threat of what would happen if you broke the law, or went against convention or custom. "This is not done," as we were many of us told in childhood, was the fear, which continued with us through life, of doing those things which "are not done". There is little

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wonder that in a world such as this, so full of fears, so full of taboos, we were glad to escape to an imaginary world of our own, glad to escape to an unknown heaven so different from this earth that had been made a hell for us. We were glad to fly to the arms of a Saviour who represented someone of whom we did not stand in awe, upon whom we could pour out that love which we were afraid to show to our parents. I am sure that there are many here who will remember how, in their youth, they poured out their hearts in passionate hymns in churches and chapels; many who even now will feel a thrill at the thought of how they sang: "Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to Thy bosom fly." Anything to get away from where we were; anything to escape from the present so hedged in by fear, and by authority. Because we were so afraid of life, we were in love with Jesus; we were in love, that is to say, with a figure whom we had surrounded with our own conceptions of what a Saviour should be. God was so very unapproachable and so very terrible, that out of Jesus we made a Saviour, a burden bearer, a consoler; a refuge from life which we could not face and could not bear.

Naturally, as the outcome of authority, it was an age of oppression. There was everywhere the oppression of the weak by the strong. It was an age when woman was considered inferior to her master, man; when the wife was little better than an unpaid servant in the home; when a married woman owned no property; when she did not even have the freedom of her own body. Then, also, there was the oppression of the weak races by the strong, the dominance of the white races over the coloured peoples of the world. And with all this, we were afraid of everything, and above all, afraid to think. It is almost strange to-day to realise what a terrible connotation had the term 'freethinker'. To be a freethinker was to be

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somebody who ought to be outcast from polite society. Thought was not free. We were never allowed to think for ourselves, because there was always the priest or the policeman who would bring down upon us the penalties of the law—divine or social—which awaited those who dared to think.

Now naturally, as the outcome of that oppression, of those rigid customs and conventions, of those fears always put before us, it was an age of hypocrisy, of smug satisfactions, of those who could sit back in their armchairs and say : I have fulfilled the law, I have been to church this morning, and now I need not think of God again until next Sunday. I have fulfilled all the customs and conventions of my class, of my group, of my town, of my family. The Church or the State does my thinking for me, so I need not trouble to think for myself, thank God for that !

And if, as was inevitable, we sometimes heard of unfortunate beings who broke the law, or who dared to think for themselves or to outrage our customs and conventions, we said hurriedly : Pull down the blinds ; do not let us look ; let us forget that such terrible things are happening outside our windows ! So we pulled down the blinds over our minds, we pulled down the blinds over our hearts, and we sat in our own little narrow rooms and were afraid to look at the open skies, or to adventure on the road of life.

Now to this world of which I have tried to draw a picture—and please believe that it is not an exaggerated picture ; because I am old enough to speak of that generation with knowledge, having been brought up in it—to this world there came the news that a great spiritual Teacher would appear who was coming to give a new message of spiritual truth to the

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world. And how did we receive that news? We began to look to that future with the eyes of the past. We spoke of it in old terms, in the language to which we were accustomed. It was presented to our minds by familiar images. We worshipped a picture which we ourselves had painted. Around that picture we made a frame in order to enclose it within narrow limits. In order to understand the future we studied the history of the past. We made ourselves acquainted with the spiritual teachings which had been given to the world by Teachers long ago. The pages of our literature, in which we proclaimed the coming of the Teacher, were dotted with capital "H's" as marks of our reverence for him. We sought to institute a ceremony, many ceremonies, which would point out in dramatic form to the world our expectation. Many of you in this Order will remember how constantly we tried to force upon Krishnaji our own desire for ceremonial and ritual. We looked for a Comforter, we looked for one who would bear our burdens. We said, "When he comes it will be all right. Then there will be no longer any need for us even to try to think because he will think for us. He will tell us what to do. He will bear our burdens. He will heal our wounds and carry our sorrows. We have only got to try and live until he comes, and then everything will be all right because he will do it all." And so we imagined ourselves as his disciples. We trained ourselves for discipleship of the Teacher, and again, in order to understand how we might become his disciples we went back to the past, we studied past conditions and we pondered upon the life of discipleship as it had existed in past ages. We said that he would come to found a new religion, and already we tried to give a form to that religion. We knew that it would be very difficult for people in the outside world to understand him, but that would not be the case with us because we knew already what he would teach. We knew that there were certain

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fundamental principles which he would have to emphasise because we knew that these were the principles of the new religion. While others might misunderstand, we should be all right. Always around the Teacher we flung the cloak of our own conceptions. We had our old images, we spoke in our old language and all the time we said, "We must keep an open mind. Whatever we do we must keep an open mind," and while we said it we turned the key upon the doors of our minds so as to be quite sure that they should not escape from our limitations. We said with our lips, "He is coming to establish a new social order in the world," and we were blind all the time to the signs of that new social order which was knocking, at our doors. With our backs to the future and our faces to the past we were blind to the great significance of the age in which we were living.

In order to understand the Teacher we must know something about that age because he is coming—has come—to present the eternal Truth in a new form, in the language of to-day, and not in the language of yesterday. He is essentially the embodiment of the new age, and if we do not understand anything about that new age it will be very difficult for us to understand him. What is it that is happening in the world around us to-day? The world presents at the present moment certain features which are unique in the history of mankind. In the first place scientific inventions are practically abolishing time and space. You can travel to-day round the whole world by means of aeroplanes and every year they are perfecting that means of transport so that in a few years it will only take a few days to pass right round the world. Then, by means of the radio, the voice of one person can be heard by millions at the same time. One voice will be able to speak to the whole world. This afternoon Krishnaji is speaking and as he speaks the whole

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of Europe will be listening in, and arrangements have already been made for next year to enable the world to listen in. If you will think of that for a moment, it in itself offers a most marvellous possibility. Then there is the cinema by which all people in the world may look at the same picture and the barriers of language can be thereby transcended. To-day, for the first time in history, the world is one. A world-consciousness is developing, and that will inevitably bring about a world-civilization.

All transition periods bring about their own particular difficulties but because the world to-day is being made one the difficult conditions are world-wide, and so it is only natural and to be expected that we should find all over the world to-day the same revolt, unrest, discontentment, turmoil, sorrows, struggle and stress. These are the inevitable conditions of a transition period. The older generation of which I spoke have seen their world of law and order, of tradition and belief, destroyed before their eyes. Old land-marks have been swept away; stable institutions which have endured for centuries, have gone almost in a night; and they stand in a world in which they no longer recognise themselves or their surroundings. And the younger generation, in universal revolt, know not yet how to build a cosmos out of the chaos which they themselves have helped to create. A hammer is an excellent weapon with which to destroy. It is also a very useful weapon in building, but you have got to learn when to destroy and when to build, and at present, although we see destruction going on everywhere, there is not much constructive building, because nobody has got the plan of construction for a new edifice. The young have cast off authority; they have thrown aside the symbols which represented that authority. Religion in every country in the world has lost its hold upon the young people of to-day. They are no

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longer afraid of that God who was a terror to our youth. They no longer believe in heaven or in hell, they no longer accept the authority of priest or church. They have made science a religion and they are far more ready to accept the teachings of science than the teachings of organised religions, and science at the present moment is very materialistic in its outlook. There is a school of biologists who tell us that character depends upon certain glands in the human body, and they have proved by experiments that you can by the introduction of certain matter into these glands change the whole nature of a human being. You have probably heard of that disease called sleeping-sickness which sometimes assumes an epidemic form. One of the terrible results of that disease is that people who, before they had it had quite excellent characters, after they have had it sometimes become what we should call very bad characters. Their natures seem to be entirely changed by this disease. Then again there is a whole school of thought which goes by the name of Behaviourists, those who believe that man is a result of his environment, far more than the result of his heredity. Then there are those scientists like Sir Arthur Keith who believe that at death individual life is snuffed out like a candle. I think that a very striking instance of the way in which people believe and disbelieve on authority, was that of the wave of trouble which passed over England the other day when Sir Arthur Keith made that pronouncement, showing that belief in an after life, in the form in which religion has inculcated it, is easily upset by the word of a great scientist. The young people of to-day have got no fear of their elders—nor much respect for them either. The experience of age can hardly be expected to influence them when their own experience is far greater than that of their elders. Young people to-day are trying to make their own opportunities for experience and in that endeavour they are leaving their parents far behind. I

know of young people to-day who are reading books to see if they are fit for their parents to read !

As part of this revolt and discontentment the underdog is everywhere rising against his oppressor. Woman is rising against her tyrant, man. In many countries she has claimed complete equality as regards political status. It is extraordinary to realise that a very few years ago women were being sent to prison because they wanted the vote ! Now they sit in Parliament without any difficulties being caused and have even been ministers. Looking back, one really wonders why there was such a struggle and fight about something so very simple. The other day in England they were celebrating the passing of the equal franchise bill and I remembered how many women had given their lives to win votes for women, and I wondered why that sacrifice had been necessary. I suppose because men were so stupid that they could not see what was coming. That revolt of women has only just begun—and it is going on, and has got a much greater significance than perhaps everybody realises. Because, with the knowledge of birth control which is now widespread in every country and in every class, woman has it in her own power to decide whether she is going to be a mother or not. For the first time motherhood is going to be free and the woman is going to decide for herself whether she wishes to undertake the great responsibilities of motherhood. We are also moving towards a new conception of motherhood in which the unmarried mother will have a part to play. We are beginning to realise that birth is sacred, no matter whether it is within marriage or without, and that it is unfair to inflict upon an unborn child the punishment for what has been called “the sin of his parents”. So there is a wonderful uprising of the women of the world going on and when women come to play a greater part in the building

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of civilisation we shall find many changes being brought about.

Then again, we can see how the workers of the world are united to-day as they have never been before. And where that union is a true one, they will be able to accomplish a great deal for the workers in every country. The trade union movement has shown how a strong union in any particular industry can make sacrifices for the weak, and when that is applied on a larger scale to the workers of the world we shall realise what a tremendous power that union has given to all the workers of the world.

And as a natural outcome of this universal spirit of revolt, we see Asia seething with discontent. The coloured peoples are beginning to realise their humanity and their equality and they are not content any longer to be merely hewers of wood and drawers of water for the white man who is only, after all, a human being like themselves. Asia is in revolt, and the day of the dominance of the white man is over. As comrades and equals they can go forward together to build the new civilisation, but no longer can the white races dominate the coloured peoples of the earth.

In whatever direction you look to-day, you will see that the old values have changed, the old sanctions, the old customs, have vanished. New values, new customs, new sanctions must be in accord with the spirit of the new age and that spirit is essentially the spirit of freedom.

Into this world which is only beginning to be reshaped there comes the Teacher and he brings to us a new message, a new conception of life, and a new conception of Truth. He has

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a new attitude towards all things. He is proclaiming new ethic, he is putting before us new values, and he speaks to us even in a new language, in the sense that he uses old terms with a new meaning in order to arouse our attention and to awaken us from our sleep. What he is saying to us is so new and so fundamental that perhaps we have not yet been able to realise its full implication. Remember that we are listening to him with our old ears; we are watching him with our old eyes; we are surrounding him with our old images; and so perhaps it is difficult for us all at once to realize how new and how fundamental is that teaching which he is putting before us. He is the embodiment of life—life which is being released throughout the world—and he calls to life in all, and that call of life, when it is answered, is going to mean destruction—the destruction of the old before the new can be created. That call of life is sounding throughout the world and the question for us now is, “How are we responding to that call?” Many of us are stabbing him in the back with our old beliefs, our old traditions, our old authorities, our old ways of looking at life. We are trying to capture and imprison his life in our forms, because we are afraid to break the forms to which we are accustomed. We are trying to hold his life and to bring it into our prisons, because we are afraid to break our prisons. We are being broken ourselves on the cross of our own limitations but in that crucifixion we are also crucifying him. Against his liberation we are hurling our chains. We want him to come and speak to our spirits in prison rather than that he should break all the bars for us. That is how one thief, the thief of the past, is stabbing him in the back.

Now what of the other—what of the future? The seeds of that betrayal are already sown; we can already see signs of how this betrayal may work out in the future. To his simple

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statement as to what he is we are already adding a theological, metaphysical conception. We discuss whether he is the vehicle of some other ; whether he has a double consciousness ; we ask : Is it Krishnamurti who speaks or is it the Teacher ?—showing that in our minds there already exists some complicated attitude, some complicated line of thought which is betraying his simplicity.

And already there are the signs of different schools of philosophy which will be established to expound his teaching. Already legends are growing up around the Teacher, already superstitions are connected with him in many places. In certain specially prepared centres throughout the world, they have buried locks of his hair, and have thought already to have made sacred those places. And I was told the other day—I won't vouch for the truth of it—that some member had asked Krishnaji for a piece of the skin of his toe and from the study of that piece of skin he had convinced himself that Krishnaji is the World-Teacher. So, as I say, even in his lifetime, superstition is growing up around him. And perhaps the day will come when we shall stone him to death, having done that we shall begin to worship him, and in worshipping that personality which he has told us not to worship, we shall betray the Truth which he has come to teach. We shall found a religion ; we shall limit and condition the unlimited Truth he is putting before us.

That may sound pessimistic, and so I would like to add that as there is something unique in the world to-day perhaps we shall be unique in this : that history will not repeat itself. It will depend upon those to whom the Teacher speaks to-day whether they will be the betrayers of his Truth. And here I would make an appeal to those of my own generation, and to those who belong to the old age that is past. I would say to you, as

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I have tried to say to myself, do not be afraid to break, to smash, to destroy, and to suffer, even if it means that you have bleeding fingers in tearing down the bars of your cages; even if it means that you have aching hearts in putting aside those things in which you have believed. We have had so many bars of authority; we have been brought up between such narrow walls that we need not be afraid that we shall any of us go too far.

And so, I say, break, destroy for yourselves all the things that hitherto have held you and do not then collect all the broken bars and put them together again and make a new and more beautiful cage and sit in it and say—we have understood perfectly. Those who say that they have understood everything have not understood anything. There are some who have made that new cage and they sit back in it and say: "It is so easy to understand. There is no discrepancy between the old and the new; we need not break; we need not give up; we need not change; we will decorate and glorify our cages with his words." In that way you will never understand because there is no reconciliation possible between the old and the new. The old age has gone and the new age is coming and you cannot stop it coming, and what Krishnaji is saying to us is something new and you cannot reconcile it with your old ideas, your old traditions, your old forms of looking at life, your old attitudes.

And yet I know that it is not easy to change and perhaps there is more credit due to the old who have broken all their cages in order to understand than to the young who have never had a cage to break.

Krishnaji has often used the beautiful simile of the river that is seeking the ocean—the ocean of liberation and attain-

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ment. I have sometimes thought how that river throughout its course has always been enclosed between banks, and on those banks are many flowers and trees and pleasant places, and those banks have become familiar and very dear, and suddenly before that river there shines the ocean, the ocean where there are no banks but only an immensity of water. Perhaps the river might say to itself—I am afraid to venture forth on that ocean; I want to remain between the banks I know, whose beauty is familiar to me. And Krishnaji sets before us now that ocean, which is life, and we are afraid. Do not be afraid of the great void because it is in reality the great fullness, and Krishnaji calls to us from that ocean into which he has entered.

And to those who are young here to-day I would also make an appeal and I would say: do not mistake license for freedom, for remember that in license you are forging for yourselves chains heavier than ever your parents wore, and those chains will be far more difficult to break because you have forged them with your own hands. Freedom gives great responsibility; it is much easier to revolt against outer authority than against freedom. Sometimes when I look at the young people in the world to-day, who are so free compared with what we were, I am inclined to envy them, but also sometimes I feel sorry for them, because they carry so great a weight of responsibility. And upon their shoulders especially will rest the responsibility of carrying the truth of the Teacher into the world. It will depend upon them and upon how much they can understand whether the future will betray him as the past has done.

Krishnaji tells us to be in love with life and if you are in love with life you will have no fear; you will not be afraid of experimenting, you will not be afraid of experience, you will not

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be afraid of suffering, you will not be afraid of loneliness. So, all of us, both old and young, have to learn how to be, all the time, in love with life. To quote a very beautiful phrase which Krishnaji recently used: "There is something much more wonderful, much more inviting, much more beautiful in the coming dawn of to-morrow than in the setting sun of to-day."

And so I would say to you all here: Let us become children of the dawn and forget the day whose sun is setting behind us.

Lady Emily Lutyens

*THE SEARCH OF THE BELOVED*¹

J. KRISHNAMURTI

O FRIEND,
I show the way
That shall open thy heart
To the welcome of thy Beloved.
As the precious metal
Is found at great depths
And for the discovery thereof
Thou must delve deep down
Into the heart of the world,
So thou must,
If thou wouldst behold
The face of the Beloved,
Dive deep within thy heart,
And tear aside
The veil upon veil
That hides the Glory,
The Light of thy life.

As a fire
Is covered o'er
With thick smoke
Before it shall burst forth

¹ This poem must not be reprinted in any magazine whatever without permission from The Star Publishing Trust, Eerde, Ommen, Holland.

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Into a roaring flame,
So, O friend,
Thy heart and mind
Are in a cloud of darkness
That can be dispelled
Only by the desire
Of thy deep purpose.

O friend,
Thy Beloved,
The desire of thy heart,
Is my well-Beloved.
In times past
There was a veil
That separated Him from myself,
But now
I have destroyed
This separation
And welcomed Him into my heart.
He abideth there
And I am consumed
With His love.

I tell thee
That my well-Beloved
Is the Beloved of all.
He and I are one,
We are inseparable,
Eternal and everlasting.
Yea,
I have found the way
That shall offer unto thee the ecstasy
Of purpose

THE SEARCH OF THE BELOVED

That shall unfold unto thee the beauty
Of life,
That shall give happiness
Unto all,
That shall bring unto thee the comfort
Of truth.

As the spark
That shall give warmth
Is hid among the grey ashes,
So, O friend,
The light
Which shall guide thee
Is concealed
Under the dust
Of thine experience.

O friend,
Wait not for the dark shadows
That shall fill the valley,
Cutting off
The sunlit view of the mountain,
For by the light of day
Thou canst see the path
That shall lead thee
To the great heights,
Where the mists of life
Shall not confuse thee.
This is the time
When thou shouldst walk
In the open light.
The Beloved is with thee,
For He and I are one.

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O friend,
As in the time of winter
Thou canst not sow the seeds
That shall give thee
The food for the coming year,
So in time of darkness,
Strife and confusion,
Thou canst not lay up
The lasting happiness
That shall be the wellspring
Of thy life.

O friend,
As in the springtime
When every seed
Shall shoot forth
To the glory of its fulfilment,
So in the days
Of thy great rejoicing
Every deed of thy thought,
Every action of thy feeling
Shall come forth
To its full fruition,
And it shall give thee
The burden thereof.

O friend,
As in the time of decay,
How sad it is
That the green foliage
Should wither and die,
So grievous it is
That in the time of desolation

THE SEARCH OF THE BELOVED

There be none to deliver thee
From the shadows of thy creation.

O friend,
There is a time for all things.
This is the time
When thou shouldst walk
In the open light.
The Beloved is with thee
For He and I are one.

As a traveller
In the full knowledge
Of his voyage
Puts aside
The things that shall weigh him down
On his journey,
So, O friend,
Set aside all things
That shall compass thee
On thy journey
In search of the Beloved.
For without the Beloved
There shall be no comfort,
There shall be no rejoicing,
There shall be no permanency
In thy happiness,
But
There shall be confusion,
Strife and the conflict of purpose,
A darkness and a searching,
A misery and a travail.

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O friend,
The Beloved is thyself,
But to realise Him
And to hold Him
Fast in thy heart,
Firm in thy mind,
There must be no dark spot
Hidden away
In thy being.
No false comforters,
No pleasant Gods
Who give thee counsel
Of ease,
No greeds that bind thee,
No beliefs that shelter thee
In their dark shadows,
No thoughts, no affections that
hold thee.

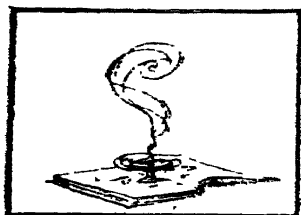
O friend,
Pursue the self
From shelter to greater shelter,
From temple to greater temple,
From desire to greater desire,
From conceit to greater conceit.
Mercilessly chase him
Down the paths of his delights,
Relentlessly question him
Of his dying certainties.
Till in the long last,
O friend,
Thou drivest him
To the open light

THE SEARCH OF THE BELOVED

Where he shall cast no shadow,
Where he shall be united
With the Beloved.
Then thou shalt realise
The Beloved,
Then thou shalt be
Like unto myself.

O friend,
There's a time for all things.
This is the time
When thou shouldst walk
In the open light.
The Beloved is with me
For He and I are one.

J. Krishnamurti



THE HARVEST-TIDE OF LIFE

J. KRISHNAMURTI

[Month by month we shall publish in *THE STAR* the talks given by Krishnaji to the group of students assembled at Castle Eerde last summer. They have not been revised by Krishnaji himself, as to enable him to do this would have meant a delay of many months in their publication. They have been carefully read, however, by several of those who were present at the delivery of the talks and who believe them to be a correct and verbatim report of what Krishnaji said. The rather personal note—inevitable when speaking to a group of friends—represents accurately the form in which the talks were delivered.]

IN my room where there were many flowers, where there was plenty of sunshine, but where all the windows were closed, I saw yesterday a butterfly fluttering against the window pane, seeing the blue sky outside and trying to escape into the open air and hence into freedom. I watched it for some time. First it went up to see if there was no outlet at the top, and then it came down; it went all over the window and nowhere could it find a way out, till at last I opened the window and let it out. So are men; they are caught in a crystal cage trying to escape into the open air. But before they have the intense desire to escape, as the butterfly desires the flowers, the scent, the honey and its companions, men seek to know what glass the cage is made of, how old is the crystal, who manufactured it, in what age it was formed, whether it has got its counterpart on other planes, whether the Logos created it or whether man was responsible, and whether the physical be the only plane on

THE HARVEST-TIDE OF LIFE

which there is suffering. Unlike the butterfly, they have no desire to escape, they have no desire to be liberated absolutely and fly into the open where there is happiness and freedom. They know that this freedom, this liberation and this happiness exist, but before they can realise it, before they can enjoy it, they must go through all this minute examination of the detail of the construction of the material of the glass cage. They are caught up in these valueless things and cannot find that freedom which their souls love, for which their entire being longs. And my purpose during these talks has been to show you how you are caught up in this crystal cage. Though you may perceive the sunshine, the freedom outside, yet you are held in that crystal cage, and as long as there is no desire to escape, as long as you do not seek Liberation and Happiness, you will still be in that cage, for your Liberation can only come when there is annihilation of the crystal cage that holds you. This annihilation consists in the unfolding of the self, which eventually is the destruction of the self. It is because you are proud of your little concepts, little interrogations, little anxieties, that you are still held in that crystal cage, and the moment you perceive the immensity of the blue firmament, the moment you feel the fresh air and enjoy the breath of the mountains, the moment you do not question the cage, but struggle to shatter it with your own energy, your own creative force, then self-realisation begins, then there is the unfurlment, the development of the self.

During my talks it has been my purpose to show you that no external authority, however magnificent, however wonderful it be, can help you. The only authority you must obey is within you. It has not been my desire to create partisanship for myself, or for my particular thought, but it has been my desire to create in you the longing to find out the Truth for yourselves, to escape

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into that open freedom where there is true destruction of the self. And if you have understood my talks, it will be evident that the Truth is the only leader, is the only Guru, the only altar at which you must worship, and the Truth is the Beloved and the Beloved is within those who are suffering, who are longing, who are trying to find out the Truth. And the Beloved comes to those, and knocks at the gate of the heart of those who have such a longing, who have such an intense desire to discover and to be one with the Beloved.

As a tree is burdened with many leaves, so is man with anxieties, worries, troubles, pleasures and joys. As the leaves drop off and wither away during the autumn, so from the man who has attained Liberation and Happiness there drop away all sorrows, all pains, all pleasures. He is eternally one with great happiness, lasting and perpetual. For whatever you establish within yourself can never be doubted, nor can there ever be reaction against that which you have built for yourself. Liberation and Happiness and the attainment thereof lie in your own hands, are within your own power to reach, are the end for all. If they are firmly established within the heart and mind of the seeker, though he may be burdened for many days, as the tree, with leaves of anxiety, of sorrow and of pleasure, yet he can make his anxieties, his sorrows wither; he can make them drop away as the leaves in the autumn. As there is no doubt for me of the attainment of that Happiness, so during my talks here I have been trying to establish in your own minds the vision of Liberation, so that there shall be no doubt for you, so that you for yourselves will see the reality and grasp the truth of this vision, so that when you are in the world, away from this place, there will be no question, no doubt, no anxiety, no seeking, no searching or groping anew in the darkness. When once you have established the reality firmly within yourselves,

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you can always retire to that secluded place in your mind and heart, to seek knowledge, to seek enthusiasm and aspiration. For those who seek, there is only one source of enthusiasm, delight and happiness and that is within themselves; and those who rely on others for encouragement, for happiness, will fail in their search. Those who have been fortunate enough to be here during these days will, I think, have firmly established truth within themselves, so that henceforth there will be no groping in search of it. For in yourselves you have created, in your own minds and in your own hearts, the edifice, the altar and the temple in which you can worship without any external things—your god being yourself and the attainment of Liberation and Happiness. In attaining that Liberation and that Happiness, you must have capacities of love, of devotion, and great energies in order to build this edifice of magnificence, so that whatever you have built will be of your own construction, of your own material, your own suffering, your own pleasures. For whatever is created with your own hands, will last forever, and whatever is created with the hands of another will not last a single day. If that is well established within yourselves, your groping for the truth is at an end.

As when the rains come the little streams and the great rivers are swollen with waters and draw nearer and nearer, hastening towards the sea, so when the Beloved comes, when the Beloved is with you, will you attain more quickly; the rivers of your hearts and minds will be burdened with many waters which will hasten you towards that goal which is Liberation for all. So that, if you have that mind and that heart, time as such does not exist, you need not wait for evolution to hasten, to urge you on, but because you have perceived the Beloved, because the Beloved is with you, you will have your hearts and minds enlarged—even though it still takes a

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very long time—so that you will enter into that ocean of Liberation and Happiness. The weak will be made strong, and the strong will quicken their strength. Those who love will have their love magnified and glorified, and the sorrow-laden will seek comfort and they will have comfort, for in themselves alone lies the comfort which they seek. It is because the Beloved is with you that all these things are possible. If you have found—and you have the capacities for great devotion, great energy and love—you will hold the Beloved in your heart and in your mind in times of great sufferings and great anxiety. Because you have the Beloved within you, as I possess Him eternally within myself, because you have for a moment perceived Him, you must love Truth, for Truth is the Beloved. Truth is the only thing after which each must seek, after which each must struggle, setting aside all things in search of the light that will enlighten the seeker on his path to peace.

During our talks here, I have opened my heart so that you can perceive my Happiness, for that Happiness is my Beloved's Happiness, and I want to give that which I possess to others. Because my Beloved has filled me with His love, there is for me no striving, no struggle, no groping and searching and being satisfied by the fleeting, by the passing. So I would give in my turn of that love to you, and hence to the world at large. Because there is suffering around, because there is sorrow and pleasure that is passing, those who have tasted this love which is within themselves, which is that of the Beloved—they will give, they will fill the hearts of the suffering, the sorrow-laden, the weak and the strong.

You have been with me for the last six weeks, or more, in the Castle, and it has been my intense purpose to show to you all your own hearts, to show you your own minds, so that you

THE HARVEST-TIDE OF LIFE

will strengthen your own desires and purify your own minds in order to perceive and hence to attain Liberation. And I think that those who have been carefully trying and struggling with themselves to discover the goal, have found that goal, and because they have found it, it will be easier for them to attain and to help others to perceive and to attain. Because I have attained that Liberation and that Happiness, it has been my intention to give you also a great share of it, to give you sufficient strength to fight in order to attain, sufficient desire of your own to set aside all things in order to attain. As I said, because you have been with me, it has been my intention to make you perfect in a short time. It is possible, because of the Teacher being with you, to attain that perfection in a short period of time and hence make time as such disappear, and because you have been with me and I have opened my heart to you and have given you of it, you must now go forth. Because you have perceived and some of you have arrived nearer to that glory, you must go forth and give and share and partake of it with others. Because you have attained—I will not say complete Liberation, because that is not true—because you have perceived the path of your life, because you have trodden on path itself, it is within you now to become perfect in a short time. Because you have seen the face of the Beloved Himself, He will dwell in your hearts and pacify your minds. It has been my intention during these talks to give you that which I have within me, to strengthen you in your own purposes. And because you have perceived, you must be wise in heart and mighty in strength, and that is where lies your special duty, your own duty which you have created for yourselves. Wherever you be now, you must be the disciples of that Liberation and of that Happiness. Because my Beloved dwells in me, I have felt tremendous affection for you all, and I am not in the least sad or grieved that you are going away, but on

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the contrary I am happy that you have had the pleasure of seeing this Liberation with your minds and feeling this Happiness with your hearts, and hence you will go out and give it to others, if you are wise, in order to strengthen your own Happiness, in order to purify your own vision. You will be wise if you give it to others, and you will be unwise if you keep it for yourselves, if you bottle it up, if you retain it for yourselves. You will destroy it if it is not given out, if it is not shared with others.

I have been feeling that many of you have understood, but many of you are still caught in your own nets, in your own complications, and it has been very difficult for me to destroy that net, so as to free you. You do not, some of you, desire to be free and hence you prefer to stay in the net, because when you are free, you are not sure, you are not certain ; you do not want to be free because you are afraid of yourselves, and in that fear you would rather remain in your own net, your own limitations and doubts, in the shadow of another. But many of you, I think, have seen that the attainment of Liberation and the reaching of that Kingdom of Happiness is not without, but within, is not at the disposal of another, not on the authority of another, not in the possession of another, but within yourselves ; and it has been my purpose to take you into my heart, for there you will find that Kingdom and that Liberation which is in your own hearts. Because your hearts have been covered up, because your minds have been weakened and clouded, it has been my purpose to clear your minds and your hearts, so as to establish therein this Liberation and this Happiness, so that there will be no shadow of doubt, so that there will be no question, so that there will be no seeking or groping. And now that some of you have entered into my heart and partaken of it, you must go out and give of it to others, and by your deeds, by

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your behaviour—for in behaviour dwells righteousness—you will be judged. You will be known only by your lives, by your conduct, and not by authority, not by your superficial attainment, superficial knowledge, but by your fulfilment of your days here at Eerde.

J. Krishnamurti

*ART IN POLAND*¹

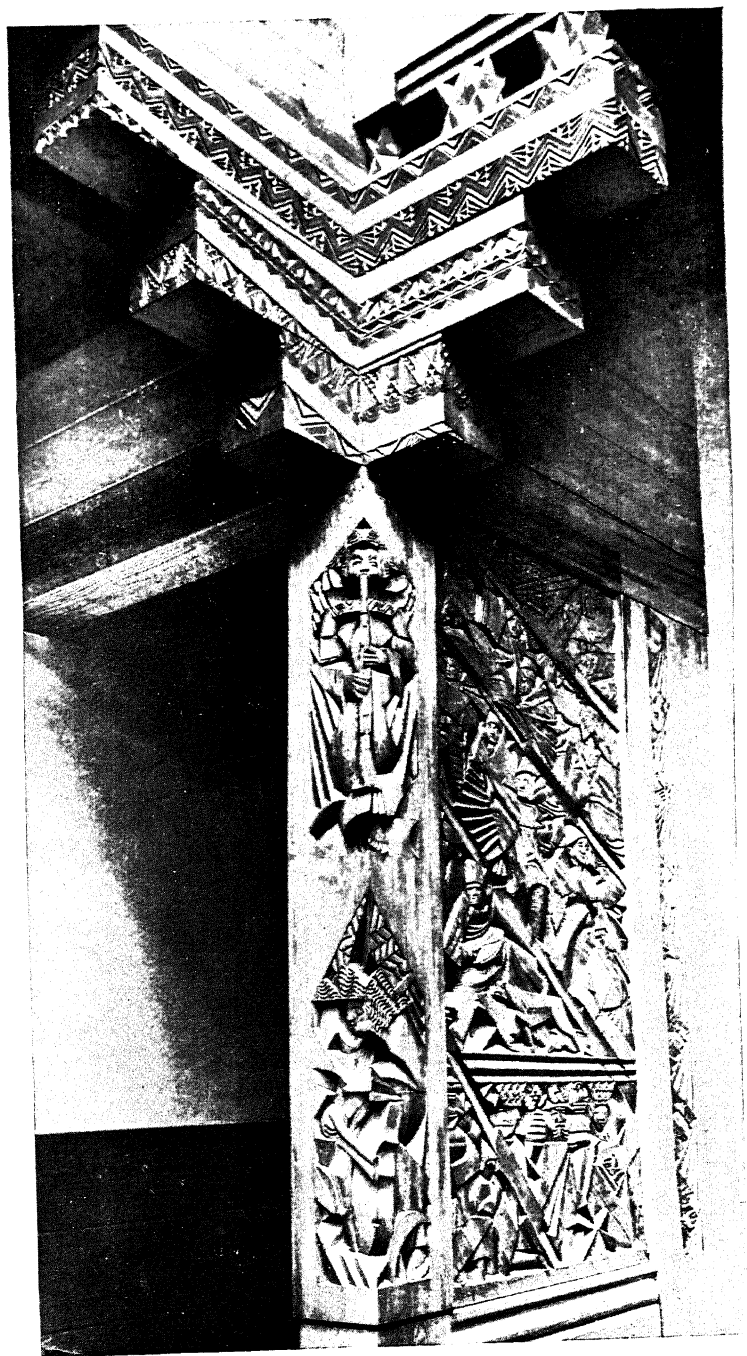
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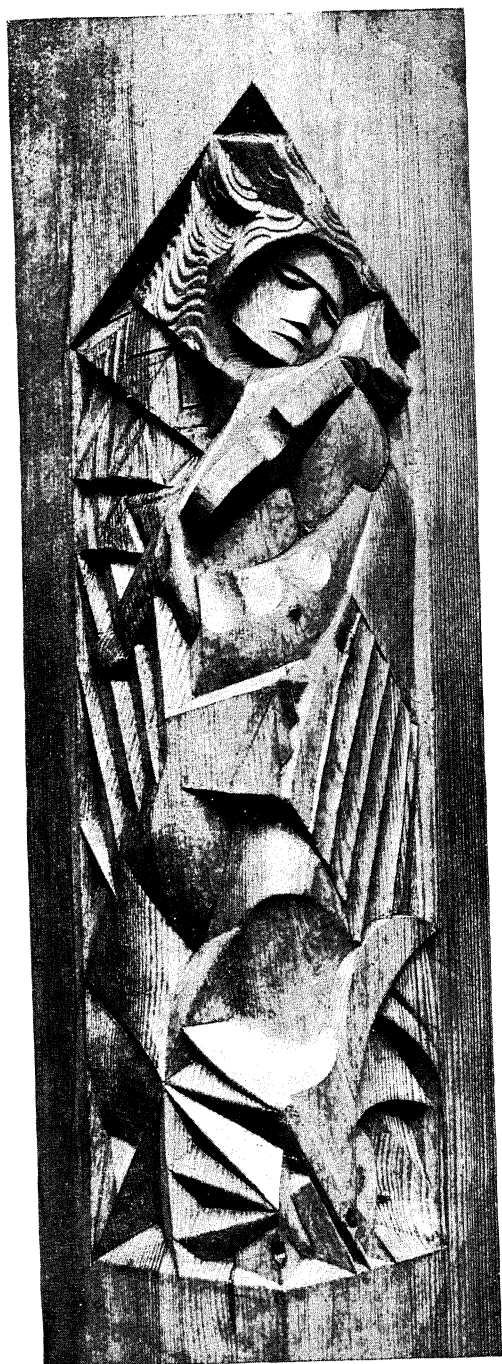
IN general people know very little about Poland. The reason for this is that Poland in losing her independence a hundred and fifty years ago was divided among three neighbouring States—Russia, Austria and Germany. During the time of her captivity, she was obliged to direct all her efforts towards the maintenance of her mental and spiritual freedom in order not to lose her national consciousness.

Obviously, in these circumstances, it was impossible to think of creative work in many fields in which other nations, placed in happier conditions, could develop freely. Therefore, at the end of the world war, when Poland regained her independence, threw off the foreign yoke and stood in the ranks for further work, she had “apparently” a far more difficult task than many of her brother nations. I say “apparently” because many conquests of so-called civilisation have, during this period, outlived their time and passed into the archives. The new era brought with it new problems and new aims in a quite different direction.

Works of art, up to this time, were accessible to certain privileged classes; the whole production went chiefly in the line

¹ The illustrations accompanying this article are from a chapel in the Polish Pavilion at the Paris Exhibition, 1925, referred to above.





ART IN POLAND

of luxury—the masses had to be satisfied with common and valueless stock.

Artists have now begun the noble struggle to bring beauty into common life, to the home and its surroundings, to the utensils of daily life for all, regardless of their position in Society. And now Poland can stand proudly in the ranks for she possesses enormous treasure in the artistic production of her peasantry, from which she can take models for her future creations.

At the world Exhibition of Crafts and Decorations, at Paris, in 1925, the Polish Pavilion attracted the attention of all critics and connoisseurs. Unanimous opinion marked out Poland among other nations. Polish *kilims*, (woollen carpets), with peasant motifs, found numerous purchasers.

The beautiful designs of Mme. Stryjenska, who decorated the walls of the Pavilion with scenes in colour from Slav mythology, deserve more space than can be given here, and perhaps in the future it will be possible to devote a separate article to them. Now, I shall dwell only on the chapel.

The chapel is the work of Mr. Szczepkowski, sculptor and Director of the Municipal School of Arts, Warsaw. From the first moment of entrance, the spectator is struck by the deeply religious and elevated, yet simple, character of the chapel. It is built of common Polish fir-wood, lightly waxed, which gives it a beautiful golden hue; and it is richly ornamented with carvings of purely Polish design. There is something exceptionally harmonious and mystic in the style of this work. The leading idea which the artist has followed is a *Star*, a motif which is very often met with in characteristic Polish peasant

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art. This star, placed under the middle vault, serves as a point of departure for the artist. From it the rays spread in different directions and embrace the altar and the walls. Amongst them appears the whole traditional world of figures adoring the Divine Child.

The whole gives the impression of a mighty hymn of Beauty and Devotion. He who knows Poland will find in this work all the soul of the Polish people—simplicity of feeling, fertility of imagination and mystic exaltation.

Mme. Czajkowska

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THE STAR

NOV 1928

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HEAD OF THE ORDER . . . J. KRISHNAMURTI



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To draw together all those who believe in the presence of the World-Teacher in the world.

To work with Him for the establishment of His ideals.

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MEMBERSHIP: Membership in the Order is open to all who sympathise with its objects.
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A News Bulletin is also issued from the Headquarters at Eerde, Ommen, Holland.

THE STAR

NOVEMBER, 1928



VOL. I. NO. 11

THE STAR, the official organ of the Order, is published in the English, French, German, Spanish, Dutch, Polish, Russian, Italian, Finnish, Icelandic and Scandinavian languages. It consists of two Sections—International and National. For the former, matter is prepared at and distributed from Eerde, Ommen, Holland. For the latter the matter is collected and edited by the National Editorial Board at Adyar.

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Annual Subscription to THE STAR for India, Rs. 4-8, post free.

Single copies eight annas each.

All Cheques and Money Orders to be made payable to the Manager,
THE STAR, Adyar, Madras, S.

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SUPPLEMENT

*THE BELOVED IN ALL*¹

J. KRISHNAMURTI

MY well-Beloved and I
Are one.
I come forth from Him.
My being is in Him.
Without Him I am
As the cloud
That wandereth from one shelter
To another,
That hath no resting place.
In Him
Is my rest.
In Him
Is my glory.
For in Him
All things exist
And I in all.

O friend,
I tell thee
Of the way to the heart
Of the Beloved.
For I am the Beloved.

This poem must not be reprinted in any magazine whatever without permission from The Star Publishing Trust, Eerde, Ommen, Holland.

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My Beloved and I
Are one.
As a dew-drop
Entereth the sea,
So have I become one
With my Beloved.

The well-Beloved
Is in all.
All things are in the Beloved.
The blade of grass
That men do tread down,
The great spreading tree
That giveth shelter,
The green reptile,
That men hold in terror,
The fly that annoyeth
The seller of the sweetmeat,
The singing bird
That delighteth the ear,
The fierce lion
That giveth fear
To the heart of the forest,
The simple barbarian
That men hold up in contempt,
The man of great knowledge
That giveth satisfaction to many,
The worshipper of many gods
That wandereth from shrine to shrine.

Life is one
As my Beloved and I
Are one.

THE BELOVED IN ALL

There is only one way
To the heart of the Beloved.
That path lieth
Through thyself,
Through thine own heart.
Of that I tell thee.
There be many forms
Of His manifestation,
But there is only one way,
O friend,
That leadeth me
To the heart of my well-Beloved.

In times
When I obeyed
The laws of the gods
Of the world,
I walked on the paths
That lead to their shrines,
And there
I was held in the power
Of their small authority.
But the fury of discontentment
Drove me on,
Never stayed I
In the shelter
Of the temple.
As one wandereth
From place to place
In search of lasting comfort.
So wandered I,
Setting aside the comforts
That gave me over to sleep,

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Till in the long last
I opened my heart ;
There found I
My well-Beloved.

Many will tell thee,
O friend,
That there be various works,
Many ways,
To the approach of the Beloved.
Yea,
There be,
But they all lead
To one path,
For there is only one way
To the heart of the Beloved.
Of that I tell thee.

If thou wouldst discover
My well-Beloved
That abides in me,
O friend,
Then thou must
Set aside all thy gods,
Thy comforts, thy small authorities..
Thou must cleanse thyself
Of thy conceit of little knowledge.
Thou must purify thyself
Of thy heart and mind.
Thou must renounce all
Thy companions,
Thy friends, thy family,
Thy father, thy mother,

THE BELOVED IN ALL

Thy sister and thy brother.

Yea,

Thou must renounce all.

Thou must destroy

Thy self utterly,

To find the Beloved.

O friend,

Wouldst thou walk

In the light of a candle

When I give thee

The light of the Beloved?

I tell thee

My Beloved and I are one,

I know the way.

Come with me,

I shall lead thee

To my heart

Where dwells the Beloved.

There be many reflections

That fade and die away,

But I possess

The truth

That is everlasting.

Of that I give Thee,

O friend.

Why is there doubt

In thy heart?

Art thou happy in the shadows?

Do men give thee

The substance that shall

Satisfy thy hunger?

Thou playest by the rivers

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Of water,
But they quench not
Thy burning thirst.
Art thou content
With the decaying ?

O friend,
My heart is heavy with love
For thee.
Come to me
And I shall give thee
Of my love,
That knoweth no alteration,
That knoweth no decay,
That withereth not,
For my well-Beloved and I
Are one.
I come from Him,
I tell thee
Of the way that lieth hid
In the heart of my Beloved.
I shall open unto thee
The gate
That shall admit thee
To the abode of my well-Beloved.
The valley lieth in the shadow
Of a deep cloud,
And I dwell among
The mountain tops.
Yea,
My well-Beloved and I are one.

J. Krishnamurti

THE SPIRITUAL ADVENTURE¹

CLAUDE BRAGDON

A free paraphrase of Krishnaji's philosophy as Claude Bragdon heard him expound it in a lecture at New York in April, 1928.

IN times past the seeker after spiritual freedom and enlightenment went to the monastery, the forest, or the mountain, there to lead the secluded life of the ascetic. To-day it must be otherwise, for no place is any longer secure from some sort of invasion; nor is such withdrawal from the world necessary or even advisable. You must find *within yourselves* the cell, the cave, the jungle, to which to withdraw in consecrated moments while living the ordinary life of every day under the conditions imposed by duty or necessity.

Self-mastery and the understanding of life are necessary for spiritual enlightenment, and these can be gained best by living. Do not shun life, therefore, nor be afraid to adventure and experiment, even to court danger, if need be, overcoming your fears by facing them. For if you trust life, instead of fearing it, you will find that life will itself sustain you. The swimmer who fears the water, and frantically struggles to escape from it, is likely to drown; but having confidence in the water's power to sustain him, the more he immerses himself, the more he is buoyed up.

¹ Reprinted by permission of *The Outlook*, New York, U.S.A.

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Religion is a refuge from these human fears and a consolation against life's disappointments and indignities ; but you should be fearless, and when you come to understand life truly you will no longer be disappointed and will have no need for consolation. Religion gives the support that a crutch gives to a cripple ; but it is not, after all, man's natural condition to be lame ! Philosophy is a game of the mind which may keep you playing with ideas about life instead of adventuring into action toward liberation. Religion and philosophy may therefore sometimes hinder more than they help, for they are crystallizations, formalizations, inherited from the past. The sectarian is like a man who blocks up every window in his house but one, and therefore sees only what happens to pass by that particular window. Look no longer through one or another window ; come into the open ; build no more houses to confine your spirit ; found no new religions, formulate no new philosophies—*live !*

Knowledge is the harvest of the mind, but not wisdom, which is true understanding. This comes through the education of the heart, by the development of the affections. Love all you can and everyone you can, and as disinterestedly as possible, for the highest and most potent form of love is dispassionate—or call it passionate kindness. If you ask a return for love, it is like asking payment for a gift ; if you are jealous and possessive, you drape the one you love with invisible chains. These are the ways in which your self-love disguises itself, even from yourself. Do not decry love, therefore, because of your own self-inflicted torment, nor forswear love because you yourself have failed in magnanimity. Purify your mind and emotions as a protection against the wolves of your own passions. Regulate your thoughts, transmute your feelings, seek for them some beautiful expression, harmful neither to yourselves or others, even beneficent. For suppressed desires

THE SPIRITUAL ADVENTURE

generate psychic and organic poisons, while action and expression keep clear the waters of the sacred fountain, and wisdom and mastery are gained from the experiences and reactions which a life of intelligently directed action brings.

Living openly, fearlessly, blamelessly—and, so far as possible, beneficently—there will come a time when you will have to revolt. But be sure that you revolt only against that which denies you the freedom of thought and action necessary to your awakened self—old folk-ways, conventions, and man-made moralities which, like the ghosts of the dead, still terrify and tyrannize, though long since past their term. Revolt is a necessity of progress, but it should be dispassionate, impersonal, intelligent—you should know what you are revolting against, and why.

Creating in this way your own unique world of experience, strive always for *simplicity*—not the simplicity of crudeness, but of culture. Culture is not mere intellectual adroitness; it is the synthesis each is able to make of all that he has learned, felt, and experienced. Of such a culture simplicity is the final flower; behind it are cataclysms of the soul and accumulations of wisdom, just as behind the simplicity of a leaf are cosmic and geological cataclysms.

Everyone desires and strives for *happiness*, and in the same way that an animal is guided toward what is good for it by its instinctive likes and aversions, this desire for happiness may be made the thread to guide you through the labyrinth of life. For you will increasingly learn to forswear the pleasure which lasts but a moment, which dies in satiety, which changes to its opposite, in favor of those more serene and enduring pleasures which are related to the altruistic and impersonal life. To put

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it figuratively, in the cultivation of your garden you will weed out the plants of fugitive pleasure, killed by the first frost, and plant in their place those hardy perennials which the winds of chance and the snows of adversity do not affect. So doing, the time will come when, having tasted and tested joys and sorrows without number, you will glimpse a happiness, having which, you can dispense with every other. The expression '*unity of being*' serves both to name this happiness and to define its necessary condition.

How shall this unity of being be achieved? Only by so purifying, developing, and harmonizing the physical, emotional, and mental natures that they shall not mutually interfere with and negate one another, like unruly horses pulling opposite ways, but work *together*, operate as *one*. This requires that order of skill and talent which belongs to the artist, for the function of art is the achievement of unity—out of chaos and diversity to bring every element into such organic relation to every other that beauty may result. For the establishment of such a unity of being freedom is essential, for where there are prohibitions there will be inhibitions, and where there are suppressions there will be self-repressions, and these things are fatal to the establishment of harmony within one's self. But the freedom you need most is inner freedom, a thing no law, no power, no person, is able to deny to any one. The process of harmonization is twofold: to make the inner life of thought and emotion equal to the demands of the deeper, more magnanimous, and impersonal self, and to adjust the outer life of action to the social framework in accordance with these new demands. Were either of these perfectly achieved, the other would be also.

Make your life a thing of beauty; recognize the possibility of its infinite perfectability and take your evolution in your

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own hands, shepherding with your will all your weak, unruly, ignorant selves into the sheepfold of your spirit. The strength and wisdom to do this will be yours as you progress, for the sheep are themselves the shepherd and the sheepfold, and the follower of the path is himself the path.

The harmonization of the threefold nature results in beauty of life and unity of being, and these lead to *union*. The nature and results of union are incommunicable ; it is something which can only be realized, not related or described. It can be indicated allegorically in terms of the amorous meeting of man and woman, for that is the most perfect symbol of this union of the personal self with its divine counterpart. It has been called Nirvana ; it has been called Heaven. It is the Kingdom of Happiness.

Claude Bragdon

THE CONQUEST OF ILLUSION¹

AN ADDRESS GIVEN BY DR. J. J. VAN DER LEEUW

At the Ojai Star Camp, 1928

I WANT to go with you on a voyage of exploration, a voyage of discovery. We are to discover a new world, new to many of us, a world of reality, a world of Life. You cannot discover that world by listening to a lecturer, but only by going on a voyage of discovery. For that, however, you must have a sense of adventure. If to you the world is ordinary and commonplace, if you find life dull, if you should belong to those unhappy people who are bored with life unless every day they can find a new sensation or a new thrill, then this voyage is not for you. If you should belong to the still more unhappy people who have explained away Life so that it holds no further mystery for them, then again you cannot go on this voyage of discovery. But if to you the world is full of mystery, if around you you sense the unknown, the great life, everywhere, then come on this journey within yourselves, and I promise that you will discover new lands of beauty and eternal joy such as you can never find on any ordinary voyage.

But I do not promise you that the way shall be easy. You have to go through hardships, through bleak desolation, through mental suffering if you wish to discover Truth.

¹ For a more complete exposition of Dr. van der Leeuw's address, see his new book, *The Conquest of Illusions* (Publisher, Alfred Knopf) to be had through any bookseller.

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It always means suffering when we disturb our mental comfort, and I want to begin to-day by shaking your mental comfort, if it should not have already been shaken. In order to do it I shall put before you a few very elementary facts of science. Science cannot help you finally to discover that land of reality, but it can help to shake that mental rest in which so many of us stagnate.

We are so sure of ourselves and of this world surrounding us that there is no mystery left. We are quite certain that we are within and there, opposite and around us, stands the world, which we know so well.

We are sure of ourselves: but who are we? We are not the one we were in the past, the past is over. We are not yet the one we are to be in the future, the future is not yet. But what is the present? It has no duration. While I speak it has passed by. It does not even last a fraction of a second, not a millionth part of a second; it is only a mathematical line dividing past and future. It has no existence. Well then, if my past self no longer is, my future self is not yet and my present self has no existence, then I do not exist at all. Neither do you exist. I have now disposed of my entire audience and myself. Apparently none of us exist, and that should be enough to shake us at least to some sense of adventure, a sense that there is something to discover.

But there is much more to follow. You are all seated comfortably or uncomfortably on the ground and you are quite sure that this solid, nice earth is all around you. You can feel it; if you lift the stones they are hard, heavy and solid and you know this good old solid world is about you. But when we study some elementary facts of science we see how that which we call

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matter is composed of ultimate units, and these units are described as charges of negative electricity whirling like planets around a core of positive electricity. How very immaterial matter thus becomes. Think of this whole world of wood, iron, earth, grass, human beings, as far as we see it physically, all consisting of negative charges of electricity, whirling around positive cores. You have all read about this; it is an elementary fact of science. But it is not enough to read and to agree; if that simple fact of science cannot shake you so that your whole world appears new and strange then you have not read, you have not believed. When, as a boy, I first read that there is no matter as such, I remember, for weeks and for months afterwards, it would not let me rest; I wanted to know what this world was which seemed disposed of by one magic stroke. We read, listen, agree and believe, but it means nothing to us if it does not shake and change our lives.

We read in these same elementary scientific books that no two of these negative charges of electricity are ever in contact. The conclusion is that our human bodies cannot touch anything else, that we are not touching the earth, even now. If that does not disturb you, when you hear that you do not touch the earth you are sitting on, what can disturb you? They are such simple facts; we have all read them over and over again, but it is of vast importance that we let them eat into the very marrow of our bones, let them disturb our rest so that we know no rest, until we find truth and reality.

But, you will say, "At least I see the world. I see these beautiful trees around me, this blue sky, these green leaves. That surely is real, that world as I see it around me, as my senses show it." Let us again first shake our mental comfort in this respect.

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Science teaches you that there is a vast, unlimited range of vibrations in air and ether. Our senses respond to little groups here and there, and these groups, as they become sense perceptions, appear to us as sound, light, colour and so forth. But if you had a group of senses, none of which responded to vibrations to which you respond now, but which responded to different groups of vibrations, then your world would not have much in common with the world you now see around you. If two such beings met, you with your five senses and the other being with his five or more senses, and you compared views, you would both claim that your world was the real one. Which of you would be right?

Now you have all read about these simple things, but what change has it made in your lives? These are facts which should shake our complacent view of this world. We must analyze the process of sense perception and see what measure of reality our world has.

Let us consider our sense of vision and see what happens when I look at this green tree. Science says that a vibration reaches the eye, that it is focussed through the lens on the sensitive retina behind the eye, where molecular, structural and chemical changes take place. Then a movement takes place along the optic nerve to the grey matter in the brain, corresponding to the sense of sight. Then, in the brain, probably a chemical change takes place. But still there is no image of a green tree. The green tree has not entered my brain. In my brain it is dark, and even if an image could enter there is no one there to see it. The last we know is a possible chemical change in the dark grey matter of the brain. And then suddenly I, the conscious individual, am aware of the green tree. Do you not see there

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is a mystery there? Then we take this image of the green tree and we project it, as it were, in the place of the unknown reality. We hang it on the peg of the unknown; we clothe that world of unknown things with the images arising in our consciousness and then we call that 'the world'. But we must go even further; for the vibrations reaching the eye, the very eye, this whole body, all that is known to me in the same way. I do not know their real being. I only know them as they appear in my consciousness.

I know nothing but my own consciousness. It is one of the most terrible discoveries to realize that each one of us lives in the world of his own consciousness alone and that all we know of our fellowmen, all we know of the great reality beyond is the image appearing in our consciousness, the awareness created there. That holds good, not only for the green tree, but for our own bodies which we feel and see in a similar manner. It holds good for all that belongs to what we call the external universe.

Do not just listen to this, but try to realize in yourselves what it means. If it does not come to you as a shock, if it does not change your life, then you have not understood.

Each one of us lives in the world of his own consciousness, knows only that which appears in that consciousness. You will ask: "Is then this whole world merely my creation? Is it my dream, my fancy; these trees, this nature, my fellowmen, are they all my creation?" But how could they be? If they were, you could change them at will. If any of your fellowmen annoyed you, you would cease to create them and they would be gone. What an empty world it would be! You can see for yourself that the fact of our not being able to change these

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images of ours at will shows that there is a reality which acts on my consciousness. As a result, in my consciousness, these images appear which I call the world.

We might express it in this way: Accept for a moment that there is this world, the world of eternal reality, in which things are in their true being. You may think of that world as a mathematical point. That eternal reality is all that ever was, all that is, all that ever can be, in its true nature, unchanging, abiding, in utter unity. The interrelation of things in this real world, their 'action' on my consciousness, produces in the world of my consciousness my world-image and I call that 'the world'. That world-image becomes reality for me. I look upon it as the world itself, whereas all the time it is my interpretation, my image of the world. Each of the millions of creatures, having his true being in that world of the Real, will have his experience of that eternal reality, each one of them will project in the world of his consciousness his world-image, and this shadow play he calls 'reality'. It is all he knows of the world.

When I think again of that tree I can picture to myself that tree in the world of reality as a mathematical point, having within itself all that in my consciousness, or any other consciousness, can produce the image of the tree. It is only in my consciousness that this tree exists so many feet high, so heavy, so rough to the touch, with such colors, and with these time and space measurements. All these are the way in which I interpret eternal reality. That is a tremendous fact to be realized, not just to be agreed with. All this is not an intellectual picture puzzle in which the pieces fit well. It is something to be realized, to be experienced in one's own consciousness and then it becomes a tremendous thing.

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Now you might say, "Oh, then this whole world I see is only my illusion." So many say that, but it is a phrase empty of meaning. You do not believe it yourselves. You may say this world of matter is illusion, this time, this space is only illusion, but you deny it in your every action. How can you say space is an illusion when some of us had to come six thousand miles to be at this camp? I assure you it was no illusion. How can you say time is an illusion when, if you had come a week too late, there would have been no camp? How dare you say matter is illusion when the lunch hour strikes? We deny these phrases in our daily life; it is dangerous to use them and not really believe them.

What then is illusion, this *maya* which we must conquer? It is not the image arising in my consciousness, not my interpretation of the world, which has a vital relation to the reality that produces it, but the fact that I forget the relation of that image to myself. That is the great illusion. When I see and hear this world, with its colours, its sounds, its solidity, its glamour of reality, I forget that it is my interpretation, the image in my consciousness, that it has only existence *in relation to* my own individual consciousness. We cut the image off from that consciousness; we place it outside and thus we make that which is relative into that which is absolute. When we have done that we start the whole series of delusions and sufferings which haunt the life of man.

Thus form is born. What we call form, the world of forms, is only this externalized world-image, which is perfectly proper in its place as part and parcel of my consciousness. But when I cut it off from my consciousness and place it outside me, it stands there surrounding me in a bewildering diversity, as many forms, all apart from me, all different. I appear in the midst of

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that world of diversity. Then the forms 'outside' claim an *absolute* nature which is not theirs by right, since they exist only *relative* to my own consciousness. Then illusion is born. Then are born all the problems which have haunted religion and philosophy. Then is born desire. We begin to contemplate and desire these forms which are our externalized world-image, which we have cut off from our consciousness. Our life becomes a play with them. Then the purpose of our life is there, in this world of forms; we seek support there, we seek authority there; we try to guide our life by books, by teachers. Then, in the pursuit of life, we seek things in that world of form; we want power, we want possessions. We want to have these things which appear to us so absolutely real, and our life goes out to the things which we desire to possess; we want to bind these forms to ourselves.

If you have experienced in yourself what I have just said about form you will see what a sorry, what an impossible play of shadows this is. We play with the image which we project all the time in our own consciousness. We play with the image which, in our illusion, we have cut off from our consciousness, thereby making it absolute, independent, instead of relative. Then arise monstrosities; then time and space, which have a perfect right in our world-image as long as we see them as relative to our consciousness, become absolute things. We talk of things as taking place in time and space; we give to things an objective beginning in time and an ultimate end in time. We see time as a scroll to be unrolled, and we look upon space as stretching beyond the farthest stars; we look upon separateness, this diversity as a real thing. Then we have laid the foundation, not of a few, but of thousands of problems which can never be answered, since they are all founded on this basic illusion in which we disconnect our own

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world-image from the consciousness in which alone it has existence.

But our delusion goes even further. Not content with having raised these many philosophical problems about the immortality of the soul, the justice of life, the freedom of the will, the relation between spirit and matter, all of which arise in illusion, we begin to answer them, which is much worse. When we claim to have answered these pseudo-problems, based on illusion, we stand condemned by our own claim. We brand ourselves as prisoners of illusion by claiming to have answered problems that spring from illusion.

If we realize illusion, we see that the way to reality, the way to truth, the way to peace from the turmoil of desire and pursuit in this outer world, cannot lie without. We must not take these problems at their face value. We must first seek reality, and until we have found this reality, until we have entered this world of the real, until we have entered this kingdom of true peace and freedom, we had better leave these problems aside. It is a form of sacrilege to answer problems, to solve the mystery of life, when we do not even yet realize there is such mystery. As long as we are prisoners in the world of our own consciousness, we cannot claim those things which are only seen in the light of freedom.

You all know the image in Plato's *Republic*, of the cave, where the prisoners are chained to the ground, seeing only the shadows cast on the wall. They cannot look behind them; they cannot see the objects moving in front of the opening of the cave. They only see the shadows cast on the wall, and, since that is all they see, it is their world. It is all they know. They construct their science of life out of these shadows. And

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if one of them should arise and turn his face the other way, discover the opening of the cave, come out in the glorious light of the sun and go back to his fellow prisoners and say, "Yours is not a real world; there is a world of which these forms are but the shadows," they would say: "He is mad. We know that this is a real world. Is it not the world of our fathers? Has it not always corresponded to our views of it?" And if he told them to look behind them, his words would have no meaning. They do not know the direction. They only know the direction facing them.

Thus it is with us. We are bound in this cave of our consciousness; we only see the shadow-play, the images in this consciousness. And if someone says to us: "Turn around, go through the opening of the cave, which is the centre of your consciousness and see what is beyond, find the world of reality," we say: "But where is it? Is it here? Is it there? Where must I travel, where can I go to find it?" We only know the direction of our externalized space, our externalized world-image, and if we say, "Go within," the words have hardly any meaning. Our whole life is spent in contemplating our world-image, in gazing upon our own projection, and so when we are told this world of reality lies within, we feel lost and do not know how to go there.

Yet the way of going there is very simple, only it is a way very few of us like. The first conditions to find that way are silence and solitude. Now we do not like silence. We speak a great deal about the marvellous gift of speech, but in some ways speech is a curse, in so far as words cloud the reality they cannot express. Do you not all know that the greatest moments of your lives are speechless? You do not speak in the presence of death; you do not speak when your sorrow or your joy is

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really great. When you have lost a friend who was dear to you and you find him back after years of sorrow, do you go to him and speak in the conventional way and ask: "Did you have a good trip?", "How are you?" and "How is your family?" No, you look him in the eyes and in that silence your soul speaks to his soul in a language far more eloquent than any words can be. Silence is always so much more eloquent than speech. The true gift of speech is the ability to be silent. Until we realize that, until in the confusion of noise we can find silence, we cannot hope to enter this world of reality. We despise silence. And yet, have you never felt how, after a disharmony of sound, silence comes like a balm to heal the wounds of speech? If you have felt that, and the strength which it creates in you, you will seek silence, and only in that silence will you become strong.

The second condition is solitude. Not the solitude of running away and hiding in a hermitage, saying: "I do not see anyone, so I am alone." How can you be alone? how can you be in solitude if you still believe in this shadow play as the world of reality? In your solitude, will you not find your retreat peopled by the shadows of your emotions and thoughts? How can you be alone as long as they haunt your days, as long as they disturb you? True solitude can be found in the crowd as well as in the retreat. The true solitude must be within, not merely physical, external.

The first step in finding solitude is to cease contemplating the world-image you project around you. Turn your face the other way; find the centre whence the image is projected and try to pass through it. You must renounce the image which stands around you; renounce the external world at all levels; renounce the play of your desires and emotions; renounce the

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dazzling display of your ever changing thought and imagining. Then sink into the depth of your own inner life as a diver sinks into the green cool depths of the sea. We always think we must attain by tremendous effort, tremendous strain ; it is just the opposite when we try to find the world within. We must release all strain, all effort, and go within. Sink into your own consciousness until there you come to the centre where there is nothing, where even you yourself are no more. Even the contemplation of your own consciousness must cease when you have conquered the external bondage of physical form, of emotion and of thought. Even consciousness, even self must be renounced, so that within yourself you come to the great Void where there is nothing. Here no friend can follow, no teacher can guide you, no book can give you instructions, no ceremonies can give you support, nothing and no one can help you.

If you are not willing to face the terrors of that Void, you cannot hope to attain the world of reality beyond. I have known that Void ; and I know the Reality beyond. And I can say with certainty that it is impossible to reach this world within, this world of reality, unless we are willing to pass through the bleak desolation of that void within our own consciousness, unless we are willing to die unto ourselves so that we may live truly.

Now you can see why there can be only one way to reality. You may have different temperaments ; some may be artists, some scientists, some rulers, some priests ; you may gather your experience in the vast realm of life in very many ways. But for each one of you, on your own path must come the moment that you have to pass through the void of your own centre of consciousness in order to reach Reality. You may gain many

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beautiful and splendid things in other ways, but if you wish to gain reality, life, truth, there is only one way, this way which goes within. Unless you pass through the void and desolation within, you cannot find the fullness of life beyond. But when you do pass beyond, you know what life is; then you find what freedom, what peace, what beauty, what joy can be.

Do not think of it as just another world; do not think there is this world here and a few more beautiful worlds beyond and then finally there is a very beautiful world which is this world of reality. Do not try to give it a place in your divisions and subdivisions of worlds as people so often do. It is not a world in any spatial or even subtle sense. All words are difficult here. Even the phrase 'we enter this world' is wrong. The moment we pass through that void in ourselves, we are no longer we; we are no longer the separate creatures, but the reality itself. In that Nirvana there is no place for the personal pronoun; there is no I; there is no separate creature; there is only reality; there is only the one Eternal which is past and future, which is all the worlds that have been, that can be and that are.

That reality is so simple. It is the only world. There are not two worlds; not two realities; there is not one world of reality and one world of illusion; there is only the one eternal absolute Reality, whatever name you wish to give it. That Reality is all that has been, all that can be, all that is, an eternal Present. In that we are; in that is every blade of grass; in that is every tree—not as we see them, but in their own true nature, in their essential being. There is utter unity; it is only in our consciousness that this play of separateness, which we call 'the world' arises. This has existence only relative to us; the real world is one, undivided, eternal and absolute.

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Nothing matters but reaching that world in which illusion is no more. We speak of our life and our evolution; we think of ourselves in the past and we see ourselves in the future. But our real being in that world is eternal; it is our past and future as a present reality. That is our true being, the complete cycle of 'evolution'. What here we call ourselves is only an ever-shifting cross-section of our eternal being.

That is why there is no beginning and no end to evolution. Time only exists as relative to ourselves. What we call evolution is self-realization. We realize our own eternal being and we call that realization growth, evolution. We have dreams of how great we shall be one day, and how when we have reached that greatness, another vision will open before us of still greater greatness, and as that stands to the present, so there will be a yet greater vision. And we say: "What a magnificent conception!" That is only deluding ourselves. One can just as well say: "Here is a grain of dust; look at this vast world; look at the stars; see the Milky Way. Think then of the whole Milky Way as a grain of dust in another universe. What a magnificent conception!"

Do you think you get magnificence by heaping bigness on bigness, greatness on greatness? All the time the true magnificence, the true greatness is within, if one will but pierce this veil of time and through the present enter the eternal. We are all that ever has been, all that ever can be, all that is. Then we no more speak of a greatness beyond, in the future, as of importance for us.

It is even so when we speak of the creation of the universe and think of the great Being that created it. What else is this creation of the world but his realization of his own eternal

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being, within which our own realization takes place? That is again why you can never find a beginning of creation and why there will never be an end to it. All objective ends and beginnings are part of our externalized time. When we have conquered that, we do not ask these questions any more.

We clamor for immortality. What do we mean? We want to live forever in time. We want to remain in some glorified form. We demand that this miserable illusion of a cross-section of our eternal being may be immortal. If you will but renounce your dream of immortality and enter the eternal, you will find something, in the light of which, immortality becomes a vain and empty dream. Who would demand immortality when he has experienced the eternal? In the experience of the eternal, there is no room for fear, and there is no room for hope, because there is certainty.

That world, the only reality, the only joy, the only freedom, the only peace, is waiting all the time within ourselves. But we rush forward all the time; we are always intent on the next moment. We think that sometime we are going to achieve something, and we forget that the only place and the only moment where the eternal can be attained is the here and the now. We must pierce the present; in it alone lies the secret door to the eternal. We must pierce the time and place in which we are. Then we will find the omnipresence of the eternal. We seek it in the far future, in distant lands; and all the time the open door to our prison is within. We cannot see it and we remain prisoners of our own world-image.

Do you really desire to free yourselves from that prison? Because if you do, your desire cannot be merely a wish. So many of us like to attain to truth, to reality, to life and freedom.

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But it is just an object in life which takes its place by the side of many other objects; if we do not get the one, we get the other. In that way we will never attain. You know the story of the candidate for wisdom who came to an Indian yogi and asked to be accepted as his disciple. The yogi refused him first, but when the young man insisted, he said: "Come with me," and led him to a small lake behind his dwelling. There he bade him enter the water with him and held him under water for a few seconds. When the disciple came up choking and spluttering, the yogi asked him: "When you were under water, what did you desire most?" He answered: "Air, I wanted air!" "Well," the yogi said, "when you desire truth and reality as much as you desired air when you were under water, then alone can you attain." Do you desire Reality that way? Do you desire it in a way that you feel life is impossible unless you have it?

When we begin to see that nothing from without in the way of knowledge can yield truth, then we begin to tread the path that leads through our own consciousness to Reality. But the desire for truth, the desire for life, the desire for reality must be one dominant note in our lives. If all else is not subservient to it, if all else is not secondary, you cannot hope to attain it. Therefore, if you say you desire this freedom, this reality, this peace, think whether you really desire it. If you do, your life will become very different. Nothing else will exist, and then you will attain.

Within us is the open door to our prison house. Most of us do not even know we are prisoners and we think our prison is a marvellous world of freedom. Those who know they are prisoners generally complain and say: "We are bound; will not some one set us free?" But the great the tragical secret is

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that the door of the prison is always open. The open door is always there, if we will but go through it and find freedom.

What is this freedom? It is hearing the song of life in all things, the trees we see, the sky above us, the world around us. We are the song of life, the song of the eternal. There can only be freedom in the eternal which is without a second. There can never be freedom in that beside which other creatures exist. Only the One, alone, eternal, absolute, is free. There then waits our freedom, our peace and our joy. They are ours for the asking if we will but pass out of the present of our own making, pass through the open door in our own consciousness and enter that world where there is freedom, where there is peace, where there is happiness which can never again be lost.

J. J. van der Leeuw

THE RIGHT TO INTERPRET

PROF. E. A. WODEHOUSE

IN the course of his article, entitled 'Thoughts on the Advent,' in the June number of *THE STAR*, Bishop Arundale raises a question which seems to me worthy of discussion. Having announced that he proposes to put down some of his more recent and mature reflections on the subject of Krishnaji, he says: "I do not pretend for a moment to interpret him. To do so would be both presumptuous and foolish." And his explanation is: "If I seek to interpret the Lord, I am endeavouring to measure the immeasurable by the standard of the limited. I am endeavouring to declare the Lord to be that which He appears to me to be in the dull light of my own extremely partial understanding. He is all things to all men, nay, to all life, for He is the Eternal and the True in all things."

Now what is incontrovertibly true in the above statement will at once be obvious to all—so obvious that, perhaps, it hardly needed saying. It is that it is quite impossible for any finite intelligence to comprehend fully, and thus to interpret fully, an Intelligence which is infinite. Any claim to be able to do so, therefore, will as Bishop Arundale rightly remarks, be 'both presumptuous and foolish'. Still more foolish and presumptuous (one would add) will it be, if the would-be interpreter seeks, in any way, to bind others by his interpretation. The claim, in other words, that "this, and nothing else, is what the Lord means, and everybody

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must accept this version of His meaning" is a claim which only presumptuous folly would think of making, and which will be recognised by all sensible people as thoroughly deserving the Bishop's condemnation. But is anyone actually so arrogant as to make such a claim? One would have thought not. But apparently this incredible thing is being done, and done widely. For we read on the next page of Bishop Arundale's article: "There are many people laying down the Law as they think Krishnaji lays down the Law." And 'laying down the Law' here can, from the context, only mean the kind of personal and dogmatic 'interpretation' to which we have just alluded.

I do not propose to go into this question of fact, except to say that, for my part, I have come across no instance of such arrogance. I have read articles, in the various Star magazines, in which the writers have tried honestly to put down a little of what Krishnaji and his teaching meant to them—such articles, for example, as the modest and admirably straightforward little essay by Mr. Justice Chandrasekhara Aiyar, entitled 'The Way of Happiness,' part of which appears in the same issue as Bishop Arundale's own article, or one, a month or two ago, which I thought excellently simple and pointed and unpretentious, by Mr. Yadunandan Prasad. But I have found in none of these that spirit of presumptuous folly, to which Bishop Arundale refers. I cannot say anything further, however, as I have not read all the Star periodicals; and I am prepared to believe that Bishop Arundale's knowledge of Star literature is far more extensive than my own. I can only say that, if his judgment be true, the Star magazines that I have not read must be very different in tone from those which I have read. But perhaps he is referring, not to writings, but to talk. In that case also I cannot follow him into the region of facts, since I am not acquainted with the talk that is going on

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in various parts of the world. I therefore leave the question of fact and pass to the more abstract question—which is the really important one—of the general right to interpretation.

Let us start from the truism already propounded—that a finite intelligence cannot understand fully, and interpret fully, an Intelligence which is infinite. But does this mean that the finite intelligence must not try, at least, to understand as much as it can, even though it may know in advance that it can never get anywhere near the full meaning? I cannot think so. When a great teaching is given to the world, it is evidently given in order that men may understand it. And if it is the duty of every man to understand it, at least up to the limits of his capacity, it is *ipso facto* his duty to interpret it. For understanding, in such cases, means interpretation. I can only understand a teaching, in other words, in so far as I can lay hold of it and make it my own, by interpreting it into terms of my own particular nature. I may be right, or I may be wrong, in the meaning which I thus put upon it; but at least it is the best that I can do. Nor does the consciousness—which, if sensible, I shall undoubtedly have—that, as time goes on, I shall probably discover more and more meanings in it, including meanings which, perhaps, will refute and annul my first interpretation, imply that I must wait passively until those further meanings are unfolded. For the very nature of my intellect compels it to be continually active; and my way to the larger truth must necessarily lie through a series of interpretations and reinterpretations, each made according to the light available at the moment. So far, therefore, from it being foolish or presumptuous for me to ‘interpret’ a teaching, in this sense, it is something which I am forced to do by every law of my nature—the only possible alternative being to leave the teaching altogether alone and not to try to understand

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it at all. And if Bishop Arundale admits this, as I feel sure he will, then we have already reclaimed one portion of the field of 'interpretation' from the stigma of folly and presumptuousness.

I now pass to another, which I admit to be at first sight more debatable, but which is also, I venture to think, one in which a reclamation is to be made. Am I, or am I not, when I have discovered such a personal meaning in the teaching, to keep silent about it? Must I treasure it in secret, or am I allowed to tell others about it? Bishop Arundale would, I take it, advocate silence, since the sentence which I have already quoted ("I do not pretend for a moment to interpret him") can only mean "I do not presume to tell my readers about what Krishnaji and his teachings mean to me". For if it means more, that is, that he does not presume to impose upon others his own interpretation of Krishnaji, the sentence, as I have already said, contains a truth so obvious as hardly to be worth stating. Still, as I cannot be certain of the exact thought behind the sentence, I will let this point go. The real point is whether silence, or open utterance, in such a case, is to be commended more precisely, whether to tell other people of one's own personal interpretation is permissible or not.

I cannot help thinking, myself, that it is permissible—always with the reservation that there be no attempt to 'lay down the Law,' or to force others to believe as we do. And my reasons for this are as follows.

If, as Bishop Arundale says, the Lord 'is all things to all men' and consequently means something different to each individual, according to his special nature and his needs, then what He means specifically to A or B or C must at least be

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part of His total meaning, even if only an infinitesimal part. For A, or B, or C, therefore, to put into words something of this special significance, and to let others know about it, is, in its own humble way, a contribution to a total understanding and is consequently, one assumes, permissible. At least I can hardly think that it need be condemned, out of hand, as foolish or presumptuous. What is more, I have a feeling that for any individual to seek to make articulate his own reaction upon a great teaching may, in indirect ways, help others to make their own reactions articulate—rather in the fashion that to read a piece of literary criticism, upon any work of genius, has often the effect of stimulating the reader to apply to the work, in question, his own critical interpretations. Further, to a really generous mind, all expressions of appreciation of something which one loves oneself, and all tokens of a vivid interest in it—no matter how elementary and untutored—afford a real pleasure. If, for example, I love a particular poem, it delights me to find another praising it, and even interpreting it in his own particular fashion, although the interpretation may be quite different from my own. I discount the differences and think only of the bond between myself and the writer—that we both love the same thing. And something of the same kind of affectionate feeling might, I think, be extended to those who, at the present time, are saying or writing, out of the fulness of their hearts, what they feel and think about Krishnaji. The call is not for a frown. It is rather for a smile—even though the smile be one of deprecation and indulgence.

The example, just taken, of a favourite poem is, as a matter of fact, singularly applicable to the case in hand. For Krishnaji has dawned upon whole numbers of us, during the past year, as the revelation of a new beauty. He has come to us with

something of the thrill and delight of a freshly discovered master-piece of art. And the fact that many have been impelled to take to their pens, in order to unburden their bosoms of this wonderful experience, is, to my mind, just as innocent, and just as humanly pardonable as would be the impulse, on the part of anyone who had heard Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, or read the Ode on Immortality, for the first time, to sit down and pour out on paper what he felt about it. What they have written may have been nonsense. They may have allowed themselves to be carried away. To use Bishop Arundale's word, they may have been 'foolish'. But I do not think that the impulse was 'presumptuous'. So far from it being this, I should regard it as a form of homage. And even where a writer, here and there, has ventured into the perilous fields of 'interpretation,' this, I think, a little human sympathy would also indulge. For interpretation, under these circumstances, is only the writer's natural craving to express his intellectual, as well as his emotional debt. "I have felt illumined," he would tell us; "and this is how the illumination translated itself for me." Upon such ebullitions of spontaneous feeling Bishop Arundale, I cannot help thinking, might have turned a rather less austere eye. They appear to have, for him, a certain sinister implication, and he warns us several times to beware of a possible relapse. "Some will at the outset ecstatically accept," he writes, "their throbbing natures lifting them for the time into the Eternal. As time passes they will waver, and having begun with acceptance may end with rejection." Is not the 'will,' here, a little unkind?

But to get back to our subject. I cannot agree with Bishop Arundale that any form of 'interpretation' is presumptuous, unless it claims a coercive authority, and unless it claims to be final and all-inclusive. On the contrary, I hold that to the

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extent to which Krishnaji can set us all thinking about, and interpreting, his Message, the Star movement will be showing that it is alive. Nor can I hold that the imparting of their discoveries by individuals is necessarily the arrogant thing that Bishop Arundale would seem to take it to be. Here again, I conceive that the louder the chorus can be of "this is what I have found," and the greater the number of voices joining in it, the more evident the signs of life. For has not Krishnaji set us all, explicitly, searching on our own account? Are we not all on a veritable 'Treasure Hunt,' each following his own trail? And may not the lucky finder of, what seems to him, even a minute fragment of gold communicate his good fortune to his fellows? What are the twenty or thirty Star magazines for, if there is to be nothing of this sharing of discoveries? Are they for Krishnaji's writings only, and is all else in them, when it ventures upon comment or interpretation, merely folly and presumption? Surely not; for Bishop Arundale has contributed to THE STAR himself, and his whole article is a personal contribution, based on his own reflections, to the better understanding of what is involved, for all of us, by Krishnaji's presence in the world. And to that extent it is an interpretation—not perhaps of a teaching, but of a situation which is inseparable from the teaching itself.

To conclude—we are living, as I conceive it, in a time when the best and wisest of all policies is to let each other alone, and to allow all alike to react upon the new teaching in the way which is most natural to themselves—even though this take the form of testing their wits upon it and endeavouring, so far as they can, to 'interpret' it. They may be wrong in their interpretations. But what of it? They may be swept away by their enthusiasms. But what of that? They may even, if they are so foolish, imagine that what seems to themselves as

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illumination will be equally illuminating for others? But again, what of it? They are reacting amid conditions which are so unusual as to excuse a little lapse from commonsense. There is something in the air, which some may find a trifle intoxicating, and which may make them say and do silly things. Need we judge them too harshly? Is it necessary to knit the brow and talk of folly and presumption? Need we really bother ourselves about 'little groups,' who 'revel unctuously in their own keenness and rectitude,' or about 'the fanatically minded,' who 'will see insult in all that falls short of their own standard of behaviour, of what they consider to be the proper attitude'? They may exist; perhaps they do exist. But can we not let them be? Or—if they are to be chastised—can we not leave it to Krishnaji himself to chastise them? For that would be immeasurably more effective.

And so, as regards interpretation, the present writer would say to all Star members: Interpret, and go on interpreting, using your highest intelligence and the best intuition that you have; and if, in the process, you hit upon a helpful thought, or one that throws even the tiniest ray of light upon a difficulty, do not hesitate to share it with others, leaving it to them to accept it or reject it as they will; and remembering always that you are not infallible and that the light of to-morrow may supersede the light of to-day. And to Bishop Arundale he would suggest, with the very greatest respect, that, in place of the constant preoccupation with the shortcomings of Krishnaji's followers and associates, which has become so regular a feature of his recent utterances on the Star, he would be doing us a greater service, if he would give us, out of his profound experience of the inner life, his own personal interpretation of Krishnaji's Message to the world.

E. A. Wodehouse

THE CALL OF THE FLUTE

(A DRAMA IN ONE ACT)

BY ASIT K. HALDAR

[*Translated from the original Bengali by
Lotika Basu, B.Litt. (Oxon.)*]

SCENE I

(A TYPICAL sitting-room of a Bengal country house. At one end a spacious couch, at the other some chairs and a table. On the walls some gaudy prints by a popular artist. Seated on the couch, Nakuleswar leaning on cushions and smoking a hubble-bubble.) *Enter his friend, Kedarnath.*

NAKULESWAR

Hullo! Kedar, here you are at last. I sent for you on some very pressing business.

KEDARNATH

I knew there was something pressing, otherwise you . . .

NAKULESWAR

Tut! Tut! that was not the only reason. We had not met for a long time so I thought . . .

THE STAR
KEDARNATH

You need not excuse yourself. I am your devoted slave and would accomplish the seven wonders of the world for you.

NAKULESWAR

I shall not tax your powers to that extent, my friend. But truly, I am in great distress.

KEDARNATH

Distress! why should you be in distress, you in whose home the goddess of wealth herself resides.

NAKULESWAR

Why, that is exactly it! There is a conflict between this same goddess and her enemy the spirit of thriftlessness.

KEDARNATH

I expected as much when you married your son to a modern educated girl.

NAKULESWAR

You know my son did not consult me when he chose this inauspicious bride for himself.

KEDARNATH

Yes! the unsuitability of the choice is still the talk of the village.

THE CALL OF THE FLUTE

NAKULESWAR

Besides, you know, my daughter-in-law, instead of attending to the household as all proper housewives should, buries herself amongst her books.

KEDARNATH

Not only that, but we hear that she is very charitably disposed.

NAKULESWAR

Yes, her charities are so wide that she does not find time to eat or sleep. If I ask my son to remonstrate, he says she is old enough to look after herself.

(Enter cowherd)

COWHERD

Oh ! Help !

NAKULESWAR

What's the matter ?

COWHERD

What else, but that erratic daughter-in-law of yours. . . .

KEDARNATH

Hush ! Be calm and explain matters quietly. .

THE STAR
NAKULESWAR

What has my daughter-in-law done?

COWHERD

She has let loose my calf and it has drunk up all its mother's milk. When I remonstrated she rebuked me for my cruelty in selling the milk instead of allowing the calf to drink it.

NAKULESWAR (to Kedarnath)

Well Kedar! What am I to do with her?

KEDARNATH

What else, but send her away, or we shall all have to leave, bag and baggage.

NAKULESWAR (to Cowherd)

Sridhar, I shall pay up all your losses.

COWHERD

Thank you, Sir.

KEDARNATH

My friend, you will not be able to tame the girl so easily. Why not send her back to her father's place for a while?

THE CALL OF THE FLUTE

NAKULESWAR

That's exactly what I was thinking.

KEDARNATH

Then why not fix up the matter immediately by consulting your son?

NAKULESWAR

I shall. (calling) Charan!

(Enter Charan)

CHARAN

Yes! father.

NAKULESWAR

There is something I wish to tell you.

CHARAN

Yes! what is it?

NAKULESWAR

Your wife's behaviour is placing us in a very awkward position and it is seriously reflecting on our family prestige. Because of her our friends have left off visiting us.

THE STAR

CHARAN

I too find it difficult to face my friends.

NAKULESWAR

Well then, what do you say to sending her back to her father's house for a time?

CHARAN

It will be a great relief to me. (*Exit*).

KEDARNATH (*aside*)

It will be a great relief to the village !

NAKULESWAR

That's settled then, isn't it Kedar ?

KEDARNATH

I am only wondering how you will be able to bear the separation. After all you are fond of the girl.

NAKULESWAR

That can't be helped. One must obey the mandate of society.

KEDARNATH

You are right there.

THE CALL OF THE FLUTE

NAKULESWAR

And just think of it. Instead of attending to the household, you will find her wandering in the woods or counting the stars. If I say anything she will tell me to my face she doesn't like staying at home.

KEDARNATH

Certainly society can't tolerate such a nomad.

*(Enter Padmi,
a village woman)*

PADMI

Oh Sir ! you are ruined and disgraced.

NAKULESWAR

Why, what's the matter now ?

PADMI

The matter ! That matchless daughter-in-law of yours has just picked up a pariah child from the banks of the Rupnarain.

KEDARNATH

What ! Did you really see her with the child in her arms ?

PADMI

Yes ! I saw it with my own eyes.

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KEDARNATH

This will never do. Imagine the effect of such an example on the villagers !

NAKULESWAR

Well Kedar, let us go and see what she wants.

PADMI

What else should she want but to go to perdition ; coming from a noble family like yours, she should be ashamed to act as she does.

Asit K. Haldar

(To be continued)

THE GREAT-SOULED DAYARAM GIDUMAL

A message from his Retreat

T. L. VASWANI

‘THE Least of God,’—is the name of a little book worth its weight in gold. The book does not bear the author’s name. We read on the front page that the book is written by ‘Zero’ who is described as the author of ‘Leaves from the Diary of a Hindu Devotee’. The author was none other than the late lamented Diwan Dayaram Gidumal—one of the very few great men Sind has produced in the modern era. To this great one of our days, Sind has yet to do justice. Yet he loved her with no ordinary love. Who succoured the widow and helped the student and spent for the poor more generously? He held a high position; dear to him was the woman’s cause, he spent himself in its service; he went into voluntary seclusion; and from his quiet retreat he sent out a series of beautiful little books bearing his noble message.

On the day he dropped the robes of his high office he said to me he was engaged upon studies in the Life and Teachings of Guru Nanak. Perhaps, the most beautiful feature of Guru Nanak was his *humility*; and Dayaram Gidumal was a lover of the humble. Years ago, he wrote the life of Sadhu Hiranand and characterised his book as: ‘The history of a Humble Soul.’

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‘The Least of God!’ The name indicates his dominant aspiration of soul; he would be humble, poor in spirit, ‘the least of God’. It is a book which I can only compare with some of the Manuals of Devotion such as have enriched Hindu and Catholic literature. It is a book which should make a special appeal to the modern reader. For it seeks to interpret religious intuitions and emotions in terms of modern science. In writing it, the author had three objects in view. The first of these was ‘to realise God by means of the marvels of Science’; the second ‘to draw a lesson from the facts disclosed by Science which might enable me to see God everywhere’; and the third ‘to build a conclusion on those facts taken cumulatively’. He went to science “in order to see whether what I had learnt from Gurū Nanak as to God being the humblest of the humble—a servant of servants—as to the spiritual necessity of becoming a ‘least,’ that is, non-egoistic like Him in order to see Him everywhere, had the support, direct or indirect, of Science”. The whole book is a beautiful blend of science and spiritual emotions. It has some very abstruse passages which will be almost unintelligible to the average reader unfamiliar with the technical matters studied by special sciences; but it has also many passages of deep interest to the average reader—passages which in beautiful language indicate the glory of love, the value of meditation, the purpose of knowledge, the place of practical work. Of the three chapters: ‘Communion,’ ‘Analysis and Synthesis’ and ‘Love and Self-surrender’—perhaps the last one will be the most intelligible to the average reader.

In a passage of great beauty, Dayaram Gidumal shows that to be a ‘meditative soul’ is not to be selfish. The development of our heart and brain and soul, he says, is ‘true wealth’; without it we cannot be in touch with the Real world which is ‘not a world of Relativity’. But he is careful to add;

THE GREAT-SOULED DAYARAM GIDUMAL

“Before any one can meditate on such a world, he has to qualify himself by holy work—unless he has already so qualified in his previous life or this life.” The mystery of Beauty haunts him; he recognises that the Laws of the Universe are not merely ‘the laws science is discovering’ but also ‘laws of Beauty’. In a significant passage he says: “I have not passed my probation time wholly to my satisfaction. I did not understand that the finite was intended to lead to the Infinite.” The dominant aspiration of the book is expressed by him when he says: “Let us realise Him through his ‘least’ and become ‘least’ ourselves by utter self-giving.” This idea, indeed, runs through the songs of Sindhi poets and the sayings of Sindhi sages; this idea of ‘utter self-giving,’ applied to national affairs, is what we need urgently if we would carry the struggle to victory. Become ‘least’ by utter self-giving is the thought which needs to be meditated upon by all who would be servants of India. It is a thought which expresses, as it seems to me, the very heart of Sufi Sind; and in being loyal to it is her hope of spiritualising politics in the coming days.

T. L. Vaswani

THE STAR

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

The Second year of the Star Magazine begins with the January number and the Star Editorial Board (Adyar) will welcome any constructive criticism, any suggestions from you for its further improvement. Thought, effort and money are being put into the publication to make it interesting and instructive.

Your subscription, in most cases, expires with the December number and though the Magazine has been run at a loss this year, there will still continue the effort to keep, and to improve on, the present standard.

What is most needed is a wider circulation, and no finer appreciation of Krishnaji's own priceless contributions to the Magazine could be expressed than to double the numbers of subscribers. If each subscriber would find another subscriber for the coming year all our needs would be met. Your co-operation is earnestly and cordially invited.

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STAR

DEC

1928

ORDER OF THE STAR

HEAD OF THE ORDER . . . J. KRISHNAMURTI



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To draw together all those who believe in the presence of the World-Teacher in the world.

To work with Him for the establishment of His ideals.

.

MEMBERSHIP: Membership in the Order is open to all who sympathise with its objects.
There are no fees for membership. Certain National Sections have found it convenient to fix a regular subscription but this practice is not in any way binding on the Order as a whole.

ORGANISATION: There is a Chief Organiser for all International work.
The Headquarters of the Order is established at Eerde, Ommen, Holland.
The Order exists now in forty-five countries with a National Organiser in each country.
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A News Bulletin is also issued from the Headquarters at Eerde, Ommen, Holland.

THE STAR

DECEMBER, 1928



VOL. I. NO. 12

THE STAR, the official organ of the Order, is published in the English, French, German, Spanish, Dutch, Polish, Russian, Italian, Finnish, Icelandic and Scandinavian languages. It consists of two Sections—International and National. For the former, matter is prepared at and distributed from Eerde, Ommen, Holland. For the latter the matter is collected and edited by the National Editorial Board at Adyar.

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Annual Subscription to THE STAR for India, Rs. 4-8, post free.

Single copies eight annas each.

All Cheques and Money Orders to be made payable to the Manager, THE STAR, Adyar, Madras, S.

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I AM ALL

J. KRISHNAMURTI

I AM the blue firmament and the black cloud
I am the waterfall and the sound thereof
I am the graven image and the stone by the wayside
I am the rose and the falling petal thereof
I am the flower of the field and the sacred lotus
I am the sanctified waters and the still pool
I am the tree that towereth among the mountains
And the blade of grass in the peaceful lane
I am the tender spring leaf and the evergreen foliage.

I am the barbarian and the sage
I am the pious and the impious
I am the godly and the ungodly
I am the harlot and the virgin
I am the liberated and the man of time
I am the renunciation and the proud possessor
I am the destructible and the indestructible.

I am neither This nor That
I am neither detached nor attached
I am neither heaven nor hell
I am neither philosophies nor creeds
I am neither the Guru nor the disciple.

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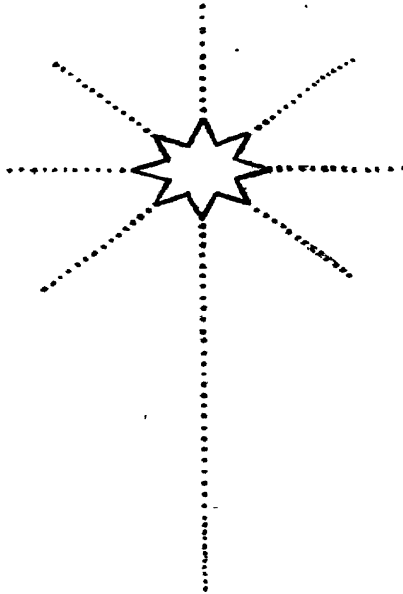
THE STAR

O friend,
I contain all.

I am clear as the mountain stream,
Simple as the new spring leaf.

Few know me.
Happy are they
That meet with me.

Krishnamurti



THE PURPOSE OF THE ORDER OF THE STAR

J. KRISHNAMURTI

*An address delivered at Castle Eerde to a gathering
of Organizers of the Order during the Ommen Star Congress,
August, 1928*

IN welcoming you all to Ommen, I should like to say how happy I am to see once again so many familiar faces, from so many different countries.

I hope that at the end of the Camp you will go away more certain of yourselves, able to distinguish between that which is lasting and that which is fleeting. To find out the eternal you must consider, not the effects, but rather the cause of all things.

I hope that you will follow my thought fully and with consideration, because I have much to say and I want to epitomize it for you as tersely as possible. I want you to think carefully, because the time has come when you must all make up your own minds, when you must become as tempered steel, when you must be as the white flame so that you will change the course of thought and feeling in the world, and not merely meander smoothly along, as you have done up till now.

As you have come from all parts of the world to listen to me, and are returning to your various countries to take back your understanding, you must be certain in your knowledge, you

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must be firm in your conception of the Truth, and you must no longer be concerned with reconciling, conceding and trying to adjust one thing to another. I have made up my own mind never to yield to things that have a purely momentary value, but always to concern myself continually and without wavering, with the fundamental cause of things. For the building will be perfect, will be lasting, only if the foundation is deep and strong.

Before I go further, I want to make it perfectly clear to each one of you that I do not desire to put myself on a pedestal to be worshipped, that I do not desire to form a new religion, that I have no disciples, and that I do not wish to enforce by authority that which to me is knowledge, which to me is the beginning and the end of life.

If you merely twist what I am saying to suit your own thoughts and effect a reconciliation with your own beliefs, it will be a waste of effort. I say that what I have to give will cure, will heal all wounds; and when you understand this you will no longer be wounded in your minds and in your hearts, you will no longer be caught up in the wheel of sorrow. But in order really to understand, do not take what I put before you and try to mould it and twist it to your old conceptions of truth. I am talking about the tree top, and do not in any manner confound this with the green blade of grass.

Do not think that liberation, happiness and Life can be twisted and utilized to suit your old ideas. If you do not agree with me, I do not mind. If you are violently in disagreement with what I say, so much the better, because then you will be willing to contend, to discuss, and try to understand my point of view. But if you merely say, "I agree with

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you"—and then twist those words of mine to suit your old ideas—the new ideas will break you.

The Truth I set before you is much too lovely to be rejected and much too great to be accepted without thought. If you would understand, you must come with the intention, not of bringing the Truth down to your understanding, but rather of climbing to the great heights where it is to be found.

You can truly perceive only when you have yourselves climbed to the great heights.

Now we come to the consideration of the Order of the Star and its purposes. Many people have approached me—both here and elsewhere—with the request that I abolish the Order. "Such an organization," they say, "is unnecessary." I have always listened, and I have tried to find out the reason for their desire. Because they have seen organizations usurp authority and become dominated by personalities, they wish to abolish the Order. The Order of the Star should be a bridge for new ideas and should not be the embodiment of those ideas. It should act as a bridge across which those who have caught a glimpse of the Truth may take of their understanding to the world at large. Looked at from that point of view this organization is useful, but if its members make of it an end in itself, then it should die.

No organization of any kind holds the Truth. To find the Truth it is not necessary to belong to any organization whatsoever. We must not make of the Star a crystallized organization. If you say to the world, "You must pass through the organization of the Star in order to understand the Truth," then you are perverting the Truth. Consider the organizations

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which already exist in the world and say, "We hold the truth, and in order to understand the truth you must come through our portals." Truth does not abide with any organization, nor is it at the core of any movement. Organizations and movements should only exist as bridges to the Truth. To claim authority as the vessel of Truth is to 'step down' the Truth. I am using 'step down' in its technical sense—as in a power station electricity is generated and there stepped down for utilization.

I hold something more precious than any ointment, more lovely than any jewel, and for the understanding of that you must help people by awakening in them the desire to search, to break away from their old traditions, habits and customs and let life flow through them.

Now, in order to keep Life—which can never be bound—this organization must be flexible, must encourage people who will disagree with it, who will not believe in the idea of the World-Teacher but who may have a longing to find that balm which will give tranquillity to an aching heart and to a confused mind. You can only keep an organization full of life when it is not narrowed down to a particular form of belief. Organizations become barriers when beliefs become more vital than life itself, when they are more concerned with their own growth than with the understanding of the Truth.

I have been asked why I do not concern myself with certain movements. Am I antagonistic to them? I am not antagonistic to anyone or any movement. I am only concerned with the ideas which will set life free in each one. It is more important to break the bondages that constrain life, than to create new forms, new phantasies, new phantoms to be worshipped. If we are not careful in the beginning, careful in the middle and

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careful at the end, we shall destroy the very thing for which we are searching, we shall misguide our desires, we shall pervert our very longing to attain.

It depends on each one of you in what manner you envisage the Truth. Do you desire to set up another form, another religion, another god, another belief? I hold that all these are a bondage to life. Do you need a crutch to carry you to the mountain top? A weakness, unless you have conquered it and thereby strengthened yourself, will always be a hindrance. Religions, beliefs, forms, dogmas are barriers between people; and in breaking down those barriers you free life. Most people in the world are concerned with creating new rites, new religions, new dogmas and new gods. They are inviting people to leave their old cages, in order to come into new cages. Of what value is a new cage to a bird that wishes to be free, to a life that is made miserable in bondage?

It will depend on you whether Truth is again betrayed by your attempts to reduce it to the level of the understanding of the multitude, as has ever been done by religions and their votaries. They say: "As the people do not understand the Truth, we are going to help them by bringing the Truth down to their level." This can never be done, for Truth is free, unlimited and beyond thought, beyond all the forms and the paraphernalia of religions. Truth cannot be held in bondage, any more than life: and in the fulfilment of that life, which is Truth, lies happiness. If you understand that Truth can never be reduced, stepped down, conditioned, then you will encourage people to seek the Truth and not try to bring Truth down to them. When a child is beginning to walk, if you are a wise parent, you allow it to fall, and in that very falling it will gain strength. You cannot bring down the beauty of the

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mountain top; you cannot gather the winds in your fist, you cannot hold the waters in a garment. So to those who are in sorrow, who are struggling, who are trying to understand, you should say, "Go towards the Truth, struggle, break through all barriers, instead of trying to bring the Truth in a conditioned, limited form down to your particular understanding." In limitation, in bondage there is always sorrow; and in the breaking away from bondage, in setting life free, there is happiness.

So I say again, do not pervert what I am saying to suit your particular ideas. I am talking about that which is eternal, that which can never be changed, or captured and held in bondage. And if you merely repeat my words, with a mind that is limited and conditioned and a heart held in a cage, you will not understand. If you are not seeking, if you have not rejected everything in order to find the Truth, you will merely be repeating words through a mask.

A man who has to fly in an aeroplane is concerned about his aeroplane and the way to fly. If a man on a bicycle comes to him and asks him in what way he can utilize a bicycle in the air, he will say, "There is no connection between an aeroplane and a bicycle. Though they both are capable of motion they are different."

Before you can create understanding in the world around you, you must be certain of yourselves. You invite people to come into your cage of the Star—ask them to have new sets of beliefs, impose new conditions on life, new limitations? Because you yourselves are in bondage, though perhaps in a somewhat larger cage, you want others to come into your cage. That is not the way to find happiness, that is not the way of

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the Beloved, that is not the way of the Truth ; these are far away from all limitations, and not through bondage shall you find but through freedom. I do not want to convert any of you to my point of view, for, as I have often said, to try to convert another is a gross form of prejudice. I am certain for myself that that of which I speak is eternal ; I am certain of my attainment, I am certain of my union with the life which is the Beloved ; hence I am that life which is the Beloved. To that life no one can add anything or from it take away. By saying that, I do not want to create an emotional whirlpool so that you may believe in what I say. By my understanding of Truth I do not want to add to your bondage—and it *will* become a bondage if you yourselves have no desire to break away from all that binds. If you are not certain—not because of what I say, but because the Truth itself is so vital, so immense that it must call to itself each one of you—if that certainty is not all-powerful, then all your beliefs, all the words that come out of your mouths, will be as the chaff that is blown before the wind.

Because you have been carried along on the smooth waters by doubtful authorities—I am using the word with great care, for all authority is bound to be doubtful in the end, because all authority can be cut down and destroyed as a tree—if a new authority speaks, you will again accept him without thought, since you have been accustomed to obey. You believe by authority and disbelieve by authority, not concerning yourselves with Truth. It is that Truth which I want to establish in your minds.

I want you to be certain, without any condition whatsoever, that what I am saying is the Truth, not because you have been told that I am this or that, but because of the intrinsic value of the Truth I bring.

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As I said before, I do not want a following, I do not want disciples, I am not ambitious, I do not want to create a huge organization, in its narrow sense, throughout the world. If I did, then I would ask you to obey, then I would ask you never to question; but on the contrary, I ask you to invite doubt so that your beliefs can be tested, your anxieties, your desires can be questioned, so that out of that shall be born the lasting, the eternal. If you do not understand, then what you create in your different countries will not be based on the lasting but on something that will decay and perish away. I assure you, I would much rather have one or two persons who really understand, who will be adamant, who will never concern themselves with things that have no value, than a thousand who have no understanding, who yield to the unessential, unimportant.

So, find out for yourselves whether your understanding is based on belief, established by authority, or whether your own longing, your own desire is urging you to come towards me for the finding of the Truth. This is much too serious to play with, much too important to make crooked by the lack of understanding. We have come to a time when each one must make up his mind to put away the things that are unessential, the things that have no value in freeing life, and must be adamant in holding to the things that are vital and necessary to set life free. If you are free, then you will help others to be free. If you are a slave, you will help others to become slaves, and you will make this organization slavish, conditioned, a bondage to life, by your lack of understanding. But if you understand truly, you will create greatly and for eternity.

J. Krishnamurti

THOU CANST NOT BIND TRUTH

J. KRISHNAMURTI

O FRIEND,
Thou canst not bind Truth.

It is as the air,
Free, limitless,
Uncontrollable,
Indestructible.

It abideth not in one temple,
Nor canst thou find it on one altar.
It is of no one God,
However zealous be His worshipper.

Canst thou discover
From what flower
The bee gathereth the sweet honey ?

O friend,
Leave heresy to the heretic,
Religion to the orthodox,
But gather thy Truth
From the dust of thine experience.

IN THE COURT OF THE VEILED QUEENS¹

CLAUDE BRAGDON

IN the same way and for the same reason that man's ability to reason and form concepts makes him superior to the animals and gives him power over them, a corresponding development of the *intuition* will effect the transition from man to superman. Ouspensky affirms that this development cannot be left to chance or to nature, but that it must be consciously undertaken, that there is a crucial point in the evolutionary process where, on pain of reversion, man must take his perfecting into his own hands. Beyond the presentation of a point of view and a philosophy of life, however, Ouspensky leaves his readers uninstructed as to how this development shall be brought about. If such important issues are involved as he supposes, here surely is an enterprise 'of great pith and moment'. How shall the conscious culture of the intuition be undertaken? A faculty is developed by exercise: the way to train the mind is *to think*, the heart, *to love*, and to educate the intuition it is necessary, clearly, *to intuit*—but how?

We have all of us had, at one time or another, our intuitions—'those veiled queens who steer our course through life, though we have no words to speak of them'—an idea, an intimation, a voiceless monition of the spirit,

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which seemed at the time irrelevant or preposterous, contradictory to common sense, counter to reason, but discovered later to be important, and in spite of all appearances, *true*. How gladly would we have followed these veiled queens could we have seen their faces, but in the confused and exciting dance of life an intuition is indistinguishable from a thought or a desire and so is recognized only in retrospect: the queen has dropped her handkerchief—but she is gone!

This failure of discrimination is the initial and fundamental difficulty, and cannot be overcome so long as consciousness remains altogether *superficial*, in the sense of lower-dimensional. The surface of our awareness, responding, moment by moment, to the stimulus of successive feelings and impressions, is incapable of distinguishing between such as are the atavistic recurrences of old moods and moments, and the stirrings of new potencies or the intimations of events about to befall—for as soon as a thing has passed the threshold of consciousness it has, by that very fact, become 'a surface *phenomenon*'. To seek an analogy in regions more familiar, imagine the surface of a stream, invaded by things from above—a falling leaf, a dipping bird, a rain-drop; and from below—a bursting bubble, a bent reed, a rising fish. Attributing consciousness to that surface, it could not tell whether these things came from the air or from the water, nor from what height or from what depth: descending rain-drop and rising bubble have each disturbed the surface in a similar manner and are therefore indistinguishable from one another. Phenomena of this order have their analogue in the response of the personal consciousness to stimuli of which it knows neither the source nor the nature; and if for the water below we substitute 'the past' and for the air above, 'the future,' then *time* is discovered to be the fourth perpendicular along which consciousness must

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travel in order to enter the court of the veiled queens—the world of the wondrous. Time is, in a limited sense and roughly speaking, the fourth dimension, and the intuitional is ‘the fourth form of the manifestation of consciousness’. To develop the intuition it is therefore necessary to become ‘time binders’—masters over time. How can this mastery be achieved?

Well, a great deal of time-binding has been done already, as a result of the ordinary and orderly play of the rational mind on life and phenomena. Biology, geology, archæology, anthropology, history, knot up the past and tie it to the present, while astronomy (among other things) aided by mathematics, throws out a lasso into the future—for the movements, and sometimes the life-histories of the heavenly bodies can be foretold. How meaningless would be such things as a watch, a calendar or a time-table to the untutored mind of a savage, for these things have to do with the measurement of time, about which as yet he knows nothing. Although time binding is thus seen to be part of the evolutionary process, a new attitude, a new technique is necessary in order to achieve the transition from the third, or rationalistic, to the fourth, or intuitive stage of the unfoldment of consciousness.

For an understanding of this attitude and this technique, let us again have recourse to our analogy. The surface of the stream, while it cannot *become* the sky, the cloud, the mountain, can reflect their *images* if only it can become a mirror, of stillness, thus making them, in this sense, part of itself. So also can the personal consciousness reflect the things of the intuitional world, and tap the timeless wisdom of the ego, provided it can achieve the necessary state of quiescence—make still the trembling of its waters caused by sensation, thought and desire. This is the reason why what Patanjali calls ‘the control of the modifications

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of the thinking principle' through non-attachment and the practice of meditation forms so necessary a part of the technique of the attainment of higher states of consciousness. A disturbed surface reflects only distorted images. Intuitions cannot register in an agitated consciousness. "Birds cannot take refuge in a burning bush."

Pursuant of this idea, "He leadeth me beside still waters" might be paraphrased: "He leadeth me when my waters are still." And it is to this stilling of the waters that all efforts should be primarily directed by those who would lead the intuitional life. This is achieved by long and arduous practice in concentration and meditation, but a certain habitual attitude of mind greatly helps, and should be cultivated to this end. *Stillness* implies an absence of all strain, and one should accordingly strive to be at all times unworried, free from anxiety, happily relaxed.

Christ's oft-reiterated injunctions to take no thought of the morrow and to become as a little child are valuable helps toward the right attitude, and will be found of undreamed-of efficacy when put into actual practice, for the reason that they have much to do with this binding of time.

Now time is really an illusion of the personality: a form of its consciousness. What we think of as the flow of time is caused by the *movement* of consciousness, its moment-by-moment apprehension, and in a partial manner, of a space to which it is a stranger, of which it has no other means of apprehending and in which it is without the power of representation in terms of form, which is the power through which consciousness gets its 'sense of space. The theory of relativity has made us aware that there is not any such thing as *the same moment of time* anywhere throughout the universe, but that there is only *local* time, a

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place in a four-dimensional manifold. We ourselves *create* time, and every 'present moment' is really *a point of intersection* in this manifold. It is in some such way that the time-illusion arises. We inhabit this hyperspace—or it inhabits us, which amounts to the same thing—but being incapable of conceiving this in terms of space, our nearest approach to its understanding lies in the 'time-space' concept of the relativists, or in the idea of the 'Eternal Now' of Hindu philosophy—a universe in which everything exists always, in which there is no before, no after, but just one present, known or unknown. Our only means of conscious contact with the 'things' of this universe—the only portal to the court of the veiled queens—is through the present moment, for every present moment of every consciousness throughout the universe is as it were a temporal cross-section of this Eternal, in the same way that every point in a line is a cross-section of the line. Acute concentration on the present moment, accordingly, is a way of access to the intuitive world. By the practice of this one becomes *one-pointed*, with the consciousness focused, like a burning glass, upon *the now*. The habit of dwelling on the past or of speculating about the future is vicious from this point of view, because it robs us of our only contact with reality, which is through the narrow aperture of each passing instant: absorbed in the contemplation of chimerical images of our own creating, the veiled queens unheeded pass us by. We should take a lesson from little children who live solely in the present. Absorbed in their immediate world of sensation and perception, their preoccupations are not ours, nor should they be, but we should strive to emulate them nevertheless—the consciousness a preferred clean and golden cup for filling with whatever new wine of the spirit the immediate moment holds. When one is able to concentrate with sufficient intensity, a strange thing happens: the moment expands, as it sometimes does in dreams, where a coherent series of images

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present themselves to consciousness, involving the passage of long periods of time, within that incredibly short instant in which a sensation travels from the skin to the brain. Or contrariwise, hours shrink to a moment, as when we are in deep dreamless sleep—for what becomes of *time* when we are asleep? Power over time is power over the present moment, because that is a *cross-section* of eternity—eternity is imaged in it, as a landscape is imaged in a drop of dew.

Now of course it is of the first importance to organize one's life according to some rational plan, to discharge well every human obligation, to earn one's living and clean up one's messes, to be thrifty, prudent, and worldly-wise: but all this is merely rendering unto the Cæsar of the social fabric the things which are that Cæsar's, and has little relation to the life of the spirit, which owes other allegiances and is governed by other laws. Each has obligations to strangers more binding than to house-mate and bed-fellow, each must pour out affection which is unrequited, for to be thrifty in love is to be vile; each must pay debts never in this life contracted, and redress wrongs he knows not of. To reconcile these conflicting and often opposite obligations—of the world and of the spirit—constitutes the real art of life, and to this each should address himself, paying all debts and spending only the surplus, be it of energy, money or time.

Organize your life! This is always possible, even though the greater part of every day may perforce be dedicated to meaningless and unprofitable employment, and the opportunities for release and relaxation be more dreary or more devastating than the abhorred task itself. Escape by means of altering the outward conditions of one's existence is usually impracticable or impossible and it would be futile without some

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change of consciousness, because those very conditions were self-created—each is confined within the crystal of his character, which is his destiny. But however bound, it is only necessary to remember that the court of the veiled queens is always just beyond the threshold, and that it may be freely entered through the aperture of the present moment, if we can only escape from our grey gaolers—the fears and griefs that will not let us free.

Attitude of mind is of the first importance: everything which happens to us is simply our relation to that immanence, to that omnipotence which we ourselves are, in the same sense that the surface of a solid is the solid. And the taking of one's evolution in hand is simply the effort to become increasingly aware of this relation. This realization should be striven for in other ways than through meditation, and at other than predetermined times, not waiting for the selected place and hour, for circumstances often deny them. For realization comes at unexpected moments—most vividly of all, perhaps, in those moments of failure of attention to life in its surface aspects, in moments of detachment, weariness, inner abstraction when the eyes become like a camera obscura, filled with images of the surrounding world which seem unreal, though having relation to some unseen reality; and the clock in the brain stops ticking just long enough for the Voice of the Silence to be heard. Like a prisoner bent on escape; we should watch for these moments of inattention to snatch from the veiled queens whatever gifts we may: we should even learn the trick of diverting the mind's attention, and moving more quickly than it can. In plain words we should learn to control the modifications of the thinking principle, for in order to intuit, mental activity must be arrested for the time being, just as in order to *think* effectively it is necessary to be *physically* still.

IN THE COURT OF THE VEILED QUEENS

There are many amusing ways in which the intuition can be exercised and developed in the quite ordinary occupations and encounters of daily life. For example, let us say that you suddenly and unexpectedly meet some one whom you know and like—or whom you think you know and assume you like. Then, before the mind, the memory, loyalty, self-interest or old habit have had time to set and light the stage for the encounter so that you see your relation as you have always seen it—which may mean not seeing it at all—you note your instant and deep first reactions in that moment when you realized that it was the face of a friend and not the face of a stranger. Did your spirits sink or rise? Did your heart expand or contract? Were you afraid, embarrassed, apologetic, sad, joyous, agitated or calm? If you have been quick enough and keen enough in that instant you will have obtained the verdict of the court of last resort upon your entire relation with the given person, will have found out, in advance, the answer to an un-worked-out equation, just as in school one used to find out the answer to an un-worked-out example by looking it up in the back of the arithmetic. And you can do the same thing when you get a letter in a recognizable handwriting by noting your naked feeling about the writer before it has been decorously draped by thought. In this way you may learn more about your relation than you have ever known or were likely to find out. This game of solitaire which anyone may play with unopened letters for cards, is excellent for developing the intuition: 'psychometrize' every letter before you open it, and then try to determine how near you have come to the truth by means of the letter itself.

When you come into a new environment, enter an unfamiliar room, encounter a stranger, arrest the report of your eyes, your ears, your mind for an instant until you have *felt their*

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emanation—it is like turning out the lights in a room a moment in order to see something outside the window in the dark. Such exercises aid in the development of that faculty by which you are able to *sense the things of the noumenal world*. At some future time, perhaps, you may be able to enter it in full consciousness. Though the guardians of the threshold of this world may be loneliness and disillusion, though its cup may be of hemlock and its crown of thorn, there are few who would return who have once entered—only those who would prefer to be a parrot in a cage rather than an eagle in the air.

Claude Bragdon

I CANNOT TEACH YOU TO PRAY

J. KRISHNAMURTI

I CANNOT teach you to pray, O friend,
Nor can I teach you to weep.
I am not the God of your long prayers,
Nor am I the cause of your many sorrows.
They are made by the hand of man.

Come with me, O friend,
I will lead you
To the fountain of Happiness.
Laughter is as the honey
In the heart of the scented flower.
You shall drink of it
In that garden of roses,
Where all desire ceases
Save the desire to be like the Beloved.

This pool of Wisdom
Is not made by the hand of man,
Nor the steps leading down to its clear waters.
There you will meet with every man,
The brown, the white,
The black, the yellow.
In its pure waters,
You will behold the face of my Beloved.

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Come, O friend,
Leave all your passing joys,
Your burning anxieties,
Your aching sorrows,
Your fading love,
Your ever-growing desires.
For all these lead but to prayer,
To the cause of many tears.

As the passing wind is the life of man,
As the withering rose is the love of man,
The glory and the strength
Are gone in but a day.

I have drunk deep at this pool.
My Beloved has filled me
With the delights of eternity.

J. Krishnamurti



THE CALL OF THE FLUTE

BY ASIT K. HALDAR

(Continued from p. 540)

SCENE II

(THE banks of the Rupnarain. Sunira seated under the tree with a new-born babe in her arms. *Enter Nakuleswar, Kedar-nath and Padmi.*)

NAKULESWAR

Sunira !

SUNIRA (startled)

Who is it ?

NAKULESWAR

It is I. Have you no pity for your old father-in-law ? How can you expect to live in society if you continue to act like this ?

SUNIRA

Why ! I have not wronged anyone.

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NAKULESWAR

Wronged anyone ! Why, you have done an infinitely worse thing. You have rebelled against the whole of Hindu society, breaking its most sacred canons.

KEDARNATH

Not only that, but you have brought disgrace on our village.

SUNIRA

If that be so, I am prepared to become a social outcast.

PADMI

Rather cast aside your defiance, daughter ; leave this pariah child here and return home.

SUNIRA

I do not wish to listen to your sermon. My conscience is my guide. I shall rear this pariah child, and you may have your views on the subject.

NAKULESWAR

Listen to me Sunira. Give this child to the missionaries and come home.

SUNIRA

How strange ! We do not feel ashamed to ask the missionaries to be humane, but feel ashamed to be humane ourselves. There ! Please do not ask me to desert the child.

THE CALL OF THE FLUTE

NAKULESWAR

I am only asking you to allow the missionaries to bring it up for you.

SUNIRA

To buy virtue with money, and to make foreigners look after our destitute is a novel idea indeed !

NAKULESWAR

How do you expect to live under this tree ?

SUNIRA

I can take care of myself.

NAKULESWAR

What good will come of your becoming a social outcast ?

SUNIRA

What good is it to live in a society where we cannot find even the elements of human kindness ?

NAKULESWAR (in anger)

Then stay here, we are going.

PADMI

Why not listen to your father-in-law for once ? Is this pariah child more to you than your own kith and kin ?

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SUNIRA

I am quite capable of judging for myself who is nearer akin to me.

PADMI

Then remain here! We shall see who dares admit you to his home after this. (*Exeunt all except Sunira.*)
(*Enter an ascetic*)

ASCETIC

What are you doing here, my child?

SUNIRA

What am I to do with this pariah child, my father?

ASCETIC

What else can you do but cast it into the river?

SUNIRA

Cast it into the river? You hypocrite!

ASCETIC

What else will you do? Worship it? Where did you pick it up?

SUNIRA

What is the use of confiding in a hypocrite like you?

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ASCETIC

Do you not know that the whole village looks upon me as a Saint? How dare you call me a hypocrite?

SUNIRA

How dare you call yourself an ascetic when you do not know what mercy is? It is your cruelty which gave me the courage to call you a hypocrite.

ASCETIC

I am the most powerful of all ascetics—a wandering ascetic.

SUNIRA

I do not care for your power.

ASCETIC

Everywhere I go I am worshipped. Your behaviour, child, astounds me. However, tell me where you intend to go with this little one.

SUNIRA

That is no concern of yours.

ASCETIC

Do not be angry, my daughter. I was only testing your earnestness. You have been true to your womanhood in

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taking care of this destitute child. Come with it to our hermitage.

SUNIRA

No, I shall not go to your hermitage. I shall cross the river and go to my father's house at Paruldanga. Let me see if we find a home there.

ASCETIC

It is full-tide. How do you propose to cross the river?

SUNIRA

I am not afraid of being drowned. As for this child . . .

ASCETIC

Yes! it is you who saved it from the river. What does it matter, if it should really find eternal rest there?

SUNIRA

It is getting late. I must start.

ASCETIC

May Heaven protect you.

SUNIRA

Don't waste your blessings on me. I was born to gather up the curses of the world.

THE CALL OF THE FLUTE

SCENE III

(The house of Bhaboshindu, Sunira's father, by the banks of river. Sunira seated beside her father with the child on her lap.)

BHABOSHINDU

Did I not tell you before, my daughter, that if you wish to live in your father-in-law's house you must become like them.

SUNIRA

What can I do father? I love freedom as the birds do, and they wish to keep me in a cage.

BHABOSHINDU

Your actions are giving rise to unkind comments even in this village.

SUNIRA

Whoever comes in contact with me will have to put up with that. As for me, I do not care whether I arouse admiration or criticism.

BHABOSHINDHU

Don't you, yourself, dislike carrying a pariah child in your arms?

SUNIRA

If mother earth can cradle these untouchables in her lovely embrace, who are we to despise them?

THE STAR
BHABOSHINDHU

We are poor folk, my child, and have not the means to rear other people's children.

SUNIRA

That does not prevent us from having the desire.

BHABOSHINDHU

We have to earn our daily wages and do our marketing and house-work ourselves. How can we leave these things and care for destitute children ?

SUNIRA

Father, if you will allow me to do this, I will thresh the corn, go to the market and help auntie with the housework.

BHABOSHINDHU

But can you go on like this for ever ?

SUNIRA

Why not ? I shall have leisure to watch the ever-changing beauty of nature. I shall share the joy of the flowers and listen to the sweet song of the birds as they unite their voices in praise of the Creator. My life will be full to overflowing.

BHABOSHINDHU

What a silly girl ! Can you live on the scent of flowers ?

THE CALL OF THE FLUTE

(Enter Barun with his flute)

Here's a good-for-nothing fellow !

SUNIRA

Why, it's Barun !

BHABOSHINDHU

Yes ! your childhood's friend. Because he was the only son, his father, Shivadhan, spent any amount of money on his education. And to no purpose. The boy now spends his time amusing himself with his flute.

SUNIRA

Ah ! What a long time it is since I have seen him.

BHABOSHINDHU

Barun, come here.

BARUN

Yes, uncle.

BHABOSHINDHU

Nira, your playmate there, came a few days ago with that pariah child. She says she will bring it up. I am trying hard to dissuade her, but with no success.

BARUN

Poor innocent little lamb ! How could anyone desert it ?

THE STAR
BHABOSHINDHU

But I can no longer stand the gossip of the villagers.

BARUN

If the whole village unites its voice in barking like dogs, are we also to join in ?

BHABOSHINDHU

Will you not reason with her then ?

BARUN

How can I, when I do not think you are right ?

BHABOSHINDHU

Why, what would you have done ?

BARUN

Exactly what she has done. For the child I would have become a social outcast and proved that there is a God.

BHABOSHINDHU

What ! You really agree with Sunira then !

BARUN

Yes. (*to Sunira*) Sister, may I come to see the child now and then ?

THE CALL OF THE FLUTE

SUNIRA

Do you truly love this child ?

BARUN

The Divine Love which guides the universe is in us all, my sister.

SUNIRA

But that . . .

BARUN

It is that Love which strengthens and uplifts us, so that we are not content merely with rearing our own children but must extend our love to all children, however lowly.

SUNIRA

But is there no selfish motive in our loves ?

BARUN

Yes, when we try to win rich and powerful friends. But self-interest vanishes when we try to win the innocent heart of a child.

BHABOSHINDHU

You have won me over to your way of thinking, my children. But still . . .

THE STAR

BARUN

Traditions and conventions so hem us round that we find it difficult to free ourselves from them.

SUNIRA

There is an easy method of overcoming them.

BHABOSHINDHU

What is that?

SUNIRA

To revolt against them.

BHABOSHINDHU

It is not so easy to act up to our convictions.

BARUN

If we wish to act up to them we must not fear social consequences.

(Enter Sunira's aunt, with her face veiled)

AUNT

Nira, here you are chatting, while the cat is drinking up the milk and the dog is polluting the kitchen.

SUNIRA

I am going, Auntie.

(Exit Sunira with child)

THE CALL OF THE FLUTE

AUNT

I am really tired of the gossip of our neighbours.

BHABOSHINDHU

What is the matter now ?

AUNT

People are gossiping about Nira, I am told that the other day while going to the fair she heard a shepherd-boy playing his flute, and there she stood listening to it, oblivious of everything. When at last she did reach the market-place, the fair was over.

BARUN

It wasn't a shepherd-boy, auntie. It was I, playing my flute, so don't be angry.

AUNT

Well ! I don't know how the house-keeping is to go on if Nira sits listening to your flute instead of attending to her domestic duties !

BHABOSHINDHU

I shall talk to Nira about it.

AUNT

Why it is you who have spoilt her, giving in to all her whims. Her going to college after her mother's death has only made matters worse.

THE STAR
BHABOSHINDHU

That's true, but how could I help it? The child gained a scholarship and it was her mother's last wish that I should send her to college.

AUNT

Anyway, you will have to bear the consequences. It is impossible for educated girls to live peaceably with their husbands.

BARUN

Now auntie, I am sure it is not Nira's fault.

AUNT

There! How you talk! Just as you are a source of anxiety to your parents, Nira is becoming a source of anxiety to us.

SCENE IV

(Sunira seated on the banks of the river under a tree. Barun seated beside her playing the flute. Lying on one side is Sunira's empty pitcher.)

SUNIRA

Barun, do you not think that all joy is elusive?

THE CALL OF THE FLUTE

BARUN

Yes, but it is this very elusiveness that constitutes our happiness.

SUNIRA

Why is it that I cannot find the same happiness in everything that I find in loving this little child ?

BARUN

When you learn to love everything as you love that little child, you will find the same happiness everywhere.

SUNIRA

Do you know, the other night, watching the starlit river, I was possessed by a strange emotion. The cool contact of the stars as they were reflected in the water gripped my mind so strongly, that it seemed as if my whole body was bathed in a beautiful stillness.

BARUN

It is this power of identifying ourselves with everything around us that is the source of real joy. We cannot get the same delight from merely accumulating riches for ourselves.

SUNIRA

Then why do we engage in the blind struggle for wealth ?

THE STAR

BARUN

Primarily, to appease our hunger.

SUNIRA

But hunger is an instinct we cannot escape.

BARUN

That is true. But very often the greed for wealth is more urgent than the mere satisfaction of our hunger. A little wine may be health-giving, but most people cannot keep within bounds.

SUNIRA

When you play on your flute Barun, why does it seem as if the music is coming from a great distance ?

BARUN

It is because the flute interprets the Infinite Unknown to us; and it seems strange to us, because we are bound within the small limits of our present duties and necessities.

SUNIRA (suddenly, pointing to the distance)

Look Barun ! On the other bank two pyres have been lighted and their flames seem to touch the heavens. And see ! there in the mists on the river two figures can be dimly seen floating in a boat, as if the twin souls of those bodies which are being burnt were voyaging in it towards the Infinite.

THE CALL OF THE FLUTE

BARUN

My soul is suddenly filled with the sound of wonderful music !

SUNIRA

Our transitory meeting here will be immortalised by this vision.

BARUN (holding Sunira's hand)

To-day our two souls will be knit to-gether with the bonds of the Eternal. In this union however there are no fetters, but the foretaste of Freedom Eternal.

(Enter aunt, with pitcher)

AUNT

Nira ! Nira ! Where are you ?

SUNIRA

Here I am auntie.

AUNT

It is getting late, fill the pitcher and come home.

SUNIRA

I am coming auntie.

THE STAR

AUNT (coming nearer)

What! Are you two idling in the dark shadow of that tree?

SUNIRA

Barun plays the flute so beautifully auntie.

AUNT

Is that any reason why you should forget your food and drink.

SUNIRA

No auntie, but he was my playmate. What harm is there if I listen to his flute?

AUNT

Sunira, you are no longer a child, leave all this nonsense.

BARUN

It wasn't Sunira's fault, I called her to listen to my flute.

AUNT (to Barun)

In this darkness snakes may come out any moment. That is all I meant.

SUNIRA

Don't be angry auntie. I shall fill the pitcher in a moment and come,

THE CALL OF THE FLUTE

AUNT

I cannot manage the household alone and to add to my worries there is that foundling of yours.

SUNIRA

I shall have my bath, fill the pitcher and return home immediately.

AUNT (sighing)

What a girl! What a girl! (*Exit*)

BARUN

It is late. Let me go.

SUNIRA

No, stay for a little while longer. I am used to that kind of scolding.

BARUN

But if your father should scold you?

SUNIRA

Oh no! he will never scold me.

BARUN

Alright.

THE STAR

SUNIRA

What we gain from being together cannot be estimated even though we should empty the treasury of the God of Wealth himself.

BARUN

Should we try to estimate it, it will elude us.

SUNIRA

What do you mean ?

BARUN

I mean if we try to calculate who is gaining.

SUNIRA

Such calculation is meaningless. For instance, when there are marigolds and roses in the same garden, they do not ask which of them is gaining more appreciation from the lover of beauty. They are complete, filled with their own beauty.

BARUN

That's true. Why should we try to measure our joy ?

SUNIRA

I don't want to measure it. What I want is your pardon.

THE CALL OF THE FLUTE

BARUN

Why ?

SUNIRA

You must not give a social outcast like me place in your heart. Your heart is a temple, let some goddess preside there. That is my prayer.

BARUN

Look here, Sunira, you must not put me into a gilded cage. I have come into your life, like this open infinite sky, of my own free will. Let there be no suspicion of a cloud on it.

SUNIRA

Our path is the same. There must be neither dust nor shadow there. The clear reflections of the heavenly stars kiss the face of the river : like that clear water is Sunira's heart.

BARUN

Then, adieu Nira. ¹

SUNIRA

Adieu, but remember.

¹ Nira, in English, means water ; Sunira, clear water.

THE STAR

SCENE V

(Sunira seated on the stone steps of the bathing ghat, throwing lotus petals on the water. Her pitcher is beside her.)

SUNIRA (to herself)

How beautifully the murmuring river flows on with the petals on its bosom !

(Sunira suddenly stops throwing lotus petals.)

Why ! who calls my name from the shadow of the trees ?

A VOICE

Sunira !

SUNIRA

Who—Who are you ?

A VOICE

You will not recognise me.

SUNIRA

But your voice is quite familiar.

A VOICE

Yes you have seen me before, but you will not recognise me now.

(As soon as the stranger approaches, Sunira swoons. The stranger bathes Sunira's face with water from the river and Sunira revives.)

THE CALL OF THE FLUTE

SUNIRA

Who are you ?

STRANGER

I am your worthless husband.

SUNIRA

What do you want ?

CHARAN

I want you.

SUNIRA

Why ?

CHARAN

Forgive me. When you left my father's house, I too left home and wandered in foreign countries in search of peace.

SUNIRA

And then ?

CHARAN

I have talked with many sages, have been where sin and shame are, but peace I did not find. To-day I find it personified on this river bank.

THE STAR

SUNIRA

But what of society ?

CHARAN

I shall be a social outcast with you.

SUNIRA

Have you the courage to bring up a pariah child ?

CHARAN

I have.

SUNIRA

But will you allow me to play like this, floating lotus petals on the river.

CHARAN

Yes.

SUNIRA

You will not put me into a cage.

CHARAN

No. (The sound of a flute from a distant bank)

SUNIRA (starting)

No! I shall always remain here.

THE CALL OF THE FLUTE

CHARAN (kneeling)

I beg of you, return with me.

SUNIRA

Listen. When the heart is touched, it matters very little what happens to the body.

CHARAN

You will not come then ?

SUNIRA

No.

CHARAN

You will never come ?

SUNIRA

No.

THE END

Asit K. Haldar

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

J. KRISHNAMURTI

Star Meeting, Bombay, 20th November, 1928

Question : Does ceremonial help in the attainment of perfection either of oneself or of another, or does it merely mean manipulation of certain forces, which may be either for good or evil ; for instance, the manipulation of chemical forces for good in medicine and for evil in warfare.

Answer : Ceremonials have nothing to do with perfection. Ceremonials of any kind have nothing to do with thought, with feeling, with life, or with the perfection of that life. I know I am saying what is contrary to your beliefs or rather to your superstitions ; but please do not reject it, nor accept it, rather examine it sanely and rationally.

You may have a perfect installation of electric lights in your home, but what has that to do with your life ? Though you may be able to turn on the electric fan by a mysterious action which one cannot see, how does it affect your life ? By life, I mean, thought and feeling. Are you any the kinder, are you any the more considerate to your neighbour, because you perform ceremonies ? You say : " It is helping us " ; but you have had all these ceremonies for thousands of years and yet you are not kind. You should compete with kindness and not

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

in systems of beliefs. These are unessential and hence unnecessary things to life. That is my point of view. If you say to me: "We have been told that ceremonies are of great value," I cannot answer you: "You are responsible to yourself for your actions, thoughts and feelings and to no one else". If you say "We have been told," then our whole discussion ceases. Nobody has told me to get up on this platform and talk or to wander the face of the earth. I would not do it unless I desired it with conviction. Why should anybody—it does not matter who he is—tell you what to do? If you are not in love with someone, how can the talking of love help you? Likewise, if you have no thought or feeling, ceremonies will not give thought or feeling. That is my opinion. You may take many baths a day, it will not alter your mind or your heart. Likewise is a ceremonial. If you make ceremonial superior to life, you are going to create a superstition. That is what you are doing. You are placing the unessential before the essential and hence you have a confusion of words, a confusion of life.

Q. Does not the self-satisfaction in godliness born out of the performance of ceremonies often lead to laxity of character, instead of a constant vigilance towards perfection, as shown by the history of all priestcraft?

A. Of course. If you pay more attention to the unessential than to the essential, you will go further and further away from the understanding of the purpose of life. You have all these ceremonies—some at least magnificent—but not one of you is happy, not one of you is really burning to alter unkindliness. One thoughtful man or one kindly man alters his surroundings. If you are really thoughtful, if you are really kindly, you will alter the people around you, you will create kindness around you, you will have thoughtful

THE STAR

people around you. And so instead of answering your question I will ask you: "Have all your ceremonies led you to greater kindness, greater thoughtfulness and greater understanding?" By understanding I mean thought, feeling and action, not merely intellectual understanding. Between theory and practice there is such a big gap among you all. You perform ceremonies in temples, but on your way home, you will strike someone. A friend of mine meditates very regularly, and is very punctilious about it, but he gets annoyed with his children and beats them, if he is disturbed in his meditation. Which is greater, which is more lasting—to meditate or to be kind? You lose yourself in a deep pursuit of the Self. You are all grown-up, much older than myself, yet you let people dictate to you what is right and what is wrong. Which is more important in life, the pursuit of the unessential or the searching after the essential? Ceremonies are unessential as compared with life and yet you are creating systems of beliefs, superstitions round the unessential.

Q. What value do you put to occultism or the development of psychic powers? Does the possession of such powers mean a higher moral development or a better understanding of life?

A. No value at all. You would not go to a mechanic to tell you of the beauty of the sunset. You would not go to a scientist to tell you how to be kind. It depends on yourself. You have all these things in India, so rotten to the core; and you are still going after the miracles of the unseen. When you have the miracle of the seen, which is in your face, in your suffering, in your pleasures and pains, you want to avoid all these. You must look into the Mirror of Truth which never perverts anything. Because you do not want to look into that mirror, you invent gods. You belong to various societies of

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Brotherhood, you give pledges, you worship, but you are not kind and considerate to your neighbour. Be sincere, put away your hypocrisy and deceive not yourself and you will find understanding.

The possession of occult powers does not mean a higher moral development. When I am burning with thirst, I seek water; I do not go to those who explain the constitution of water to quench my thirst. That is what you are doing. You are lost in the unessential things, you are struggling with the transient and not with the eternal.

Q. You speak of the vision of the goal or a big perception of Truth which we must first acquire directly from within ourselves, before we try to serve, to know or even to *live*. How can we get that vision easily?

A. That is one of the things which is very difficult. There is nothing easy in life. You are all struggling every day to have ten more rupees. Is it easy? Don't you struggle with thought to get it, because it is so difficult. But a thing which is more permanent, more vital, you think you could be possessed of easily. You want a druggist of spirituality, who by some mysterious spiritual pill or drug will accomplish this thing for you in an easy manner.

You require great struggles, great rejoicings and great sorrows to understand life. You cannot sit down quietly and say, "Can I get it easily?" That is what you are doing. You do not strip off the unessentials of your life and contend with the essential. You can only have a vision of the goal by constantly watching every action, thought and feeling yourself. If I told you that you were wrong in this and right in that, I would be betraying the Truth, because you would begin to worship me and not the Truth. You would

THE STAR

worship this form, this face and not the Truth which lies behind Life.

Q. What according to you is a perfect man? Would he be an active man? If so, how would his activity differ from that of the man with little understanding?

A. By a perfect man, I mean a man who is free from all desire. You can only be free from desire, if you have understood desire. A man who understands everything is free from all experience. Such a man is always active. There is the activity of what I would call the Eternal which deals with mind and with heart, and there is the activity in the world of matter. The one which is to me the eternal is without form and the other is concerned with forms. If you are merely concerned with the pruning, with the cutting of a branch in order to make your tree grow, your tree will never be perfect, the fruit and the flower will never be healthy and fresh. If you are concerned with the sap, with the life of the tree, then the branches, the flower and the fruit of the tree will be perfect. You are concerned with the branches of life and not with life itself which will alter the branch, which will make it new, clean and strong.

Q. Some ceremonialists in the T.S. say that they perform ceremonies because its beauty appeals to them and gives them inspiration. Would you consider such a reason justifiable?

A. If it is beauty of form that you are seeking, then there are millions of ceremonies more wonderful than yours. Go to the Roman Catholic Church and you will see the lovely perfection of beauty. Are you really performing ceremonies because of beauty? Just think for a minute. Are all of you so

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

concerned with beauty? But look at yourselves, your ways, your dress, your homes. If you are really so concerned with beauty, you would have your servants, your children, your women, more dignified, better clothed, you would create more beauty in your house. You are not concerned with beauty. That is another word to create an illusion around yourself. If you are so much in love with beauty, you must see it when there is a single tree against the sky, when there is a lonely star in the open heaven, when there is the sun on the wing of a fast-flying bird. Oh! You are not in love with beauty. You are in love with the unessential and you call it the essential and thereby try to escape the struggle of life. You cannot escape it.

You say ceremonies give you inspiration. How are you going to get inspiration? By creating something and seeking inspiration from it. According to me inspiration is the constant watchfulness of the awakened intellect. You may regard other things as inspiration and deceive yourself, which is quite a different thing. But such inspiration is not lasting. You have all these temples, churches, ceremonies, because you are seeking inspiration from outside and thereby there is complication with the unessential. But if you sought inspiration in a disinterested standard of life, which is within yourself, then everything will give inspiration. Do not translate the word 'within' into your pet theology or philosophy and go into meditation and forget the rest of the world. Inspiration is always within you, if you are intelligent, if your feeling is awakened. Please contend with that and not with outward forms. Contend with the purity of your heart and the integrity of your mind, then you will have the true inspiration. Are you any the kinder, any more tolerant by getting inspiration from the performance of ceremonies? After all, that is the only way to judge. What is the value of belonging to these

THE STAR

organisations, if you are as unkind as you were before, if you are as intolerant to your neighbour? If you sought after the real beauty of life, you would not seek it within closed walls, you would seek it in the street where there are dancing shadows, where there is real sorrow and pain. True inspiration does not lie outside, it lies within.

Q. There is a tendency among some young people to have their share in ceremonials by joining movements like the Round Table, etc. Do you think this movement has any value from the point of view of training and discipline?

A. You want discipline, so you create something to discipline yourself. What a lovely way of looking at life! If you want to discipline yourself and train yourself physically, join an Athletic Club. Sorrow awaits the man who seeks to train his heart and his mind with discipline from outside. You can alter your body according to your desires. If you want the discipline, training and great care of the body, pay attention to it. Life has nothing to do with all these things. These are the unessentials and you let the essential pass you by. You will contend with a man vainly who does not deal with the unessentials. Unessentials do not interest me. I am dealing with life and not with the trimmings of life.

Q. I have for the last two years felt a constant urge from within to give up everything and do your work as I understand it, that is, to live in such a way, as to enable myself, because of the fact that I live, to be of help to others for whom my heart is filled with affection. But I have my responsibilities in the world. I have had ups and downs in my worldly life and have to spend a good deal of my time in business which is uncongenial to me, for the purpose merely of making myself free from my

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

past obligations. This engagement in business in a city has an unwholesome effect on my life and although very often I had, and I have, a perception of the goal, it gets dimmed at times on account of the environment in which I have to work like the ordinary man. I feel miserable. What am I to do?

A. If you do not understand the ordinary life, you will never understand what you call the spiritual life. You want a monastery to seclude yourselves from the world in which you think you will develop this mysterious quality of attaining Truth. But Truth which is thought and feeling does not lie in monasteries nor in seclusion. Truth lies in the ordinary world. If you cannot develop yourself by contending with the world, you will not be able to develop in loneliness. Contending with the world is natural and rational, the other is unnatural and irrational. I know you disagree with me. I do not mind, but please consider. If you have contempt for the world,—I mean the ordinary struggles, pains, sorrows and rejoicings—if you have contempt for these, it means that you are afraid of being entangled in them. If you are afraid of this world, you will never learn. It is by understanding that you will create order. If you try to escape this world, then you have many complications. You think that the Truth is hidden behind some mysterious mountain, some mysterious scripture, whereas it lies within yourself.

Q. In 1925 seven out of the twelve apostles were selected. Can you throw some light on the method of and the reason for this particular selection?

A. I wish you were interested in what I am talking about instead of asking me who is my follower and who is not. If you are really thirsty, you would not bother about the workings of

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an aeroplane, nor would you concern yourself with the manner of electricity. Do not invent phrases and deceive yourself. My purpose is not to create disciples but to have worshippers of Truth, who love life and not the unessential squabbles of life. Because I have attained, I would show the way. If you are not interested in it, leave it, but if you are interested, be vital, anxious, longing as the parched land that awaits the soft rains. Which is more important—Search after Truth or after the mere worshippers of Truth? You have been preparing for the last seventeen years, yet you love authorities which shackle life. You are in love with the unreal. You want to know who is who. You have your spiritual Who is Who, and you want to find out the degrees and gradations of each. I am not concerned in them. They are of so little value.

Q. You deny any knowledge of having appointed apostles. Is it because of the limitation of the body through which the fragment of the World-Teacher manifests itself, that you are unaware, here, of the arrangements made by the Teacher, or that the apostles were never appointed?

A. Any man who understands Truth is as a flower that gives forth perfume. If you really understand, you do not go after the disciples, but seek the Truth. Is it not much simpler? As I have said, over and over again, I have no followers. What is more essential—to find out who is an apostle and who is not, or to have the burning desire to attain yourself? Oh! you people have all these years been playing, encouraging others and yourself, and you have lost yourself in the most unessential, trivial and useless things of life. You want to know who is and who is not: rather find out if you are a lover of Truth, rather find out if you are in love with life. What is it you want? If you are loyal to Truth, you will be loyal to yourself and to every one. You are

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

so loyal to individuals and so disloyal to yourselves and to your neighbour. You worship titles, either spiritual or temporal. There are many in the world who worship the temporal titles. These are worldly snobs and you are spiritual snobs. There is not much difference between the two. Both are vain, transient, decaying. There is something far bigger, far more lovely, far more delicious to understand. I assure you I know what I am and I do not want confirmation from another, nor the negation of another. I know I am full, rich and purposeful and full as the ocean. Put aside all worship of individuals and understand the Truth which I put before you.

J. Krishnamurti

THE STAR

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While open as a vehicle for every shade of opinion, it will more especially concern itself with the treatment of the various problems of life as seen through the clear lens of the future.

It is hoped that therein art, discovery, thought and eugenics shall meet for the creation of a splendid synthesis bringing understanding to the heart and mind.

Mr. J. Krishnamurti will contribute to every number.

The editors have been fortunate in securing a beautiful cover design for "Ananda" by one of India's foremost artists.

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c/o Shri, Bhavnagar Kathiwar.

KARNATAKA

K. Venkateswara, Post Office Road,
Bangalore, Bangalore City.

KASHMIR, PUNJAB AND N. W. F. PROVINCES

(Dr.) Shri Ram, P. W. D., about Organising
Commissioner, Srinagar, Kashmir.

(Assistant): Sreedhara Yerram, P.
L. E., Pleader, Bangalore; Pandita
Ganesh, B.A., L.L.B., Pleader, Panna
Darg, Jammu.

KERALA

Master Rama Agras, Advocate, Calicut;
E. Sankaran, M.A., Professor, Mithi-
raja's College, Telvandrum, Travancore.

MAHARASHTRA

Rao Bahadur, (Dr.) P. V. Shikhar, J.C.,
Narayana, Pune. (Assistant): R. S.
Bhargava Bhargava, Pleader's House, Near
Police Lines, Thane (Bombay); W. D.
Topskare, Vidyaresh, Kolhapur City.

ORISSA

Badraki Chandra Mishra, Tann. Clerk, Collec-
torate, Cuttack.

THE PANJAB

Narwanal, B.A., L.L.B., Advocate, The Palms,
Lahore.

SINDH

J. V. R. Mehta, Bokus Road, Karachi.
(Assistant): P. M. Advani, M.Sc., School
for the Blind, Karachi.

TAMIL

Organizer—M. Subramania Iyer, Theos-
ophical Society, Adyar, Madras, S.
(Divisional Secretaries)—North: T. V.
Gopalswami Iyer, 345 West Main
Street, Tanjore; South: A. Rangaswami
Iyer, High Court Vakil, Madras; West
O. S. Venkataswami, Pollachi.

UNITED PROVINCES

P. Sanyal Rao, M.A., U.S.S., Theosophical
Society, Benares City. (Assistant): B. D.
Kulkarni, Theosophical Society, Benares
City.

AN APPEAL

TO

MEMBERS OF THE ORDER OF THE STAR

PUBLIC PURPOSES FUND

AS there are many funds started for various purposes to one or more of which one likes to subscribe, it is often perplexing to decide which of these funds stands more in need of support and in what proportion one should help. A scheme is now prepared whereby every such fund is guaranteed help, proportionate to its need. All the different appeals, so far made, which deserve the support of the Fellows of the Theosophical Society and the members of the Star, have now been amalgamated into one joint appeal on behalf of the "Public Purposes Fund". Members are asked to contribute to this Fund only, the amount thus contributed will be apportioned to all the Funds unless otherwise directed. It is hoped that this appeal will evoke a generous response from members of the Star as there will be no separate appeal made to them on behalf of the Order of the Star, as the total amount appealed for by the Public Purposes Fund, *viz.*, about Rs. 75,000, includes a sum of Rs. 6,000 for the Indian Star Headquarters and another sum of Rs. 4,000 for the International Star Fund, usually collected in the month of May, the Month of Offering.

This amount of Rs. 75,000 representing our total need for the year, (including Rs. 50,000 needed for the many Schools and Colleges for boys and girls conducted by the Theosophical

Educational Trust) is expected to be contributed by members paying a certain sum in regular quarterly, half yearly or yearly instalments, within the calendar year, paid in advance. Following are the four grades to which a contributor may belong :

A—	Those paying	Rs. 12	per year.
B—	„ „	Rs. 25	„ „
C—	„ „	Rs. 50	„ „
D—	„ „	Rs. 100	„ „

Any member who wishes to help, should give his or her name and address and the grade to which he or she may wish to belong, to the Secretary, Public Purposes Fund, Theosophical Society, Benares City, and not to any officer by name, along with the first instalment of payment. Those wishing to earmark any amount exclusively for Star purposes, or for any other fund, can do so at the time of remitting the money.

It should specially be noted that as our work at the Headquarters has increased enormously this year, the amount of Rs. 6,000 is the minimum that we require.

Lodge and Star Group Officers are earnestly requested to interest members in this scheme.

N. S. RAMA RAO,

YADUNANDAN PRASAD,

January 11, 1928

National Organizers.

ORDER OF THE STAR

ADYAR, MADRAS, S.

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Krishnaji

KRISHNAJI

IT is strange, when we look around us at the world as it is, to glance forward and think of the world as it shall be.

But the strangeness lessens as we glance back over two thousand years, and see the 'son of a carpenter,' the new-comer from Galilee, and mark the contemptuous question: "Can any good thing come out of Galilee?" And his teaching! "Just little stories, to amuse children." "No deep philosophy. No subtle arguments." Looking back through the shining haze of worship and devotion, we scarce can conceive the feeling with which the arrogant Roman, the philosophic Greek, the orthodox Hebrew, regarded this humbly-born Galilean, who had been plying a manual trade, in a city of bad repute, of a subject and despised people, in whom his own brethren did not believe. Yet was he the 'Christ' 'the Son of the living God' for his disciple Peter and later generations.

Our Krishnaji has had, from the outer world, a far better reception than had the World-Teacher when last He trod the paths of our lower world. He has been ridiculed, mocked, scoffed at, but the inner power has lately shown out so strongly through the veil of flesh, that crowds throng round him, and through his message, iconoclastic as it seems to many, has come a compelling force that, while it raises opposition in many, yet

pierces into the hearts that are open, is seen by the eyes that are not dazzled by its almost blinding light.

And I, who have known him from his childhood, who have watched his growth, loved the perfection of his unfolding character, seen the manhood raised into Divinity, I gladly bear the witness that Peter bore of old. And I thankfully offer myself to him as disciple, who have been his mother and his mother, rejoicing to know that I can continue to serve in this lower world the manifestation of him as may be in a physical body--of Him before whom, in the inner world, we all bow in reverent devotion.

ANNIE BESANT



THE STAR CAMP AT OJAI

Extracts from the local newspaper, The Ojai

To the Members of the Order of the Star—"The Ojai" joins with the merchants and residents of the Ojai Valley in greetings to the visitors at Star Camp and wishes for them all a year fruitful in their various lines of activity and a happy return to 'Ojai, the Beautiful' next May.

Always, the people of the earth have taken to the tents, when life has become cramped or starved or over-burdensome. Always at the back of their minds have there been the two eternal yearnings of mankind, the yearning for Escape and the yearning for Discovery. The long history of humanity is filled with the stories of those who grew dissatisfied and who struck out across the Unknown in search of the new happiness. Never has the human family lacked for adventurous souls capable of stepping aside from the outworn conditions of life and venturing forth to discover something that should be better. The true history of humanity is written in the lives of its pioneers.

* * * * *

What then of this great camp now in our midst? Has the age-old urge returned again in a new form? Can it be that once again, the camp shall prove a stepping stone from one set of conditions to another? Our friends claim that they have come to be quiet, to find themselves and, perchance to find happiness, even though they must, in a day or two return to the ordinary affairs of a work-a-day life.

May it not be that there is some strange underlying significance in the method by which they seek their goal? Who knows but what this much perplexed generation may yet find the way out for which it is seeking so avidly, in the age-old, race-dear way of the Camp.

* * * * *

In anticipation that the next congress of the Order of the Star in May, 1929, will be a much greater gathering than the one held this year at Ojai Camp (Formerly Star Camp), Louis Zalk, manager is planning to still further improve the great tract and buildings which are the property of the Order. The roads will be much improved and landscaping undertaken, among other things.

Ojai Valley is to see its world-distinguished celebrity, Mr. J. Krishnamurti, earlier next year than usual. He plans to return to California in March. Mr. D. Rajagopal, international organizer of the Order of the Star, will be in the United States again in November and has in prospect at that time the undertaking of a lecture tour. The entire party is now at Arya Vihara including Krishnaji—as he is called by his friends—Mr. and Mrs. Rajagopal, Professor J. Prasad, Dr. J. Van der Leeuw, and others, will entrain at Ventura to-morrow for the East en route to Holland.

Mr. Zalk, a prominent business man of Duluth, Minn., whose able management with the assistance of Mr. George Hall of Ojai, made the great encampment so pronouncedly successful in its physical arrangements, is to continue in charge, much to the gratification of the members of the Order.

* * * * *

Over two thousand persons, according to conservative estimates, were in the camp Sunday afternoon to hear Mr. C. Jinarajadasa lecture. Previous to the main address Mr. Krishnamurti read one of his poems. The visitors, of whom there must have been close to a thousand, inspected the camp before departing, great interest having been aroused throughout the county and this part of the state by this unique enterprise.

The programmes and entertainment features at the camp during the free periods were unusually fine. One of the best things was the production of *The Light of Asia* by Reginald Pole and Beatrice Wood. A company of young people gave "A Dreamer of Dreams" one afternoon and folk songs and dances of various nations were much enjoyed during another entertainment hour. Excursions were arranged each day permitting visitors from every part of the United States to view the beauties of the Valley.

A symposium on 'What a Camp Means' Wednesday morning was participated in by Mr. C. Jinarajadasa, Mr. A. P. Warrington, Dr. John A. Ingelman, Marie Russak Hotchener and Henry Hotchener. Dr. Van der Leeuw's lecture on 'The Conquest of Illusion' was another of the important features of the afternoon gatherings.

The camp fires each night on the hill with Mr. Krishnamurti speaking were of course the principal and overwhelming interest for all in attendance.

It is said that 20,000 books were purchased by members of the Order from the book store, conducted at the encampment during the week.

* * * * *

The opening meeting of the Congress, the Camp Fire, was held under the starry canopy of night, in an ideal setting, on Outlook Point, on the peak of the hill overlooking the surrounding countryside. Here the stillness of the evening was broken by the quiet murmur of voices as the great crowd gathered almost noiselessly to await the opening numbers of the musical programme arranged by Mrs. Glen Ellison of Hollywood, the musical director of the week. Enhanced by the stillness and majesty of the open, the delicate beauty of the Levings trio (violin, 'cello and piano), the organizers of the delightful annual summer concerts in the Eagle Rock Bowl, assured their listeners of many musical treats during the Camp week. The soloist of the evening was Rosalie Barker Frye, English concert contralto of London and New York, winner of the recent contest for resident solo artist for the Hollywood Bowl Summer Concerts, accompanied by Elsie Watkin-Mills, famous throughout Canada and England as concert artist accompanist and already well-known in the same capacity in California. Inspired by the surroundings and the occasion, Mrs. Frye's glorious voice was an inspiration to her hearers.

After the music, Mr. Krishnamurti stepped forward and touched the torch to the camp fire, chanting as the flames leaped skyward, an ancient Sanskrit hymn. Louis Zalk, general director of the Camp, then extended a warm greeting to the many assembled for the first congress: Mr. C. Jinarajadasa of India, followed Mr. Zalk, delighting his listeners with an exceedingly happy talk, quaintly pointed by anecdotes ably illustrating the fact that even the humblest server is indispensable in Camp as well as in every other avenue of life's expression. Mr. A. P. Warrington next spoke poetically of the dream of a dreamer, saying that the first Star Congress of Ojai was the realisation of a long-cherished vision held by one man, Krishnamurti, for many years. Mr. Y. Prasad followed him with graphic verbal snap-shots of Krishnamurti, depicting his appeal to the different types of people he contacted while on his recent tour in India. In bringing the meeting to a close Krishnamurti read one of his poems which interpreted the spiritual significance of his mission.

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Democratic in the extreme, the Star Camp mingles those of every walk of life in the activities. Serving as dishwashers in the kitchens, for instance, are the following: four lawyers, one novelist, one druggist, one army captain, one bishop, one banker, and four ministers. Throughout the encampment the same comradeship of labor exists and the same happy air of fellowship turns all the tasks into play.

STAR ACTIVITIES IN OTHER LANDS

STAR meetings in India seem to differ a great deal from those held on the opposite side of the globe. Here is an example from Merida, Yucatan, Mexico :

We have adopted the following way of work : Each week's meeting corresponds to one of the WORK SECTIONS. The Local Organizer (Secretary) opens the meeting, and after the Invocation, the Chair is taken by the Head of the Work Section whose turn it is. When finished the special works, once again the Local Organizer (Secretary) takes the Chair, despatching the general affairs, announcing the next meeting's programme, and reminding the brothers that in the Order there are no fees, but it is in need of the financial help of the members . . .

The ' Work Sections ' are the following :

- Propaganda.
- Esthetic Culture. (Recitation, Theatrical Art, Musical Art).
- Gardens of the Star.
- Social Service: (Charity, Popular Education, Protection of Children, Animals, Plants).
- Publicity.
- Excursions.
- Study.
- Brotherhood.
- Punctuality and Attendance.

I wonder, who better interprets these words of Krishnaji :

Now a time must come when you ask yourself: What have I done with all that knowledge, with all the labels, with all the phrases and all the jargons I have learned? In what way have I created, in what way have I given, and brought joy to those people who suffer and are longing and desirous to learn, those people who are fumbling in the darkness ?—*The Pool of Wisdom*.

* * * * *

The First Convention of the Order of the Star in Chile took place on 18th March. In the morning the Convention was opened in one of the Local Lodges. The afternoon gathering took place at a camp nearby.

The Order of the Star in Argentina was represented by the National Secretary of the Theosophical Society of Argentina, Mr. A. Montesano Delchi, whose address was specially appreciated by the happy attendants of the Convention.

The attitude of our Latin American brothers towards all spiritual movements can be summed up in Mr. O. Gossweiler's (National Organizer for Argentine) words : Be Locomotives and not Wagons . . .

FROM THE NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

DIVISIONAL ACTIVITIES

Gujerat and Kathiawar.—A Gujerati Star Monthly is regularly published by this Division which contains summaries of the articles published in THE STAR as well as Star news from the *International Star Bulletin*. Occasionally Questions and Answers relating to the Order are published. It acts as a good medium for announcing Star Days.

On the 11th of every month meetings are held. In May last a Study Class met for ten days at Hadala where sixty-five people had gathered together. They took for their theme *The Pool of Wisdom*. They contributed generously towards the Month of Offering.

The members of the Division are proposing to hold a Star Week in the month of August on the same dates as the Onmen Camp as they have been doing for the last two years. Krishnaji's teachings are spread mainly through the Press and on platforms.

North Tamil.—Mr. T. V. Gopalaswami Aiyar, the Divisional Secretary, has started the idea of holding a small conference of T.S. and Star members at Tanjore on the last Sunday of every month. The first meeting was held on the 24th June and there was a crowded programme consisting of a Question and Answer meeting, music, etc.

Karnataka.—Under the auspices of this Division a Star Conference was held at Bangalore on the 7th July and as many as 150 delegates from different parts of the Mysore State attended it. Besides members' meetings and public lectures there was a meeting organised purely by ladies at which prominent ladies of the place took part in discussions on such live subjects as the question of early marriage, etc. Very valuable suggestions on that subject were contributed. The Conference also discussed ways and means of popularising the journal, THE STAR in those parts.

West Tamil Districts.—The Secretary in his report for the month of June states that the old groups at Vettaikaranpudur and Coimbatore were revived and a new group has been formed at Mettur.

OTHER DIVISIONS, WAKE UP!

KRISHNAJI

C. N. DESAI

AFTER the common worship at the Headquarters I returned back to our hut. A friend of mine asked me if I was going for the marriage ceremony. I replied in the positive.



"Bring your camera," he said, "Krishnaji, A.B., etc., are all coming, I learn. We will snap them."

I said it would be useless. We won't be able to. I won't have the camera. . . .

But fortunately for me, God disposeth. . . .

I took the camera with me against my conviction.

* * *

We witnessed the happy ceremony at the Bharata Samaj temple on the 3rd of January, 1926. It was quite a novel and delightful ceremony. I think it was unique in the feeling of happiness

prevalent there. The couple, after having finished the *Saptapadi*, came to pay obeisance to Krishnaji.

He hesitated. He was too modest,

But they fell at his feet, and those of us who were present will not forget the wonderful sight when Krishnaji blessed the couple.

* * * *

I came out before everybody else. I became ready with the camera. Everything was ready, except Krishnaji . . . I wondered . . .

He came out with Mr. P. K. Telang. He saw me with my equipment and smiled.

“You want to shoot me?” he asked. “Very well, I’ll pose for you. You will want me to take off my umbrella.”

I nodded.

Mr. Telang had modestly withdrawn himself.

“Click” went the camera. I smiled in grateful acknowledgment. I was too embarrassed for words . . .

Two and a half years have passed and Krishnaji has changed a good deal. But those who saw him at the last Convention, assure me that the same smile flickers across his lips.

I was fortunate to catch it.

C. N. Desai

—————

Life is much more important than your innumerable beliefs, the understanding of life is much more vital than the bondage of innumerable creeds, religions, dogmas, and theories.

* * * *

The Star Camps are not meant to create the instinct to imitate, but to create the desire to go deep into the well of human understanding, not to avoid, not to put aside, but to understand and to confront life as it is.

* * * *

True culture is the individual distinctive perception of the truth, and the creation of that truth which is life in your daily thought and feeling.

J. KRISHNAMURTI

(*Ojai Star Camp.*)

“OMMEN WEEK” IN ADYAR

I

THE “Ommen Week” celebration which has become a regular feature of the Adyar Star Group every year, since 1926, commenced yesterday with an address by Mr. N. S. Rama Rao, National Organiser, Order of the Star (India). The function took place last evening behind the new habitation of the Indian Star Headquarters, adjacent to the Blavatsky Bungalow. The time chosen was very opportune in that it not only corresponded with the time fixed at Ommen but the stillness of the evening contributed not a little to the solemnity of the occasion. It might be interesting to observe here in this connection that the example set by Adyar is being enthusiastically copied by the Star Groups in Karachi, Calcutta and Bhavnagar who are also celebrating “Ommen Week” simultaneously with Adyar. There was a fairly large audience of Star members composed of all nationalities and of both sexes. Miss Saraswati, a student of the National High School, Guindy, opened the proceedings with a delightful Tamil song after which Mr. Rama Rao delivered his address in the course of which he observed that he had had a few letters from Ojai concerning the happenings there. One was from an Indian—not an officer connected with the movement in India—the other was from a Canadian naturalised in America and the third was from a student friend of his. The first gentleman wrote to him that he was not impressed by the Camp at Ojai. He did not feel in any sense elated or exalted by the teachings of Krishnaji. The Canadian friend also wrote in a similar strain, but added that there were about 800 persons present at the Camp of whom 60% were old ladies and it did not

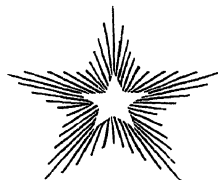
attract many young people. He was of the opinion that there was nothing extraordinary in Krishnaji's teachings. On the other hand the third friend differed from the other two. He said that the Camp was a great success. It was a delightful Camp, very well organised; the people were very happy but returned home much disturbed in their minds. The lecturer said that he agreed with this view, because it was the same case in India also. Krishnaji was only reminding them once again of the old teachings. They should not take it for granted that whenever Krishnaji spoke he was going to convince them of his beliefs. Personally he (the speaker) felt that Krishnaji was not going to convince them of anything, but he brought them face to face with life which so far they had avoided gazing at. That was all that he did.

For the first time in this existence he had made most of them to look at life honestly and squarely and to face it. It was only a Great Teacher that could bring others to face the life which He himself had seen in all its glory. Krishnaji might not convince them. He had not come to convince. They had their own convictions. They needed no outsider to convince them of the things they already believed. They had to convince themselves. Krishnaji was not going to re-prove the efficacy and truth of the Theosophical doctrines. There was no need for him to prove that Hinduism was based on eternal verities. There was no need for him to prove that the Christian edifice stood on the rock of faith, hope and charity. There was no need for him to prove that Zoroastrianism was built on purity. They needed no proof for all these. Krishnaji was not going to give fresh-proofs for their own pet beliefs. But they were so much entangled in the mere verbiage that somebody had to come and rouse them up to their own dignity, to their own grandeur. That was why many people went home disturbed when he talked. So the student friend was really the one who had understood to a certain extent Krishnaji's teachings.

They had been sailing calmly so far; they might have to get into disturbed waters. That was where Krishnaji came in. He was rousing them up to their own uniqueness. "It is the

destiny," said Mr. Rama Rao, "of every human being, if he is once roused, to find out the truth for himself. That is what I understand from Krishnaji's teachings. You can see the fire in his teachings. It is the sign of the times that we have one who has brought fire and sword into our movement. Krishnaji says, 'As a human being you have the source of divinity in you. Your minds have been turned away by priests, religions, by everybody. Even the high priests of science side-track human mind in their own way.' That is what disturbs most people. Krishnaji himself has so often said that he is not against any kind of worship or form but wants to show the limitations of these. He says if they are necessary for the people let them have them. They are most welcome to their beliefs, to the forms they worship. But let them realise that they are going to be limited by those very forms. People have misunderstood and misinterpreted him. If people get disturbed he is not responsible for it. If people go home disturbed, he says he is happy for it, because they will at least now begin to think, to re-assess, to re-value their own old beliefs. If we are not able to understand him, put him aside for a while. There is no sin to say, 'I have not been able to understand him.' I cannot for one say that I have understood him, perhaps I have glimpsed a little bit of his teaching. It is so difficult to say what he means when he talks of 'Liberation' and 'becoming one with the Beloved'. We make the mistake of judging him with the standards of ours, which are very very narrow. Krishnaji often says you ought to change. One of his slogan is 'change'. That is why people's minds are disturbed. I am very glad," concluded Mr. Rama Rao, "he is doing it. We need a kind of disturber of peace before the final peace comes."

The function came to a close with the reading of the New Invocation by Mr. Rama Rao.



AT HOME AND ABROAD

ON 27th June last at the Eiffel Tower Radio in Paris Krishnaji is reported to have spoken in French on "The Search for Happiness" for about 15 minutes and this speech it is said was listened to by about two million people all over Europe and even in America for the range of the Eiffel Tower Radio extends even to distant California.

* * * *

Bishop C. W. Leadbeater has accepted the position of National Organiser for Australia. He has been along with Dr. Annie Besant, Co-Protector of the Order, and had much to do with the training of Krishnaji and his brother in their younger days. An article from his pen on Krishnaji will appear in our next issue.

* * * *

We have received Tamil renderings of two books, *viz.*, *Who Brings the Truth?* and *Talks on "At the Feet of the Master"*. They are both well got up and are, we understand, written in easy style. The former costs only one anna and the latter Rs. 3 for board and Rs. 3-8 for cloth edition. They can be had from the translator himself, Dr. T. M. Manickam Pillay of Adyar, or from the Star Office here.

* * * *

The Hindi Translation Board reports that the translation of *The Pool of Wisdom*, *By What Authority?*, *Who Brings the Truth?*, *Temple Talks*, and *The Path* is well in hand, and that some of the translations are ready and already in

press. This is good news indeed! Those who wish to be sure of getting a copy should register their names beforehand with Mr. R. G. Misra, B.Sc., Khajurgaon (Oudh) who is the Secretary of the Board

* * * *

Sindh, we understand, is also busy creating Star Literature in Sindhi but we do not exactly know how many books have already been translated. What about Urdu, Marathi, Gujarati, etc.? We shall be glad if the various Boards will keep us informed of their activities.

* * * *

At the recommendation of Mr. A. Rangaswami Aiyar, our Secretary for the South Tamil Division, the following appointments have been made :

Mr. S. Raghavachari, Supervisor, P.W.D., Tiruvanakaval, to be District Secretary for Trichinopoly and Pudukotah districts.

Mr. Veeraraghavaingar, Teacher, Kadambur, to be District Secretary for Tinnevely district.

Mr. A. R. Rangaswami Aiyar, Vakil, Sivaganga, to be District Secretary for Ramnad district.

* * * *

Our Divisional Secretary for West Tamil reports that regular meetings are being held by Coimbatore (Gautama), Pollachi and Salem Groups and Star literature is being studied. At one place weekly classes are also held and about 400 copies of the Tamil translation of *Who Brings the Truth?* were distributed. What are other Groups doing . . . ?

* * * *

We have received complaints that the Divisional Secretaries do not get response from Groups. This is very regrettable. A prompt reply to letters and enquiries is the surest sign that a Group is active and alive whereas absence of that denotes the beginning of inertia which has been the bane of so many organisations. Group Secretaries, please shake yourselves up and become alive!

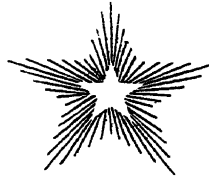
* * * *

“Ommen Week” was celebrated in India in various places but we have so far received reports from Calcutta and Karachi

only. In Calcutta the celebration took the form of a three days programme under the leadership of our veteran worker Babu Hirendra Nath Dutt. It included among various other items a public lecture, a Camping Out Day, Community Singing and a Camp Fire. This is the first time we think that Calcutta has taken part in this celebration and we congratulate the organisers for the interesting programme which they were able to get up and the business-like way they set about doing it. They had special songs dedicated to Krishnaji printed and distributed. They had also a tiny little beautiful booklet embodying in Bengali Krishnaji's now famous interview entitled *Tradition which has lost Its Soul* printed for the occasion.

The Karachi celebration was inspired by our devoted Divisional Secretary, Mr. Jamshed N. R. Mehta, and brought into execution by his able and ever ready band of colleagues. They had a full week's programme with recitations, readings and talks as regular features in addition to music which is their speciality and for which the Karachi Star Strings have earned a well deserved name and fame.

Adyar too celebrated this week but amidst the multifarious activities of Adyar we could have only two days set apart for this, viz., Sunday the 5th and Friday the 10th August and on both these occasions Mr. Rama Rao presided. A brief summary of his speeches appears elsewhere. On the second day we had a 'Social' and a Camp Fire also.



AT HOME AND ABROAD

WE extend a loving and hearty welcome to Dr. Besant who is just back home from her great mission on behalf of the Motherland to Britain. As is generally known she was very seriously ill there and for some time her illness caused a good deal of anxiety to her friends



and followers who were watching at her bed side. Her cure was nothing short of miraculous and the rapidity with which her improvement began must have astonished many. She was hardly able to walk, they say who accompanied her home, when she boarded the boat for India but she landed in Bombay a few days later strong enough to give lectures and undertake tedious journeys in the interest of the Cause which owes so much to her far-sightedness and initiative. When we saw her

we could hardly see any trace of the illness. On the contrary we were wondering if she was not looking even better and healthier than when she left home about three months ago. So, she is back once more among us to toil for the good of humanity and to stand as a tower of strength and inspiration for Causes for the uplift of the world. She steps into the 82nd year of her life on the 1st day of this month and in our gratitude and fulness of heart we wish her many happy returns of this day and ever greater achievements. The world is, blessed indeed in having her toiling for it.

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Krishnaji arrives in India on November 5th. He lands at Colombo and will stay at Adyar before proceeding to Benares.

The fifth Star Camp at Ommen is now over and is reported to have been the most remarkable of all the Camps that have hitherto been held there. The number of delegates was 2,550, out of which India sent 17, the British Isles 578, Holland itself 1,017, other countries of Europe 876 and the rest of the world 62. The next Camp is announced to be held from August 1st to August 8th next year. In our next issue, if space permits, we propose to give a short account of the Camp by Mrs. Dorothy Jinarajadasa who was one of the delegates.

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The following books of Krishnaji have so far been translated in Sindhi :

The Kingdom of Happiness
At the Feet of the Master
By What Authority ?
The Pool of Wisdom
Come Away.

The first two books we know have been published also, but we are not so sure about the others. A reference to Mr. J. N. R. Mehta, our Divisional Secretary for Sindh, will, however, elicit the up to date information on this subject.

We are glad to notice that Sindh is fortunate in having 'a devoted group of scholars for translating Krishnaji's writings' and that 'it is admitted that translations are very faithful and readers enjoy them'.

* * * * *

To make Krishnaji's books widely known we have got some artistic posters prepared, a facsimile of which appears on the last page of this supplement. The posters are to be had in two colours, *viz.*, blue and white (as described in the letter press under the facsimile) and cost Re. 1 and Annas 12 respectively, post free. We hope each of our groups will obtain a copy and hang it nicely framed prominently wherever they are in the habit of meeting periodically. These posters could be presented to, and displayed at book shops and libraries too wherever allowed.

* * * * *

Members in India are sometimes disappointed when they find they cannot obtain the new books of Krishnaji published at Ommen

as soon as they hear that they are out. It is really very much to be regretted that it takes as much as three months and sometimes even more for our shipments to arrive. To give an instance, we have not yet received our consignment of THE IMMORTAL FRIEND, LIFE THE GOAL or LET UNDERSTANDING BE THE LAW. Of the last two we were able to obtain a few copies from a friend who brought a certain number from Ommen where he was a visitor lately. We are, however, in communication with the publishers to see if something could be done to ensure distant places like India having their requirements attended to first.

* * * * *

We have now received a fuller account of the Ommen Week Celebrations at Karachi and it is said therein that the various "meetings were all full of Peace and Inspiration, and one felt like sharing in the blessing that Ommen Week brought down to Earth".

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The Ommen Week was celebrated at Ahmedabad where during that week about 28 members camped in a bungalow away from the City and had campfire, music, studies, talks, etc. They had a Post-Ommen Week too at Bhavnagar where they studied some books of Krishnaji and held discussions.

OMMEN WEEK" IN ADYAR

II

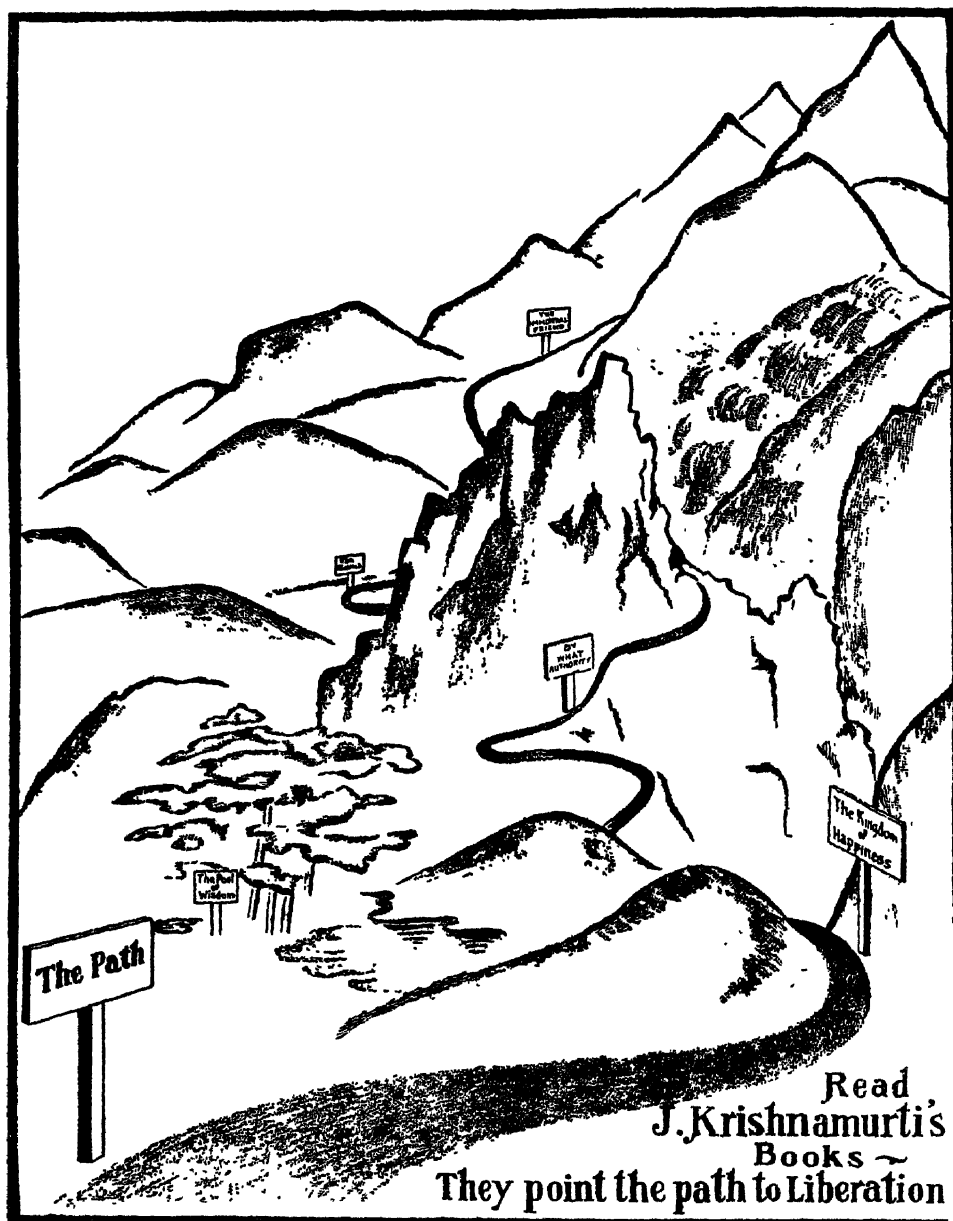
THE festivities of the "Ommen Week" organised by the Adyar Star Group were brought to an end by holding a Camp Fire on the sea shore facing Bell Bungalow. The programme consisted of an invocation to Agni followed by choir music, 'social' and a talk by Mr. Rama Rao on the personality and greatness of Krishnaji. Srimati Malati Patwardhan read a few selections from THE IMMORTAL FRIEND.

Mr. Rama Rao observed that they were gathered there round that Camp Fire to pay the final adieu to the Week. Next Year they would be meeting again and take up once more the celebrations of the Week. Since the last few years Krishnaji had been the centre and the very soul of the movement and therefore on occasions like this their thoughts naturally turned towards that wonderful figure that they had the privilege of possessing as the Head of their Order.

He pointed out to them that if they had their hearts filled with the desire to live the life that Krishnaji had set for them to live that would be enough and more. He had been thinking for a while why it was that there were so few great people in the world though they were told at the same time that greatness existed in every one. The human mind made the mistake of judging people by its own appreciations and approvals. That was not the test of greatness. A person judged by the voice of the majority could be very popular and at the same time the seeds of greatness might be absent. Then what was it that constituted real greatness? They could not measure it. The greatness has altogether different dimensions which could not be measured. They were made of a different stuff. They could only measure their greatness by the profound and the intense way in which a person altered one's mind, one's feelings and one's relation with the Universe itself. "Let us apply," continued Mr. Rama Rao, "this test to Krishnaji. He is not ordinarily as people understand him very great. But what influence has he on the minds of the people, on the feelings of

the people and on their own relation with the Universe ! I confess that throughout the world he has altered the lives of many people ; he has altered their hearts ; he has altered the way they think and he has established in them a new kind of relation with the Universe. In that sense I look upon Krishnaji as being great. Although we may not offer our homage to him, although we may not approve him, still he has the seeds of greatness. Let us look at it impersonally whether he appeals to us or not. It is a matter of no concern. What is it that he is doing to the world at large ? Has he been really useful to the world ? If he has not changed it does not matter. But from all that one reads and hears of him, one, out of sheer necessity, comes to the conclusion that he is a great person. Divest him of all the spiritual glory and take away all of the cloaks of spirituality that have been put round his shoulders. Let him stand absolutely naked before the world. Still he will outshine everybody else. Krishnaji himself without the help from anybody else is able to maintain his own dignity, he is able to establish his own greatness. Let us not judge people by our own little standards, because after all our horizon may be limited. Let us realise that we may not be right all the time in our judgment. We may at least be wrong sometimes, most probably we are wrong most of the time.

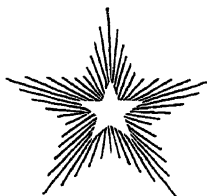
“His personality, as I am able to understand it is constantly changing because he has to fit himself to the changing world. Please do not go with the idea that he is fickle. He has to grow minute by minute and hour by hour. That way lies his growth. We are mostly static and he wants us to be dynamic. A dynamic person has no fixed personality. He is constantly changing. Our static nature must become dynamic. For India he has the passion of a mystic and he is almost a fanatic in the way he talks about the future of India. He thinks that there is a great destiny awaiting this country and he wants every one of us to help a hand in this great fulfilment. Such is the idea that comes to one when one thinks of Krishnaji and especially of what he is doing to this world of ours. A few hours hence there will be a Camp Fire at Ommen and he would be bidding farewell to the large gathering of 2,500 people. Some of our own friends there perhaps would be thinking of us and it is as well that we have gathered here to send them a thought joining them in the celebrations over there.”



Read
J. Krishnamurti's
Books ~
They point the path to Liberation

Facsimile of our new poster
Full Size 20" x 30"

Can be had either in bronze silver on blue
back ground or in bronze blue in white
back ground



IMPRESSIONS OF THE OMMEN CAMP¹

MRS. DOROTHY JINARAJADASA

I WILL first tell you about the outer Camp, and what the people do there, because not many of you have been to Ommen ; and then I will tell you what is my idea of the inner side of the camp. I do not think anybody can with authority state what the inner side is, but each one can tell his own impression.

The Star Camp at Ommen is a wonderful organisation, considering it is such a new thing. Many people and organisations in Europe are already much impressed by it, and reporters from all kinds of newspapers and from different parts of Europe went to see it. Next year a Cinema company expects to go there to film a permanent record of the camp.

When I went to the Camp this year, I travelled by what I considered an appropriate method, that is, I flew over there. The experience of flying is very interesting, the mere fact of physically flying in an aeroplane develops an expansion of consciousness in the individual. There is a suggestion that an aeroplane service shall be started some time in connection with the Camp.

I stopped in Eerde Castle for a few days. But I heard on arrival that I could not be present for the whole Camp, because our President had changed her plans and was sailing for India, and I with her, on the 9th August instead of the 24th, and so I had to leave on the 6th and had only 2½ days of Camp life.

Friday, the first day of the Camp, was devoted to the arrival and settling down of the people. The organisation of the arrivals is a thing that I wish every one of you in India could see. In the

¹ An address delivered to the Adyar Group on September 11th, 1928.

small village station, like one of the tiny stations on the main line here, 2,600 people arrive with all their luggage, and all in perfect order are conveyed two miles to the camp, nothing is lost, everything is done with absolute perfection. The people go straight up to the Registration Tent and register. I spent a good deal of time there on the first day meeting many old friends from all parts of the world.

The Head of the Camp is the Camp Management. Those people are omnipotent and make every arrangement for the comfort and the care of the people. There are rules to help and guide the people concerning punctuality, meals and baths, etc. The bathing part of the arrangement is very fine. For that large community, they have been able to arrange for hot water shower baths for everybody and each is allowed five minutes for a bath, but if a person took more than 10 minutes he was 'removed'. The food is arranged in about 12 enormous tents and each tent holds hundreds of people and the food is carried by trucks along rails. The food is good and contains plenty of salads and fruit, also there is a canteen where people can go for coffee, ices, etc. Some of the more Spartan and ascetic people said to me, "Why should we have all these luxuries and comforts?" Their impression was that we ought to be able to live like Sannyasis. But you cannot expect all the 2,600 people to have the Sannyasi temperament. There would not be harmony if 2,600 people were forced into being Sannyasis.

In addition to tents, there are huts for people who are able to buy and pay for them. Each hut contains hot and cold water shower baths and sanitary arrangements. India has one of these huts, it was bought by the Bombay people and it will hold three or four. Mr. and Mrs. Sanjiva Rao were staying in this hut. This year there is a new open air theatre, and a small hospital. The roads have been very much improved and widened. So now it is easy to get about from one place to another.

The great event of each day in Camp is the evening Camp Fire. This begins at 8.30, just as the sun is setting. The site is surrounded by dark green fir trees. The great fire is in the centre and round it are arranged ever-widening circles of log seats, then at the side a semicircle of raised seats for the National Organisers, and in the centre of this semicircle are two big log thrones, one for

Krishnaji, and one for Dr. Besant. A Camp Fire gathering is a never-to-be-forgotten occasion; the peaceful, dark trees, the great flames of the fire mounting up to join the gorgeous colours of the sunset sky, the utter stillness, the silence of the great crowd, and the voice of the Teacher ringing out his message to humanity. And when the speaking is over there are a few minutes of perfect silence, when each one can hear the whisper of the God in his own heart.

Just behind the Camp Fire there is a specially beautiful hut for Dr. Besant. It was a disappointment to all that she could not be present at this year's Camp. Krishnaji also has a small house near by, though he himself does not occupy it very much.

The daily programme is: Everyone bathes and then the first meeting, meditation, begins at 8 o'clock; breakfast at 9 and a meeting at 10.30; lunch at 1, then rest and games; dinner at 6 in the evening and the Camp Fire at 8.30 p.m.

So much for the outer Camp. Now what is the real inner meaning of it all? Why do these 2,600 people gather together, from all parts of the world, representing some 35 different nations? What is their purpose in coming to this Camp? What do they gain and find there? Some came out of curiosity, others because of their devotion to Krishnaji, again some came there to hear this one young man speaking, to discover what is the message he has to give for the helping of humanity. In all the religions of the world there is an attitude of expectancy, a belief that a Teacher, long promised, will at this time come; and there are many who come to the Star Camp at Ommen with the question on their lips; "Is this he that was to come, or look we for another?"

Here at Adyar we have got accustomed to hear of Krishnaji, for, as you know, he first came here as a little boy in 1909, the Order of the Star was started in 1911, and since then, for all these 17 years, we have been hearing of Krishnaji and the work he is to do in the world. Organisations have been formed, and various rituals started to be offered to the Lord when he comes. When I came to Adyar in 1912 there was the Temple of the Rosy Cross to prepare the world for the coming Teacher; in America the Star members arranged a quite beautiful and simple ritual for their use; the Liberal Catholic Church and the Star Order in all countries came into existence to prepare for the Coming of a physical plane

manifestation of the Master of the Great White Lodge. Now Krishnaji says he is the Teacher, he *has come* to give his teaching to the world that needs him. Dr. Besant tells us that her hope is fulfilled, that Krishnaji's consciousness has become one with part of the consciousness of the World Teacher, and that when he speaks it is the message of the Great One, because his consciousness has become merged with that Great Consciousness. And many people that hear him feel with a flash of intuition that what he says is true, that verily the World Teacher is here and beginning to do his work.

But we have grown so used at Adyar to hearing of great things that we may perhaps sometimes hear with our ears but not with our hearts, but now is the time for us to lift ourselves out of our secluded contentment and to answer the question: "What does the coming of the World Teacher, what does his teaching mean to the facts of life as I know them?"

When Jesus was in Palestine, 1,900 years ago, he travelled about and taught the people, giving the message of the World Teacher. At one time when he was sitting on a hill-top looking down upon the city of Jerusalem, the centre of the Jewish faith and orthodoxy, he cried aloud to the people gathered there to hear him: "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, . . . and ye would not!"

The great Masters of the Wisdom cannot force humanity. At intervals they send a messenger to show the way; some will hear and accept; some will hear and reject. These two groups are living souls. But a third group hear and say *namaskar* and profess belief in the teaching of the Messenger but, as water off a lotus leaf, it slides from their minds or evaporates in a gust of words. To such as these Jesus said: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

The application of Truth to life is the vital concern of each soul; while he merely echoes and repeats what his tradition and his teachers have told him, he is only a budding soul or a robot.

Krishnaji speaks to the soul.

And what we can do is to clear out of our lower minds all prejudice, preconceived ideas, old convictions, and dig out of the

mass our intuition, so with a clean, free mind and an awakened intuition to listen to what he says, and try to find out what is the message that he is here to deliver to the world. His message cannot be the same for every single person and it would not be true to say that there is only one way to Truth, to union with the God-head; there are different paths to the one goal. You can reach the mountain top either by going round and round, or by zigzag paths, or by going up straight. It is this direct path that Krishnaji is talking about.

Here my aeroplane experience provides an example. I went from London to Amsterdam without any stop and covered the whole distance in $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours, and had but one suitcase I could carry myself. But to go by boat and train takes a very long time, at least 15 hours, because so many things have to be encountered on the way. There are many other passengers to travel with, each one burdened and encumbered with things, paraphernalia that he thinks he will need during or after his journey's end, and these things have to be moved to and from trains and boats, blocking up gang-ways, bumping other passengers, all is rush, confusion, hectic effort for each one to get himself and his possessions from one place to another. In flying there is no rush and no encumbering things, for those who fly may not have heavy, bulky luggage. One sits above the world, like a god, seeing the little towns full of seething emotions, and people who are loving and hating, getting and losing, living and dying, it all seems to matter so much when one is down there in the town; but 4,000 feet up in the clear air, human beings are hardly seen and what they do seems no more important than the activity in an ant-heap. One sees like a God. Similarly, to see Truth we have got to mentally shed ourselves of all the things that encumber in order to get into touch with the Great One Life and Truth. We have to release ourselves from things that hold us down. Whatever our paraphernalia of religion or expression, ultimately we must face Truth and Life only. Our one aim should be the realisation of our own souls, the divinity that is within each one of us. That is the most important thing for us in life, other things only matter relatively. In the greatest moments of our lives when we have felt tremendous inspiration—the intense realisation of our oneness with the God-Head and that the Divine Life is ourselves—in these moments of

inspiration and aspiration, when the ocean of ourselves reaches up to the ocean of heaven, then we know that we are limitless, we are Gods, at such times forms can only block expression. Krishnaji is trying to teach us, to help us to understand that this direct realization and finding of the God within each of us can be a fact now; so many fix their gaze upon the outer and visible ceremonial form of expression and are so thrilled by its beauty that the inner and spiritual Truth is forgotten, or even lost. Krishnaji is trying to help us to get away from these forms. At the same time he says he does not want anyone to give up any form or ceremony because he says so. Naturally ceremonies have a certain place in the world, and each person has to decide for himself according to his own needs.

In the early days of all the world's religions, when the great Founders had left Their people, poor child-humanity had, in its loneliness, to bring its Object of worship nearer. The encountering of the glory of the Self, the blinding Light of God, would be a wonder too great, would blind and entrance. So the image in the Temple, the ceremony in the Church, the *prasad*, the wafer came into the expression of all the religions, not to reveal but to veil the splendour of the Eternal Life, to bring Him down to the level of human vision and understanding.

“Naked belief in God the Omnipotent,
Omniscient, Omnipresent, sears too much
The sense of conscious creatures to be borne.
It were the seeing Him no flesh shall dare.”

We have had the idea that the Religions are meant to show forth God, but more likely they have grown up to hide Him. The use of Religions in time

“Is to environ us,
Our breath, our drop of dew, with shield enough
Against that sight till we can bear its stress.”

So a veil of ceremony, of image, of books may have been necessary, to ‘step down’ the glory of God’s Power and Life for young humanity. When a great Cathedral is being built it is necessary during the building to encase the structure with scaffolding poles to make the construction possible, but as the magnificent building nears completion the propping-up poles

are removed, done away with, discarded, so in the life of the soul, there must come a time when, alone, the soul must face Truth.

Krishnaji now is telling people to grow up, to put away the scaffolding, all props and comforting helps, and to face Truth, each one his own Truth, discovered for himself, and to make that a living reality, known by his own innermost soul and being. Krishnaji is doing the work of Shiva in the world; but destroying only to create, unbinding only to release and free.

Now in a short time Krishnaji is coming to India and all will do well to receive him, and to hear him, with a mind freed from prejudice and open to consider his words. You cannot accept his teaching just because you are told he is the Teacher, but if you believe it from within yourself, then that belief must make some difference in your life. Krishnaji has himself gone up the Great Way trodden by the concourse of the Noble Ones who lead humanity, and he beckons all to follow and tread that narrow, difficult, but glorious Way. This is the day of opportunity in the evolution of humanity; but 'opportunity is bald behind,' if we do not seize it by the forelock it will be gone.

FROM THE NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

ACTIVITIES OF STAR GROUPS

Bihar Division: Seven Star Groups of this Division are very active. They are: Gaya, Dona, Muzaffarpur, Chapra, Madhipura, Arrah and Ojhawl.

In Gaya, the members engaged themselves in the month of September by lecturing on the prevention of animal sacrifice during Durga Poojah. The members have shown a commendable spirit by holding joint meetings of the two groups, one meant for the ladies

and the other for gentlemen exclusively, thereby abolishing purdah. The lady members of Dona are paying much attention to Theosophising the Home, lectures on which have been frequently given. The activity of Muzaffarpur Group is confined to running a Night School for Depressed Classes and a Health Association for the promotion of sanitation and physical culture. The Chapra Group is conducting a free dispensary and also holds Star classes for poor students. In the other three centres members meet regularly on the 11th of every month and read Krishnaji's messages.

West Tamil Division : The Divisional Secretary reports that the Groups at Mettur, Rangapuram and Ootacamund have been revived. A Star and T. S. Conference was held at Salem under the presidency of Bro. T. Ramachandra Rao at which Krishnaji's messages were explained to the public. The Same Group celebrated the 'Ommen Week' in a very attractive manner and the programme consisted of lectures and camp-fire talks, music and socials. In the opinion of the Divisional Secretary there is much awakening of interest of late among the groups in the Division.

South Tamil Division : The Star Groups at Dindigal and Ramnad have been reorganised. A conference of Star Groups was held at Trichinopoly on the 7th October.

Karachi Group : The members of the Karachi Group are making elaborate preparations to celebrate the Armistice Day which synchronises with the Star Day on the 11th November. The tentative programme shows eleven items including music, Star and Peace Invocation, hymn and talks on the following subjects : (1) "Peace through Thought Power," by Bro. Limki; (2) Peace through Organisation, by Bro. Hatim; and (3) Value of Peace, by Mr. Jamshed N. R. Mehta.

MR. D. K. TELANG'S ADDRESS

At the October meeting of the Adyar Star Group, held on 11-10-28, in the T. S. Headquarters Hall, Mr. D. K. Telang addressed the gathering. The following is a short summary of his talk:

FRIENDS,—I think probably I have been asked to speak this evening by our Secretary, because I spent a few weeks in the blissful company of our Head at Ommen this year. But I had, however, the misfortune of not being able to be present at the Camp, where, generally, it is understood, the very pith and core of his teaching is given. I wish you to remember, however, that what I am going to say to-night should not be understood as the result of my short experience of this year at Ommen, but it is rather the result of a series of experiences and contact through many years, which were corrected, refined and supplemented under the present influence of Krishnaji.

At the outset, I had better say that I am not trying to interpret Krishnaji or to explain what his teaching is, in the light of experience that I gained at Ommen. Any such effort on my part will be, what he usually calls, 'stepping down' the Truth. His teaching had better come direct, either from his spoken word or from his writing. It is impossible for us at the present moment to escape from the domination of the ideas that we have been gathering from our Theosophical or other teachings. It is because of this that I wish you very carefully to remember that I am not at all trying to interpret Krishnaji. In interpreting, one is unconsciously likely to read more or less than is sought to be conveyed. I am only trying to set forth my own personal and individual reaction to all that I have heard and the inspiration that I have derived from it.

Another thing that I should like you to remember at this stage is that we ought to make up our minds clearly, one way or another, as to the phenomenon which is unfolding around us. At

one time, this phenomenon was interpreted as the preparation of the vehicle of the Lord, that Krishnaji would be the vehicle of the Lord, as you are no doubt aware. Later on, during the last two or three years, another theory has emerged into the Theosophical and the Star worlds—the theory of the blending of the consciousness—Krishnaji's drawn into that of the Lord. I wish to say, from my own personal experience, that before we proceed any further in trying to understand this in any possible way, as little or as much as we possibly can, it appears to me absolutely essential that we should make up our minds as regards these two theories.

At the Summer Gathering at Ommen, a question was put to Krishnaji to elicit his view with regard to this matter. The questioner asked: "Are you the Lord Whom we have long been expecting? Has your consciousness really blended with that of the Lord?" Not only on this occasion but on every single occasion that I have been present, I have heard him give some such answer as this: "What does it matter to you what the actual fact is? It is between the Lord and me. It cannot matter to any one of you how the blending of the consciousnesses has taken place. The teaching is placed before you, but I do not offer it to you under authority, either as the vehicle or as the one whose consciousness has blended with that of the Lord. Judge the Truth for itself." I am one of those who would like to say that it is quite understandable on the part of Krishnaji to give that reply. For him it is a fact. He knows it. That is even perhaps the only reply one can consistently expect from him. But most of us will say that we do not understand. It is true we cannot possibly understand what actually is happening around us, except perhaps in general terms. Only when we come to the details of the question, however, we may not know what actually happens, what actually is the mechanism of the blending or what proportion of the consciousness has been blended. But these are not matters on which we can ever hold any clear-cut knowledge, and further it is unnecessary for any purpose. Most of us can find for ourselves that Lord's power and blessing are coming through Krishnaji. Even though Krishnaji's life is in front of us, Krishnaji's teaching is in front of us, yet it is impossible for most of us to decide upon the source of what comes through him or how much of it is coming

through him. But most of us can definitely make up our minds about one thing—as to what exactly is the general character of that phenomenon. How things happen we do not know. But there distinctly is a possibility that we can judge from the amount of information and mass of material which we gather, either from his spoken word or from his life. That, I should say, is one of the most important things for us to make up our minds on, and I would like to tell you here what exactly is the character of the impression I have personally gathered—not that you may accept it, but merely that you may compare and contrast your own impressions or your own reactions with the kind of impression that I am setting out before you.

As you will agree, we had teachers in the past and we have no doubt that there will be teachers in the future. But there is one very peculiar characteristic in the phenomenon which is opening out before us. To me, Krishnaji stands as the supreme embodiment of the very actively loving and self-sacrificingly impersonal, and there is also a peculiar permanence in the influence which he leaves behind him. It is very easy to be impersonal in a very indifferent sort of way. You and I may not be interested in hundreds of things, and with regard to them we would probably be easily impersonal, which would possibly not be distinguishable from indifference. It is not so with Krishnaji. He is peculiarly different from that type of impersonality. He is very actively interested in all things which concern human and other kingdoms; his love is tremendous and is characterised by self-sacrifice, and yet he has the great characteristic of being impersonal. Though his affection to others is supreme, yet at the same time he is detached. Such a character is far beyond the ordinary human, and what further distinguishes him, as a great Teacher, is that he and his teaching leave a permanent influence. People may differ from him, they may not have anything in common with his teaching, yet they cannot break themselves loose from his influence. Take some of the teachers whom we know in the present and their following. People in the outside world offer allegiance generally to a teacher, because of their agreement with what the Teacher preaches. But with Krishnaji this phase of the following is quite different. This, to my mind, is essentially an indication of what is the true character of what is happening around us. I, therefore,

put it to you that, right at the beginning of our trying to understand for ourselves, it is absolutely essential that our minds should be made up as to whether he is or is not the Teacher whom we have been expecting.

Another point which struck me rather forcibly was the general approval which is now being shown towards the teaching that he is giving. One or two people, however, told me, since my return from abroad, that there was discernible a very great antagonism between the earlier teaching and this later teaching. I may tell you that I have heard him a great deal right up to the moment of leaving Ommen and have practically read all that he has written, and I therefore feel myself quite in a position to hazard the statement that there is really no antagonism, as is complained of, and there cannot be. I put it to you that Krishnaji has an exceedingly special type of work to do. Krishnaji is, as has always been said, a reconstructor. To my thinking, he is not a teacher of the ordinary type, and the work of the reconstructor is twofold: He has to destroy first and then to build up. Krishnaji has to destroy certain things with reference to the past and the present. He has no open space cleared out everywhere on which the Builder can come and commence his work. He has to clear out of the path those things that would complicate and confuse. If you look at it from this point of view, you will see that the name 'reconstructor' becomes clear to you. Take any particular statement of his. Take the oft-mentioned matter about his teaching with regard to ceremonies. Many people rush to the conclusion that because he says ceremonies are 'unnecessary' or 'unessential' from the point of view of his special teaching, therefore, they must be wiped out, and, therefore, his teaching is antagonistic to the earlier teaching. If one tries only to grasp the outer husk of his teaching, one is apt to misunderstand it. I have had the peculiar privilege of trying to understand this directly from him, and I think he does not deny the general efficacy of ceremonies from the ideal point of view. When I told him that I had felt uplifted while assisting at ceremonies, his answer was that if it was so, and if I still felt uplifted through them, then I could go my own way, only remembering that they did not constitute the shortest way to attain Truth. At the Summer Gathering, a questioner said that acceptance of the doctrine of

Reincarnation was unnecessary for fully understanding life, and Krishnaji's reply was that if this was so to him, there could not be insistence on his accepting the hypothesis. The main point was understanding life and the means did not particularly matter, so long as the object was gained. The gentleman who put that question asked Krishnaji whether he believed in 'reincarnation'. His answer was: "If you want my own view, of course, I do. I do not deny it. I happen to remember some of my past lives," or words to that effect. Though to him it is the truth, he wants every one to go along his own way and seek the truth for himself. That is his way of teaching. Every teacher has offered something new, either in the means or method of finding the Truth. If he could not, there would hardly be any justification for the expenditure of force employed. He puts the old ancient Truth into newer moulds and ways, and in doing so he is bound to say exactly what was wrong with the past, in order that we may be able very clearly to understand what is coming in the future. That, to my thinking, is the real feature of Krishnaji's teaching.

Let me further explain this 'antagonism' between the earlier and the later teaching. Take, for instance, Dr. Besant and Bishop Leadbeater. To me, the characteristic feature of their astounding work is pioneership. Their work was to purify and strengthen the older teaching, organise and marshal it and thus prepare the ground for something that was to come in the future. That is the work of a *pioneer*. Teachers of the type of Dr. Besant and Bishop Leadbeater must always be with us. The pioneers must always remain with us. They never can go until they are able to pass on their work to such of their followers as can take their place. Till the whole place is prepared, is ready for the new Teacher, they cannot leave, and even when they can leave us, the pioneer work must go on and go on spreading. Taking a bird's-eye view of Krishnaji's work, we may hazard the guess that his work has the character of that of the gardener, the *creator* for the future. In the ground that has been prepared by the pioneer, he will lay the seed. If you look at it from this point of view, you will see why I maintain that his teaching must be judged from the point of view of the future. The earlier teachers have shown us the way through ceremonies, through organisation of different religions, through authority, through scriptures. Krishnaji would appear to

say that all that work has to be done in order that the ground may be prepared. If the ground is ready, he will sow the seed, water it in his own way, so that it may fructify according to his plan. There is, you will see, therefore, no kind of hostility between the two—the pioneer's work and the gardener's and the creator's work. The two are not antagonistic to each other. One ends and the other begins. They are the fulfilment of each other. They would be purposeless without each other. We thus get some little idea, a very faint impression, of what Krishnaji's work is. It is therefore that we have to be exceedingly careful how we receive his teaching, not as antagonistic to the earlier teaching. It has to be judged on its own merit. We will glimpse the reality of this, when we have thoroughly divested ourselves of the older ideas of thought. It is along these lines that I would ask you to look at Krishnaji's teachings. Let us consider these as steps or phases in the development of the Plan, whichever metaphor you prefer. Let us view the question of ceremonies, again, from another point of view to appreciate Krishnaji's teaching. You know he worked at and set up the Hindu ceremonial on its feet, but is now no more interested in it, as he was at least at one time. You may take it from me that this does not indicate that he is denying the efficacy of these ceremonies. He is not really concerned to do so. He says that this ceremonial makes complications. It has got a history, it has created an atmosphere, it has got all the various connotations, which we cannot possibly examine for ourselves to-day. If we accept Hindu ceremonies at present, we are not accepting only what we appear to do, but various other things. Let us consider this. We are all, or most of us, Theosophists. Your idea and my idea of the Theosophical Society and Theosophy is not exactly the same. Take what we may call Theosophical ideas and character of work of 1890 and compare them with those of 15 years later, and these with those of 15 years later still and all with those of 1925, 1926 and 1927; you will see that in the minds of the people the conception of Theosophy has very considerably changed. Now what is real Theosophy? Do we mean by it the teaching pure and simple or the new garbs in which it appears from time to time? You must understand that our Teacher does not deny Theosophy when we intend to convey by it

the eternal truths which comprise it, but he denies that the varying practical applications of it or the popular view of Theosophy form the background of his Teachings. It is because of such popular views which appear to dominate our minds that he has been compelled to give a special direction to his Teaching. This principle also applies to any consideration of ceremonial or authority. The real efficacy of ancient ceremonial lies now deep under the encrustations that centuries of misunderstanding and fraudulent misinterpretations have gathered round them; it is still there for the searcher after truth, but not for all. If we can again start our search for truth in earnest, we shall probably be able to realise more clearly the truth in Krishnaji's teaching.

The amount of influence that he leaves behind him is very significant. It was in Bombay, after a wonderful talk of his, that a certain gentleman asked for an interview and had a long talk with him, and he told Krishnaji that if he really wanted to succeed, he ought to give up what he called 'the Messiah stunt,' and then, he thought Krishnaji's teaching would be accepted by the whole world. This, I think, is significant. Whether we agree with this view or not, the teaching becomes more acceptable, the less complicated it is with the special forms of the past.

There is another departure from the older standards. Time after time I have heard him answer questions in a manner which you would think is practically impossible for a teacher to do, and yet when he has answered them, everybody has felt utterly satisfied. These answers have not gone on lines with which we are familiar with a few exceptions in the case of the older teachers—the pioneers. No teacher himself asks his hearers not to accept his teachings until they have proved themselves. All teachers have appealed to their authority based, no doubt, on their knowledge, but Krishnaji would ask for revolt against his authority, should he demand any allegiance whatever. For he possesses in an extraordinary degree that super-courage which only knowledge—unimpeachable knowledge, patient with all distrust and ignorance, endued with great loving-kindness—can achieve. To him there exist in reality no Teacher and disciple, no people with authority and the common people. His wisdom and love encompasses all. Those of you who have known him in the way I have known him will probably understand that loving-kindness, even to those who

are hostile towards him. I have felt that myself personally. These are some of the characteristics which make him what he is. But let us not forget he has a body. We have been told that although he is the great Teacher whom we have been expecting, he is not omnipotent, nor omniscient in any manner in this body of his, and this is undoubtedly true, of course. He has to adapt his body, we must remember, to be the channel of the great saving wisdom that he is bringing to the world. It may be, (I don't know) the body is not ready to be the apt channel for his work. It is conceivable that it never can be perfect, for perfection in this way will be a disqualification in the world of men.

During the last few years great changes have taken place in him. In 1926, the real great change which is strengthening, maturing in front of us took place. During the first year of the great change he showed in all his teachings, in all the talks, a sense of uncertainty. Probably the change was sudden, and the novelty of it was working through the physical. Last year, from the general tone of the teaching one could see that the earlier sense of uncertainty was falling away and a halo of mysticism was taking its place. Assurance was beginning to come but it was being expressed veiled. In 1928, I would say that all the older sense of uncertainty or hesitation was conquered and utter certainty achieved. The certainty has now become the white flame. When he comes back here, we shall find that that Flame has grown still clearer and brilliantly living. I think the characteristic feature of this particular stage will be that he will have no compromises whatsoever. Now he *knows*, and what he knows he will preach. In the last talk he gave us at the Summer Gathering, he said that the time had now come for him to take up his work and spread his teaching, as he knew it, without any compromise of any kind, either in expression or in the character of the teaching. For this purpose, he definitely needs workers who have made up their minds. Who are ready among us to rally to that banner? So the moment has now come, and we must make up our minds in our several ways.

KRISHNAJI'S ARRIVAL IN ADYAR

RECEPTION BY ADYAR RESIDENTS

THE Adyar residents gave a tremendous and rousing reception to Krishnaji on the morning of his arrival from Europe via Colombo, November 5 at the T. S. Headquarters Hall, Adyar. The hall was exquisitely and artistically decorated with flowers and presented a festive appearance. Long before his arrival the hall was filled with residents and visitors from Madras besides the staff and students of the National Theosophical College, Guindy.

Just at 8 a.m. Krishnaji arrived accompanied by Mr. Y. Prasad, and the gathering greeted him with loud cheering. In the absence of the President of the Theosophical Society, Mr. A. Schwarz, the Treasurer and an old resident of Adyar, welcomed Krishnaji with a few well-chosen words.

MR. SCHWARZ

spoke as follows :

Friends,—In the absence of Dr. Besant who has, much to our regret, been called away but who would have liked to have received you personally, it is my privilege, as an old resident of Adyar, on behalf of our residents, to bid you a very very hearty welcome on your return home. I do so with real joy and deep feeling, knowing well, however, that the expression of affection and respect which goes out towards you from every one here present is more eloquent than anything that I may say. Only a few of our residents have had the advantage of being present at your Star Camps in Ojai and Ommen. But we have all of us watched the significant events of the last two years and your message has reached us through your publications. We have, therefore, been looking forward to the day when you will give us, as you did last

year in those large gatherings, inspiration and the determination to endeavour to interpret the message in our own lives to the best of our capacity and understanding. We are very happy to have you among us again, and I also bid a hearty welcome to Mr. Yadunandan Prasad and Mr. Patwardhan, our old friends, after their long absence.

MR. JAMNADAS DWARKADAS

who has specially come to meet Krishnaji addressed as follows: Friends,—Bro. Rama Rao who ought really to offer our cordial reception to our Beloved Teacher on behalf on the Star asks me to do so on behalf of Bombay. It would have been our proud privilege in the ordinary course to welcome our Beloved Teacher in Bombay, but he had to come via Colombo and so that privilege was for the moment, at least, withheld from us. To me, however, it is a very very great joy to be here this morning to share with you all the great happiness of welcoming home—because Adyar is the home of all of us—our Beloved Teacher. He has given us so much and will give us so much and I know we have practically nothing to offer to him and yet we shall offer—I will offer on behalf of Bombay and myself—at his feet all the devotion that is possible for us.

MR. N. S. RAMA RAO

next welcomed Krishnaji in the following words: Friends,—I feel too excited to speak this morning. I have not sufficiently realised that Krishnaji is with us. I seem still to be dreaming of his arrival and reception and of his being here. It is really so difficult to speak of one who means more than I am able to express. He is, as you all know, our great Teacher and he has challenged Manu and Moses and the latest Revisors of the English Prayer Book and also in India the Revisors of the Srutis and like Cardinal Wolsey who said “put not your faith in Princes”—Krishnaji says “put not your faith in Teachers”; and he includes himself asking us not to put our faith in him and a statement of that kind makes us desire all the more to express our reverence, our faith and our love for him. He comes from Europe and America

to a land of placidity. We may look passive, but I assure him that of late there has been an inner tumult in our heart. It is like a volcano that is bursting and it is on the increase. I do not know whether he has come to quiet it down or to excite it to further activity. We have him, as you all see, with us now and I need hardly say that our feelings of great devotion, love and reverence go to him on this occasion, as on every occasion, when he has not been with us. But it is nice to have him with us once again.

KRISHNAJI'S REPLY

In a few words Krishnaji replied thanking all for their welcome and saying how really happy he felt to be back and to be so welcomed.

He was profusely garlanded by the different speakers and then departed.
